North Hastings Review.

SYLVENUS P. WEAVER, Publisher. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.00 if paid Strictly in Advance.

VOL. XI., No. 39. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, January 5, 1888. POSTAGE PREPAID.

THE

TRADERS' BANK

OF CANADA.

(MADOC BRANCH.)

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

Done. Drafts on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain issued.

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Deposits of one Dollar and upwards received and Interest allowed on the same at the rate of

4 per cent. per Annum.

No notice of withdrawal of Deposits required.

The bank will be open every Saturday evening from 6.30 to 9 o'clock.

J. H. McCLELLAN,
MANAGER.

Victoria Block, Durham Street.

Madoc, May 23rd, 1887. 8 1ly

OUR CLUBBING LIST.

We have made arrangements for the following very liberal clubbing rates in connection with the REVIEW, based on the fact that the regular price of the REVIEW is $1.00 a year in advance :—

	Regular Price Singly.	Reduced Price for Both.
The Cottage Hearth	$1 50	$1 75
The Independent	3 00	3 75
St. Nicholas	3 00	3 75
The Century Magazine	4 00	4 75
Weekly Spectator	1 00	1 75
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 25
Grip	3 00	3 75
Weekly News (including premium)	1 00	1 90
Farm and Fireside	75	1 65
Daily Mail	5 00	5 50
Weekly Mail	1 00	1 90
Daily Empire	5 00	5 50
Weekly Empire	1 00	1 75
Toronto World	3 00	3 00
Canadian Agriculturist	1 00	1 75
Daily Globe	5 00	5 50
Weekly Globe	1 00	1 90
Harper's Magazine	4 00	4 50
" Weekly	4 00	4 75
" Bazar	4 00	4 75
" Young People	2 00	2 75
Illustrated London News. (American edition.)	6 00	4 50
The Fireside Weekly	2 00	2 50
40 pieces music included	2 00	2 00
Saturday Night	2 00	2 75
Daily Witness	3 00	3 75
Weekly Witness	1 00	1 90
(25c extra with picture)		
Wide Awake	2 40	2 75
Young Folks Journal	1 00	1 85
Pansy	1 00	1 85
Ladies Home and Women	1 00	1 85
Babyland	50	1 35
Methodist Observer	1 00	1 75
Canadian Live Stock and Farm Journal	1 00	1 75

The Century

For January contains a great variety in the table of its contents. Its subjects embrace an authoritative account of the formation of Lincoln's Cabinet; Kennan's startling record of personal investigations of Russian Provincial Prisons; Atwater's paper on Pecuniary Economy of Food; illustrated article on the Catacombs of Rome; A Southern man ahead of this Time; and many other valuable articles from the best of writers. Try it a year. Subscriptions received at this office.

Married.

TURRIFF.—OURRY.—On Wednesday, 28th December, 1887, by the Rev. Arpot Givan, B. A., at the residence of the bride's father, Thomas Turriff to Margaret Ann Ourry, all of Dungannon.

NICOLSON.—MILLER.—At the residence of Donald Nicolson, Esq., on Wednesday, Jan. 4th, by Rev. S. Childerhose, B. A., Angus Nicolson to Elizabeth, daughter of Geo. Miller, Esq., all of Madoc Township.

PALMER.—ENBURY.—By the Rev. R. W. Mavah, of Queensboro', at the residence of Mr. John Ballard, Hazard's Corners, Madoc Township, on December 26th, Alexander Palmer of Thurlow, to Miss Dorthia Embury, of Madoc Township.

Died.

TIVY.—In the Township of Tudor, on 29th December, 1887, Lizzie M., eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Tivy, in her 27th year.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

New Ads. This Week.

Fall in Teas—Andy Palmer.
Remnant Table—J. Dale & Son.
42 Years—J. Dougall & Son,
The Globe—Globe Printing Co.
The New Saw—M. W. Connor & Co.

Latest Local News.

January.

The ice-bound stream, the cutting gale,
The crunching snow, and driving hail,
Attest old winter's away,
But still the sleigh-bells merry noise,
Proclaims that winter has its joys,
To sweep dull care away.

—Chamber Sets for sale at W. W. Hudgins'.

—Pure Tea Cheaper than ever at W. W. Hudgins. Give him a call.

—J. R. Irish, Dentist, Bridge every Tuesday on noon train. Best sets of artificial teeth furnished. See advertisement.

—W. W. Hudgins advertises to sell Printed, White Stone and China Tea Sets cheaper than any other merchant in town; and will do it. Give him a call.

—MADOC TANNERY.—The tannery is in full operation and they are paying the highest cash price for all kinds of Beef Hides.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is recommended by eminent physicians, on both sides of the Atlantic, as the most reliable remedy for colds, coughs, and all pulmonary disorders. Inquire of your druggist for Ayer's Almanac.

—Splendid sleighing.

—Read our new advts.

—Read our clubbing offers.

—Read J. Dale & Son's advt.

—Saturday last was the coldest day of the season.

—Considerable local matter is crowded out of this issue.

—The results of Monday's elections are given in this issue.

—A communication from A. Thompson, will appear next week.

—No election of Trustees was held; Mr. Cross declined his nomination.

—Special correspondence from Ottawa will regularly be found in the REVIEW.

—School begins in the village on Monday. How happy the youngsters will be (?).

—Our merchants are still doing a good trade, notwithstanding the holiday season is past.

—Rev. Austin Smith, the new incumbent at St. John's Church, preached his first sermons in Madoc on Sunday.

—We understand a meeting of the Athletic lacrosse club will be held on Friday evening, to make arrangements for a concert.

—We acknowledge the receipt of a calender of 1888, from McColl Bros. & Co., manufacturers of Oils, Toronto. Thanks.

—The annual election of officers of the Alert Fire Company takes place on Friday evening, 6th. A full attendance is requested.

—Read Mr. Andy Palmer's change of advt. this week. Mr. Palmer is bound not to be undersold or stand second in quality of Goods.

—Messrs. M. W. Connor & Co. call attention this week to a new Saw which they are selling. We advise our readers to examine it. See advt.

—Want of space prevents us giving the number of votes polled for each candidate in the different polling places of Madoc and Elzevir townships this week.

—A number of our subscribers did not accept our proposition to pay up by the 1st of January. We refer them again to the issue containing the "blue mark."

—Particulars in reference to one of the oldest and most widely circulated newspapers in the Dominion are given in another column. The progress the *Globe* has made in the past few years, is in itself a guarantee of its reliability. See advt.

—All changes of advertisements must be handed in by Tuesday noon, to ensure insertion that week. All local notices, whether for advertisements or news items, must be in by Wednesday noon, otherwise they will be left over. The public will please remember these rules.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Election of Officers.

The following are the officers elect for L O L No. 1111, for the ensuing year :—J B Murdock, W M; J B Cleak, D M; H Lawson, Treas; A Creighton, R Sec; S Chard, Chap; R Belt, D of C; R Murdock, W Dwire, G Mitchell, A Brown, T Caswell, Committee.

St. Nicholas

For January is full of interesting and instructive matter. Of its contents, The Brown Dwarf of Rugen, Sarah Crewe, or, What has happened at Miss Minchin's, The Amusement of Arab Children, London Christmas Pantomimes, Child Sketches from George Elliott, Poor Mr. Brown, Morning Compliments, are among the numerous articles which it contains. Subscriptions taken at this office.

School Trustees.

The following are the Trustees of the Madoc Model School :—F. E. Seymour, C. G. Wilson, J. C. Dale, Dr. Dafoe, John Caskey, Arthur Coe.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Candidates Elected.

Following is a complete list of Municipal officers for 1888 for the Municipalities of North Hastings :—

Rawdon—James Duncan, Reeve; Calvin Williams, 1st Deputy; John Bateman, 2nd Deputy; A Reid, W J Spry, Councillors.

Huntingdon—M Robinson, Reeve; John Gordon, Deputy; S Rollins, W Hawkins, S Ray, Councillors.

Marmora and Lake—Wm E Gladney, Reeve; Wm Hilton, Deputy; Jas Bailey, R Campion, John Hamilton, Councillors.

Madoc Township—Wm Thompson, Reeve; Chas Bacon, Deputy; John West, H M Blair, Geo Rollins, Councillors.

Madoc Village—C F Aylsworth, Reeve; C G Wilson, Jas Whytock, Fred Rollins, J C Dale, Councillors.

Elzevir and Grimsthorpe—F Thompson, Reeve; John Burns, John Moore, Wm Trotter, D McIlroy, Councillors.

Dungannon and Faraday—D Kavanagh, Reeve; B Hague, B Spurr, Wm Detlor, Wm Davey, Councillors.

Monteagle and Herschel—John Fitzgerald, Reeve; S Haryett, Jas McAlpine, P Ward, M D Hickey, Councillors.

Bangor, Wicklow and McClure—John Steele, Reeve; M Ryan, W George, J Miller, H Boyle, Councillors.

Stirling Village—F B Parker, Reeve.

Tudor and Cashel—Wm McLennan, Reeve.

Wollaston—Wm Elliott, Reeve.

Limerick—P P Clark, Reeve.

Carlow and Mayo—Wm McMunn, Reeve.

OTHER MUNICIPALITIES.

Thurlow—H Ashley, Reeve; N Vermilyea, 1st Deputy; J M Hurley, 2nd Deputy; J M Ross, 3rd Deputy; J M Caldwell, Councillor.

Sidney—H. Bleecker, Reeve; Jas Farley, 1st Deputy; John Holgate, 2nd Deputy; Messrs Dench and Currie, Councillors.

Tyendinaga—Wm McLean, Reeve; P Nash, 1st Deputy; John Milligan, 2nd Deputy.

Belleville—Dr. Wilson, Mayor.

Trenton—M B Morrison, Mayor.

The councillors of Tudor and Cashel, Stirling village, Wollaston, Limerick, and Carlow and Mayo, have not been definitely learned before going to press.

Toboggan.

The Madoc Toboggan Club has been reorganized, and the slide is being placed in order. Tickets may be had of the Secretary, Mr. H. H. O'Flynn.

Council Meetings.

The first meeting of the different councils, for 1888, will be held on the third Monday of the year, 16th, and the County Council assembles on the fourth Tuesday, 24th.

Masonic Service.

A number of the brethern of Madoc Lodge attended a Masonic Service of the Tweed Lodge, at Tweed, on Sunday. The service was impressive and no doubt will prove beneficial to the fraternity generally. A synopsis of the sermon, delivered by Rev. Mr. Partridge, of St. Jamess' Church, will be given next week.

R. T. O. T.

The officers of United Council, No. 217, Madoc, Royal Templars of Temperance, for the ensuing term are as follows:—S F Weaver, P C; W Tucker, S C; Lizzie Mawson, V C; H Maybee, Chap; Jas White, R S; Millie Noakes, Asst R S; John Brown, jr, F S; F Occomore, Treas; Chas Morrison, H; Kitty Baker, Asst H; Bella Fleming, G; H Rollins, S.

Creditable.

We clip the following from the Napanee *Beaver*, in reference to the annual report of the Napanee Cheese Factory—Miss Carrie Galway, maker :—"Total amount of Sales, $11,747.03; average price paid patrons for 100 lbs. milk, 86c.; average price per lb. of cheese, gross, 10 85-100c.; number of lbs. of milk to lb. of cheese, 10¼. Great credit is due Miss Galway for the excellent quality of cheese turned out. Notwithstanding the season's make was contracted for, not a pound was objected to when under inspection by the purchaser, but was all reported of the highest grade."

Subscribe for it.

Mr. Kennan's Russian article in the January number of *The Century* is entitled "Russian Provincial Prisons," and it includes several chapters on various methods of communication among prisoners, one of the most interesting of which is the "knock alphabet," by which the prisoners converse from cell to cell by a system of rape. The first of Mr. Kennan's papers was printed in the November *Century*, and the publishers announce that they will send the November and December numbers free to all new subscribers who begin with January, 1888. See our list.

Officers Elect.

The following brethren were duly installed into office for the ensuing term, at Madoc Lodge, No. 179, I. O. O. F., by D D G M, Dr Butler, of Stirling, on Monday evening:—P G—E Smith; N G—E L Weiss; V G—Jas White; R S—John Mouncey; P S—R R Casement; Treas—B O'Hara; R S N G—Jos Chambers; L S N G—J Latimer; R S V G—Geo A Rollins; L S V G—John McBain; Chap—D A Caldwell; R S S—C W Nix; L S S—D R Bowen; O G—D W Wright; I G—B Miller; Con—S F Weaver; War—B Richmond. E L Weiss and B O'Hara were appointed Delegates to District Meeting. After the installation, and routine business, the party sat down to a lunch; all pleased with the selection of officers for this term.

N. H. Examination for Admission to High Schools.

The following are the names of the successful candidates. The answers of the pupils and the report of the examiners have been forwarded to the Minister of Education and will be examined by the High School Inspectors. Until the recommendations of the local examiners shall have received the endorsement of the Department of Education no certificates can be issued. In the accompanying list the names, with the exception of the first three, are not arranged in order of merit. To the first three, diplomas, or Honor Certificates, will be given :—

Seth Mawson, Madoc
Mary Kavanagh, 1 Dungannon.
Rebecca Minchin, Springbrook
William Hamilton, Stirling
Effie Meiklejohn, Wellman's Corners
Charles Kingstop, W Huntingdon
Murray Gray, Stirling
Maud Pringle, 14 Madoc
Minnie Moore, Madoc
Herman Beer, Marmora
Lizzie Bailey, 15 Huntingdon
Willie Beaton, Madoc
Maud Gilbert, Stirling
Sophronia Danford, Springbrook
Mary Best, 14 Madoc
Willie Hill, Madoc
Robert McCaffrey, 3 Madoc.
Charles Martin, Stirling.

Personal.

Mr. John McKenzie, of Ormsby, gave us a call on Friday.

George Wooley, of Toronto, is making a visit in the village.

Mr. Crozier Moore, returned from his duties as teacher in the Corbyville School on Saturday.

Hon. Billa Flint was in town, on his way from Bancroft, on Saturday.

Mr. E. W. Sullivan, of Kingston, late of Madoc, gave us a call on Monday.

Dr. Butler, of Stirling, was in town on Monday; and in the evening installed the officers of Madoc Lodge, No. 179, I. O. O. F.

Miss Beatrice Cross returned home on Saturday from her studies at the Ladies College, London.

Mis Kennedy, for the past two years assistant teacher in the Madoc Model School, left for Bobcaygeon last week. Miss Kennedy was a successful teacher in the School, and highly esteemed by her pupils and fellow-teachers.

Mr. J. F. Weir, late of Madoc, but at present travelling east of Hamilton for a Toronto firm, is home for his holidays.

Miss Wootton has been engaged again as one of assistant teachers in the Model School.

Mr. C. F. Reid, V. S., of Decatur, Ill., an old Madoc boy, is visiting relatives and friends in this section.

Lacrosse.

Below will be found the record of the Athletic Lacrosse Clubs of Madoc, for 1887, which is, on the whole, very satisfactory :—

SENIOR L. C.

May 24th—vs. Norwood—lost by 2 to 1.
June 7th—vs. Stirling—won by 3 to 0.
July 13th—vs. Hastings—won by 2 to 0.
Aug. 11th—vs. Hastings—won by 4 to 1.
Aug. 12th—vs. Peterboro—lost by 3 to 0.
Aug. 23rd—vs. Stirling—won by 3 to 0.
Sept. 23rd—vs. Hastings—lost by 3 to 0.
Sept. 28th—vs. Peterboro—won by 3 to 0.

Out of eight matches, the Athletics won 5 and lost 3.

JUNIOR L. C.

May 24th—vs. Tweed—lost by 3 to 1.
July 1st—vs. Tweed—won by 3 to 0.
July 12th—vs. Stirling—lost by 3 to 2.
July 28th—vs. Stirling—won by 3 to 1.
Aug. 19th—vs. Tweed—won by default.
Aug. 29th—vs. Stirling—won by 3 to 1.

Out of six matches, the Young Athletics were victorious in 4; losing 2.

Address and Presentation.

At the recent soiree, held at St. Paul's Church, the following address was presented to the Rev. S. Childerhose, B. A., with a handsome cutter :—

To the Rev. S. Childerhose, B. A.

DEAR PASTOR,—In behalf of the congregations of St. Paul, St. Columba, Cedar School House and Queensboro', we are desirous of conveying to you an expression of our esteem for you as a friend and high appreciation as a minister, in a few words, regretting how inadequate they are to express the close relationship that exists between us as pastor and people. Throughout your ministry among us you have labored earnestly, imparting much necessary and useful knowledge. We have marked with what zeal you have performed your duties, however arduous, with cheerfulness, never failing to speak an encouraging word when deserved by the least among us. As a token of the good-will already expressed we beg your acceptance of this cutter, hoping you may long be spared to enjoy its usefulness, and that it may, though faintly, remind you of your prosperous pastorate among us.

In conclusion, we wish you further success and prosperity, and pray for you heaven's choicest blessing. We all join in wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Signed in behalf of the above congregations :—R. T. Ferguson, Wm. Tuller, W. J. Rollins, Wm. Gray.

The amount realized was $43.

Mr. Horatio Collier, Woollen Manufacturer Camerontown, Ont., states: Nasal Balm is the only positive remedy for catarrh that I ever used.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

MADOC LODGE No. 179 I.O.O.F

MEETS every Monday evening, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock sharp. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

M. MAYBEE, Secretary. F. SMITH, Noble Grand.

CHARLES GREAM,

SOLICITOR Supreme Court, Notary Public and Conveyancer. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office at his residence St. Lawrence St. East, Madoc.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

Private money to loan at lowest rates.

LEONARD & O'BRIEN,

BARRISTERS. Office over the Telegraph Office, Belleville. Money to loan on farm and village properties at lowest rates.

CHAS. J. LEONARD. S. O'BRIEN.

ALEX. A. McDONALD,

SOLICITOR of the Supreme Court, Conveyancer and Notary Public. Agent for the "National Investment Loaning Society," of Toronto. Office in the Victoria Block, Madoc. Branch office in the village of Tweed. 427

F. E. O'FLYNN,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c. HEAD OFFICE—Over Dominion Bank, Front St., Belleville.

BRANCH OFFICE—Over O'Flynn's Bank, Madoc, Mr. John W. Blair, manager.

Office hours, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Mr. O'Flynn will be in his Madoc office every Monday afternoon and evening, and at any time by appointment.

DOUGALL & STEWART,

BARRISTER, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Conveyancers, &c. Money to loan on Farms.

O'FLYNN BLOCK, MADOC,

Ashley Block, Belleville.

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COMPANY and private funds to loan at lowest rates. No commission.

D. E. K. STEWART,
597 Solicitor, Madoc

JOHN DALE,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses

Office—Residence, Durham St., Madoc

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second door south of Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

MAYNOOTH HOUSE,
(late P. Green's old stand, Maynooth.)

THIS HOUSE is situated in one of the best districts for hunting, fishing, &c., and has been all refitted. Furniture new. Bar always supplied with the best brand of wines, liquors, cigars, &c. Good stabling accommodation, and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. Parties travelling will consult their own interest by calling at the above hotel.

JAMES McCAW, Manager.

Maynooth, June 1st, 1887. 9 1y

C. Fraser Aylsworth, Jr.,

Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor, Civil Engineer, Draughtsman, &c.,

MADOC - P. O.

Orders by mail should state *place* and *character* of Survey that the above Surveyor may consult as to *original monuments* and *former Surveys*, his extensive field notes of Sixty Years' Practice, of the late John Emerson, and also the field notes of C. F. Aylsworth, Sr., thereby saving *time* and *expense* and securing *correctness* of Survey.

Residence at
454 C. F. AYLSWORTH'S.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

TWO CHRISTMASES;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF THE HAUNTED GARRET.

CHAPTER III.

Hugh carries a candle, leading the way; I follow, holding up my velvet gown from contact with the dusty boards. The garret stairs are at the upper end of a kind of passage leading from the corridor, and rather removed from the inhabited part of the house. My room is at the lower end of the corridor, not far from the head of the staircase leading down into the hall.

On the lobby at the top of the garret flight there are two low doors, one opening into a spacious attic full of broken furniture and empty boxes and other lumber, the other upon a range of smaller rooms opening one out of the other, the inner of these being the one popularly supposed to be haunted, I do not know by what or whom.

Hugh merely gives a glance into the larger garret, with its piles of dusty rubbish then leads the way into the one opposite; and I follow him, shivering more with cold than actual fear. The attics of Grayacre are as cold in winter, when there is snow on the roof, as they are suffocatingly hot in summer; and, as there are no fireplaces they have never been occupied as bed room, by any of the servants.

There are three lesser garrets, one within the other, all with high sloping roofs of lath and plaster, plentifully festooned with ancient cobwebs. The outer one has a dormer window, the next no window at all, the third and last neither door nor window, only a square aperture about a yard from the floor, through which one might scramble into the very gable-end of the roof.

"This is the haunted one," I say, standing in the middle of the second room, while my cousin explores the last as far as he can by putting his head and his candle through the opening. "I never went farther than this in my life, nor anybody else that I know of. What do you see?"

"Nothing but dust and cobwebs."

"Then come away, for pity's sake! My teeth are chattering, and the terrible musty odour is making me ill."

"Wait a moment," Hugh says; and putting the candle on the ledge, he springs through the opening, returning in a moment with something in his hand like a paper packet, inch-thick with dust.

"What have you there?" "The missing will."

"The missing will!"

"I verily believe it. Your uncle Daniel did not come up here for nothing. I wonder you never thought of connecting the two things in your mind—his midnight ramble and the disappearance of the will. I always suspected your uncle of making away with that will himself."

I am too bewildered even to connect them now. Hugh looks eager and excited, examining the flatly-folded paper, from which he has wiped some of the dust and cobwebs with his handkerchief, while I stare at him, holding the candlestick one hand and with my dress still instinctively clutched up in the other.

"What will you do with it?"

"Take it down-stairs, I suppose; or," he adds, looking at me, "shall we put it back where we found it?"

"We cannot do that. I suppose we are bound to make the thing public, now that we have found it?"

"Well, I think it would be the best plan. But it shall be exactly as you please."

For a moment I am tempted to consign the thing to the limbo where it has lain for so many years. But then I think that it is nonsense to suppose it can make any change in the position of affairs, even if it should prove to be the missing will. My uncle had never made any secret of his intention of leaving Grayacre to me, and it is not very probable that he changed his mind within a month of his death. My mother was his only sister—he had never had a brother. The next of kin would be the Willis Tresillian who had gone out and settled in Canada, or his descendants. But these were so distantly related to my uncle that they had no claim upon the property beyond the mere fact of bearing the same name. Even the fanciful injustice of leaving a place to a Ludlow which had belonged to Tresillians for centuries had been apparently avoided, as at the time of my uncle's death I was engaged to be married to a son of this very Willis Tresillian of La Hougue Bie.

Hugh follows me down-stairs and into the oak parlour.

"Aunt Wills, we have found my uncle's will!"

"You have found the will!" my aunt exclaims sitting erect in her chair, with a deep brick-red colour in her cheeks. "Do you tell me you have found the will?"

"Hugh found it," I answered, setting the candle down on the table deliberately.

"Where?"

"In the gable attic."

"But who could have put it in the gable attic?"

"My uncle Daniel must have put it there himself."

Like a delirious person aunt Wills stares at me with dilated eyes.

"Have you read it, Joan Ludlow?"

"No. Nobody has read it."

"It is tied up and sealed," Hugh says, examining it. "Whether it is the missing will or not, this document is certainly a legal instrument of some kind, though it may be nothing but an old expired lease."

"Let me look at it."

Aunt Wills takes it, but her hand shakes so that she immediately lets it fall. Hugh stoops to pick it up.

"It will make no difference?" I ask, in a sudden panic, my lips almost refusing to frame that question. "It does not take Grayacre away from me?"

"No," aunt Wills says without looking at me. "It does not take Grayacre away from you unless you choose to throw it away."

"Throw it away?"—laughing harshly. "It is not very probable that I shall like to throw away Grayacre!"

"I suppose not."

"I shall advise you to send for Winder & Curtis to-morrow," Hugh suggests gravely, standing on the rug with his back to the fire. "They will know at once how to proceed."

"Yes," I answer stupidly. "Good night, aunt Wills—good night, cousin Hugh. Will you keep it for me till to-morrow?"

"You had better lock it up in your own desk, Joan."

I put it away in the walnut bureau. As I drop the keys into my pocket, I raise my head with a sudden exclamation.

"The joy-bells! Open the window, Hugh."

Hugh draws back the heavy curtains and opens the sash with its little lozenge panes, and he and I lean out together, listening to the faint hurrying clash-and-clang of the bells as it comes sweet and clear on the frosty air.

"I must be the first to wish you a merry Christmas, cousin Joan."

My eyes are full of tears, but I smile at him in my contradictory way.

"Don't you think you might give me a kiss, cousin, on Christmas morning?"

I should not have denied him one calm, cousinly kiss, though I do not in general approve of such familiarity; but perhaps, though he asked for it, Hugh Tresillian thinks a kiss so given would scarcely be worth the having, for he does not take it.

"Good-night again, aunt Wills."

My aunt gives me her cheek to kiss—I love aunt Wills, for Laurie's sake, more than she has ever loved me—and then I go up-stairs to bed.

. . . . . .

Dorothy calls me early on Christmas morning, before the stars have begun to fade in the sky. I have not slept at all, and am glad when she comes into my room with her flaring candle, a grotesque little figure in her short petticoat with a shawl over her head. But a feverish excitement prevents my looking or even feeling tired when I come down to the oak parlor with my wraps over my arm. I always go to the early service in the church on Christmas morning.

"I hope you are satisfied with the result, cousin?"

I turn from the tall narrow glass between the windows. I suppose Hugh thinks it was pure vanity which prompted me to stand before it, but I never was vain of myself. Vain of Grayacre I am, vain of Laurie I was, but never vain of my personal appearance.

"What has brought you down-stairs at this unearthly hour, Mr. Tresillian?"

"I am going to church.'

"Now—with me?"

"If you will allow me."

I am glad he is coming. Dorothy has laid breakfast for us at the end of the table nearest the fire; but, though I make a pretence of eating, I can scarcely swallow the strong tea I have poured out for myself.

There is no change in my cousin's look or manner, no anxiety, no indication in his dark face that he hopes or fears anything from our discovery last night. He never mentions it, and if it were not for an odd twinge of apprehension now and then, I should be inclined to think our adventure in the garret was nothing but a feverish dream. That I could in any way lose or be deprived of Grayacre is utterly impossible. My uncle could do what he liked with it, and always told me, and my mother before me, that he would leave it to me. He was not a man to be moved from his purpose even by the most undue influence—supposing such influence to have been brought to bear upon him. But there was nobody in the house at the time of his making the will who could have influenced him in any way, except aunt Wills, and she was not very likely to wish Greyacre left away from her son's wife. Hugh was her favorite certainly, but then I am perfectly certain no power on earth could have induced uncle Daniel to leave Greyacre to Hugh, whatever he might have been coerced into leaving to Laurie as my husband. Nor was aunt Wills capable of counselling such an act of injustice, little as she ever cared for me. I think myself that the only difference in the new will will prove to be a legacy to my aunt—she had been very kind and attentive to my uncle during his last illness, and, though he was not fond of her, he respected her, and was very willing to have her remain at Greyacre as long as she pleased. He must have had a good deal of confidence in her when his last request to her was that she would take care of his "poor little girl."

Aunt Wills has always been kind to me, though she never loved me. I think she was jealous of my being mistress of Grayacre—I was only a girl of fifteen when she first came from Canada, but uncle Daniel had never dreamed of deposing me for her. Laurie had been ordered to Europe for his health, and they had lived in the South of France for two years before they came to Greyacre—I believe my uncle's inviting them was a plot to introduce Laurie and me to each other, connived at if not first instigated by aunt Wills herself.

I remember our first introduction, in this very oak parlor, and what a pretty boy I had thought him, in his fur-lined coat and white silk muffler, with his fair complexion and blue eyes and fine soft golden hair, and how uncle Daniel and aunt Wills both laughed at us for being so shy—for, though we looked at each other, we never spoke. I believe we fell in love with each other at first sight—I never remember any fun or pleasure afterwards in which Laurie had not a part. We rode together, skated together, walked together; what he liked I liked, what he disliked I hated; I sat up late at night to keep pace with him in his studies; he taught me German, and I helped him with his Latin and Greek. And he seemed to grow well and strong in the sweet clear air fragrant with the breath of the pastures and pine woods, and to outgrow the delicacy of lungs which had made it impossible for him to live in Canada, and at one time threatened the consumption of which his father died.

I do not think I ever really enjoyed existence till Laurie came; it was for my sake that Uncle Daniel pressed them to stay on month after month and year after year. Aunt Wills went back to Canada two or three times to see her eldest son, who could not leave his farm, but Laurie stayed with us—he liked Grayacre better than La Hougue Bie, he said, and his cousin Joan better than Leslie Creed. Leslie came back with aunt Wills once, and remained for a year; but she was so much younger than Laurie and I, and so fond of playing in the house, that we did not miss her very much when she went back again. Aunt Wills, however, was as passionately fond of her as if she had been her own child, though I don't think Leslie cared for her—she was a self possessed, old-fashioned child, very pretty, but as cold as ice.

When I was seventeen and Laurie nineteen, we were engaged to each other with the full consent of our elders—we had privately promised to marry each other long before that. Very soon afterwards uncle Daniel fell ill of the malady of which he died. He was a very old man, and though he lingered for nearly a year, we had no hope of his recovery. At this time Laurie seemed to me quite strong and well; but aunt Wills told me afterwards that even then old Doctor Murray had told her that it was only a question of time—he might live for a year or two, or he might break a blood-vessel and die in a few hours.

A month after uncle Daniel's death he did break a blood-vessel, but he rallied again for the last time, and aunt Wills took him to Bournemouth. She would not take him, though Laurie pleaded hard to have me think she was jealous of his love for me, and wanted to have her boy to herself. But I would not remain at Grayacre. I went to a London hospital as a probationer nurse, and during the year Laurie lingered at Bournemouth went down to see him constantly—for the last six weeks remained at Bournemouth, Laurie liked to have me, though I knew aunt Wills had rather I had kept away. But Laurie liked to have me, and he was mine; it was my hand he held when he died, it was my lips he kissed last, my name was the last word he spoke.

Aunt Willes came back with me to Grayacre. I loved her for Laurie's sake—for Laurie's sake I love her still. The climate of Canada, though the most bracing and healthy in the world, did not suit her disposition exactly; and, though she would have gone back to her son Hugh if she could she was so strongely attached to Grayacre, partly for its own sake, partly because Laurie loved it, that she was not altogether unwilling to remain. It was only six weeks ago that Hugh had been able to give himself a holiday and come to England, though, to please aunt Wills I had invited him over and over again.

I look at him now in the flickering light of Dorothy's solitary candle and feel that when the time comes I shall not be able to part without a sense of loss. He has been like a brother to me—he could not be kinder if I really had been his brother's wife. And then he is familiar with all our household sayings and doings, understands all our family affairs, sits down to his meals in common with us, takes an interest—for our sake—in stable and paddock, storehouse and barn, walks about the house, comes in and goes out, in a kind of protecting presence, which, independent as I am and prone to think myself sufficient for myself, has something pleasant about it—so much so that I am beginning to be quite fond of tobacco-smoke!

The sound of the church-bell is coming clear and sharp across the snowy fields when we go out a few minutes later, the morning is is raw and cold. A dense frosty fog blots out the distance, a dull yellow glow suffusing it in the east; as far as we can see stretch the snowy fields and sombre fir woods, skirted by the dark frozen lake with its border of stiff reeds and rushes, with the black water showing through the ice here and there, where it was broken by my Aylesbury ducks.

There are not more than half a dozen people in the little old-fashioned church, with its dim candles and Christmas bravery of holly and ivy.

"Have you heard anything of Nanny Dobson?" I ask Anne Carmichael, as we come out of church.

Dr. Nesbit happens to be standing beside her, and he answers the question.

"She is dead, Miss Ludlow—died this morning at ½ quarter past four."

It shocks me a little to hear of it, though I could scarcely have expected anything else.

"You are coming over this evening, Joan?" Ann says, turning to me. "Mr. Tresillian says he will come if you do. I've just been telling him what a shame it was he did not come to help us decorate the church."

"I gave him your message, Anne."

"All right. We'll be looking out for you. She nods to me, but she looks at Hugh, who, however is looking at my chrysanthemums.

"I suppose aunt will write that note to Winder & Curtis?" I say, as we walk up the road. The two old attorneys are always bracketed together in this way at Grayacre

"I dare say she will write to-day."

"I don't suppose there will be much difference between the two wills?"

"I have no idea. My mother never mentioned the subject to me until last night."

We breakfast again when we get back; but Hugh does more justice to the coffee and hot cakes than I do, and to Dorothy's round of spiced beef. I have exchanged my sealskin-coat for a limp æsthetic-looking gown of bronze silk—I am fond of brown—and wear some of Bob's white chrysanthemums. Hugh looks at me a good deal—I am sure he thinks I am very tired—but he does not say much, except that I am foolish to fret for Nannie Dobson.

"The world is a very sorrowful place!" I have made old Michael sweep the snow from the window-sill that I may feed my robins, and I am watching them now, with a frown on my face.

"And yet you have more to make you happy than most people," my cousin answers from the rug.

"Do you think so?"

"You are not three-and-twenty yet, Joan, and you speak as if you were threescore."

"Sometimes I wish I were. Do you remember that story of the bride and bridegroom travelling in Switzerland? He was lost in a crevasse, and she waited and waited for years, hoping the ice would melt and restore him to her, till the pretty young bride changed into an old, old woman. And at last the glacier did carry him down, and she saw him again—the young boy-husband—just as she had seen him last, with his blue eyes and golden hair. How strange it must have seemed to her to think that lad could be her husband—she a withered old woman, with a face furrowed by grief and tears!"

"It is a very improbable story," my cousin says, walking to the other window, where he stands a minute or two looking out at the flower beds, like graves in the deep snow. Then he turns about suddenly and walks out of the room, and I do not see him again until I am sent for an hour later, and find him in the oak parlor with my aunt and the two attorneys.

Aunt Wills is in her easy-chair, with a strange flush on her face. Hugh standing on the rug; the two attorneys are sitting at the table—Mr. Winder is as plump and as rosy as Mr. Curtis is cadaverous and thin. They are both friends of the family, and I envy them I look at me rather oddly as I come into the room and take my place near the fire, opposite to aunt Wills.

The will is soon read; and, if it surprises me, it seems to surprise my cousin Hugh Tresillian still more, and not only to surprise him, but to make his sunburnt face turn pale.

My uncle Daniel leaves Grayacre and everything belonging to him to me. For this the new will is exactly like the old. But there is a condition. I am to marry one of Wills Tresillian's sons. Failing his second son Laurence, I am to marry Hugh—if he asks me. If he declines to ask me, Grayacre is mine as long as I live, and will belong to my heirs after me, or, should I die without children, will revert to Hugh or his descendants. But, if he asks me, and I refuse, Grayacre is no longer mine, but his.

At first I can scarcely comprehend it; the words seem to mix themselves up, to convey no distinct impression to my brain. Mr. Curtis's voice hums on and on; Hugh stands motionless, aunt Wills looks into the fire.

"What does it mean?" I ask at last, turning to Mr. Winder, who sits next to me.

"It means that your uncle was determined you should not die an old maid, my dear!" he laughs a little uneasily, fidgeting on his chair.

"But it ignores Laurie altogether!"

"Oh, no—it does not do that!"

"I am not forced to marry any one by this new arrangement—uncle Daniel would never have been so cruel as to force me to marry any one I did not like!"

"Certainly not."

"And nobody is forced to marry me?"

"No," Mr. Winder allows again, with a glance at Hugh.

"Things remain just as they are if—if my cousin does not want to marry me?"

"Exactly so—if he does not want to marry you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Arbitration.

A delegation of prominent Englishmen, representing two hundred and thirty-five members of the House of Commons, has recently visited the United States on an errand of peace. Among the delegates were several members of Parliament, and at their head was Sir Lyon Playfair, who has several times sat in the English Ministry.

The delegation waited upon the President at Washington, and presented to him a memorial in favor of "arbitration in political differences, when diplomatic agency has failed to settle such differences." Sir Lyon Playfair remarked that the times are favorable to such a course, since "the whole world is startled at the new aspect of war, which the progress of science is making a huge engine for the butchery of men, and the wanton waste of property." He added the startling fact that during the past ten years the cost of maintaining European armies has increased at least twenty-five per cent.

The President responded in a sympathetic manner, and expressed the hope that arbitration might one day be generally adopted.

It is fitting that such a subject should be taken up by the two great Anglo-Saxon powers, and that an effort should be made by enlightened nations to devise a peaceful method of settling the disputes which are constantly arising between formidable powers.

The most striking example ever set in this direction was that of the United States and England, when they agreed that the claims for the depredations of the privateer *Alabama* and other confederate cruisers should be submitted to a court of arbitration, with authority, not merely to determine how much was due to the United States by Great Britain, but to decide if anything was due. Thus it was commissioned to sit in judgment upon the conduct of a proud and independent government.

That subject had long threatened to bring about a war between the two countries; but when the arbitration was agreed to, and the Court at Geneva adjudged that England should pay the United States fifteen and one-half millions of dollars, for the damage done by the *Alabama* and other vessels, the decision was promptly acquiesced in, and the money was paid over without a murmur.

One of the great obstacles in the way of the adoption of arbitration for the settlement of international quarrels is, that no nation is willing to submit a question in which its "honor" is concerned to such a court. It is still the prevailing doctrine that if a nation has been "insulted" by another, the shedding of blood can alone preserve its honor.

It is to a large degree owing to this feeling, that all Europe is to-day burdened with enormous military armaments, and that treasuries and the pockets of the people are being drained to support them.

One strong argument, however, in favor of arbitration is, that wars very rarely settle the disputes which have provoked them. Thousands of men are slaughtered; millions of money are squandered; territories are desolated; industries are ruined; and yet at the end of it all, the seeds of future quarrels and future wars remain.

Two hundred years ago, a French king seized and added a German province to his realm. The Germans were not, however, made content to lose it by defeat; and in 1870, they rose up and took the province back by force. With this again, the French are not satisfied; and are at this day watching their opportunity to reconquer the province.

Many more examples might be taken from history to show how useless even long and bloody wars are, to bring about final settlements between nations. The history of peaceful settlements, on the other hand, by diplomacy or by reference to a court of arbitration, shows that disputes which are brought to an end in this way usually entirely disappear.

It may be that wars in defence of national honor may cease to be waged, just as dueling, to satisfy the honor of individuals, has ceased to be practised, to a large degree, in England and America. Arbitration, if it could be adopted, would be an unspeakable blessing to all the world; and the example of England and the United States, settling their differences in this way, may result in great good to all the world.

The manager of the New York telephone company states that on a recent day they received an average of 7½ calls from each of their almost seven thousand subscribers. One subscriber made 68 calls and another received 121 calls.

Government Terrorism in Russia.

The following is from George Kennan's account of "Prison Life of the Russian Revolutionists" in the December *Century*: When General Strelnikoff was intrusted by the Tsar with almost dictatorial power in order that he might extirpate sedition in the provinces of southern Russia, he arrested and threw into prison in the single city of Odessa no less than 118 persons in three days. He then went to Kief and arrested eighty-nine persons almost simultaneously, and ordered the imprisonment of hundreds of others in Kharkoff, Nikolaief, Poltava, Kursk, and other south Russian cities. Most of these arrests were made entirely without what is known as "probable cause," and for the sole purpose of obtaining clews to plots which the police believe to exist, but which they had not been able to discover. Many of the persons arrested were mere children—immature school-boys and girls from fifteen to seventeen years of age—who could not possibly be regarded as dangerous conspirators, but who might, it was thought, be terrified into a confession of all they knew with regard to the movements, conversations, and occupations of their older relatives and friends. General Strelnikoff's plan was to arrest simultaneously a large number of persons belonging to the "untrustworthy" class; throw them into prison; keep them for ten days or two weeks in the strictest solitary confinement, and then subject them to a terrifying inquisitorial examination, with the hope of extorting scraps of information, here a little and there a little, which might be pieced together, like the parts of a dissected map, so as to reveal the outlines of a revolutionary plot. If, for example a young girl belonged to an "untrustworthy" family, and a "suspicious" letter to her had been intercepted by the authorities; or if she had been seen coming out of a "suspicious" house at a late hour in the evening, she was arrested in one of these police raids, generally at night; conveyed in a close carriage to the Odessa prison; put into a small solitary-confinement cell and left to her own agonizing thoughts. No explanation was given her of this summary proceeding, and if she appealed to the sentinel on duty in the corridor, the only reply she obtained was "*Prihmaxo ne govorit*"—"Talking is forbidden." The effect produced upon a young, inexperienced, impressionable girl, by the overwhelming shock of such a transition from the repose, quiet, and security of her own bedroom, in her own home, to a narrow, gloomy cell in a common criminal prison at night, can readily be imagined. Even if she were a girl of courage and firmness of character, her self-control might give way under the strain of such an ordeal. The sounds which break the stillness of a Russian criminal prison at night—the stealthy tread of the guard; the faintly heard cries and struggles of a drunken and disorderly "casual" who is being strapped to his bed in another part of the prison, cries which suggest to an inexperienced girl some terrible scene of violence and outrage; the occasional clang of a heavy door; the moaning and hysterical weeping of other recently arrested prisoners in cells on the same corridor, and the sudden and noiseless appearance now and then of an unknown human face at the little square port-hole in the cell door through which the prisoners are watched—all combine to make the first night of a young girl in prison an experience never to be forgotten while she lives. This experience, however, is only the beginning of the trial which her courage and self-control are destined to undergo. One day passes—two days—three days—ten days—without bringing any news from the outside world, or any information concerning the nature of the charges made against her. Twice every twenty-four hours food is handed to her through the square port-hole by the taciturn guard, but nothing else breaks the monotony and the solitude of her life. She has no books, no writing materials, no means whatever of diverting her thoughts or relieving the mental strain which soon becomes almost unendurable. Tortured by apprehensions and by uncertainty as to her own fate and the fate of those dear to her, she can only pace her cell from corner to corner until she is exhausted, and then throw herself on the narrow prison-bed and in sleep to lose consciousness of her misery.

At last, two weeks perhaps after her arrest, when her spirit is supposed to be sufficiently broken by solitary confinement and grief, she is summoned to the *depros*, a preliminary examination, without witnesses or counsel, conducted by General Strelnikoff in person. He begins by saying to her that is "charged with very serious crimes under such and such section of the Penal Code, and that she stands in danger of exile to Siberia for a long term of years. In view, however, of her youth and inexperience, and of the probability that she had been misled by criminal associates, he feels authorized to say to her that if she will show repentance, and a sincere desire to reform, by making a '*chistoserdetchni*'—'clean-hearted confession'—and will answer truthfully all questions put to her, she will be immediately released. If, on the contrary, she manifests an obdurate disposition and thus proves herself to be unworthy of clemency, it will become his duty, as prosecuting officer of the Crown, to treat her with all the rigor of the law."

The poor girl is well aware that the reference to Siberian exile is not an empty threat. Belonging as she does to an "untrustworthy" family, she has often heard discussed the case of Marie Priesdski, who was exiled before she was sixteen years of age because she would not betray her older sister, and the case of the Ivitchovitch children, one seventeen and the other fourteen years of age, who were arrested in Kief and sent to Siberia in 1879 for no particular reason except that their two older brothers were revolutionists and had been shot dead while resisting arrest.

It is not a matter for surprise if a young girl who has thus been torn from her home, who is depressed and disheartened by solitary confinement, who is without counsel, without knowledge of the law, without the support of a single friend in this supreme crisis of her life, breaks down at last under the strain of deadly fear, and tells the inquisitor all she knows. She is at once released, but only to suffer agonies of self-reproach and to renounce as she sees her relatives and dearest friends arrested, imprisoned, and exiled to Siberia, upon information and clews which she herself has furnished. It frequently happens, however, that a girl remains steadfast and refuses to answer questions even after months of solitary confinement. The authorities then resort to other and even more discreditable methods.

EARLY MARRIAGES.

BY MRS HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Long engagements and early marriages are questions often discussed and never settled. It is natural that parents should be anxiously watching that their sons or daughters should be entrapped into an engagement or marriage before their school days are ended, and business properly settled on a sure basis. Entrapped is a pleasant word, but the guardians of the young should be vigilant that the danger of implies may never befall those under their supervision. Yet one must be Argus-eyed, indeed, who can under all circumstances effectually bar the entrance of love on one side, and captivation, cupidity or guile on the other. Women are more easily deluded by pleasant attentions, tender words, and soft, persuasive flatteries than men, and in prudential matters far less suspicious. It is here that parents are the most troubled, and this is where lurks the greatest danger.

But this is only one view of the question. We are no advocate of very long engagements, or unreasonably early marriages, but, when true love finds an entrance with the young there is less danger of its being spurious than in later years. Although most parents object to this, they have far stronger grounds to hope for happiness for their children than after the excitement of business and the love of money has secured a strong hold on the young man, and a few seasons in the height of fashionable society have given the damsel some lessons in the game of coquetry, and a taste for dress and gayety which she soon believes will be best secured by a marriage for that which riches will yield her rather than the simpler, purer joys that true love insures.

The happiest marriages are those whose love was early pledged, and close observation will prove that such are the most likely to stand the test of time, and will pass through the most rough and hazardous paths of married life with the most cheerful fortitude. When marriage is delayed till habits have become too firmly established to give way kindly to another's wishes, or to gently overlook another's peculiarities, the prospects of a pleasant, harmonious life are not the most encouraging. An early union gives fairer promise that the wedded pair may go down to a peaceful, happy old age, not only without losing the love that first united them, but with a firm hope that it will grow brighter and brighter, until that perfect day, when both, having passed over the river, will stand with clearer vision and purified affection before the throne of their Maker.

When young people have finished the education which was intended to fit them to begin their life's work, if they are so fortunate as to love and be loved at that period, then there can be no doubt that an early marriage is best for both parties. There is no period in a young man's life when he so much needs the counsel, sympathy, and inspiration, born of pure love, as when, in his fresh, uncontaminated young manhood he begins the battle of life—a battle that all must fight in their first efforts to secure the fair prospect of a future independent support. He who enters the arena of life for contest with seen and unseen obstacles, strengthened and shielded by the love which gladly unites with him to lay the foundation of a true home, is the safest, and by far more certain of success.

Knowing that his wife presides in his simple dwelling, and while she seeks to aid him by affectionate care and judicious economy his labors must provide the means for their support, how can this thought fail to give impetus to every exertion? All toil is sweet, all self-denial a pleasure, because it is for her, or, rather, for both made one. Whatever the avocation or height of intellectual culture, the supreme love shielding, the new home is the same. The woodman's axe swings lighter, the ring of the hammer on the anvil has more music than fatigue on it, the farmer whistles more blithely over the work of seed-time and harvest, the sharpest toil of the mechanic is of joy when he knows that his fair young partner, while watching his return, is providing daintily for his comfort, and is ready to give him a loving welcome. Fairer visions are caught and transferred to the artist's canvas because colored with the thoughts of the one who presides over his home. The dullest subjects are clad in wish vigor and freshness in the author's mind because he cares more to please the gentle critic at home than the public. The image of the young wife, whose thoughts will follow him with faith and confidence in his success, enables the lawyer to think more clearly and plead his cause with more effective energy. The physician, as he goes among his patients, knows there is one—now all his own—who prays that his efforts may be rightly directed, and this knowledge so fills his heart and enriches it that this very presence by the sick-bed has healing in it. The young pastor will work with more zeal and fervor when he knows of the loving encouragement that will cheer him when he returns home.

Is any one inclined to call this sentimental romancing? We pity those who, having passed through their experiences of youth and middle age, or beyond the forescore years, are not ready to accept this as sober truth.

In every position in life an early marriage that enables two faithful hearts to become the united architects of a home is a blessing that seems not to be fully understood. It builds up a more perfect manhood and womanhood than can be secured in any other way. Each is a shield to the other against the snares and temptations that lie in wait for the unwary, and those who walk alone. A happy early marriage is the strongest insurance of a pure life.

The advice is to wait till one has time and opportunity to know something of life so as to judge with prudence, putting all romantic notions out of the mind, too often proves a fearful temptation to evil and wrong-doing. Any one, man or woman, who ventures to assume the marriage relation chiefly from mercenary motives, instead of through the rich romance of the heart, if such they choose to term it, has simply made a business bargain, instead of accepting what God has designed it to be—the richest and most blessed gift to mankind.

If betrothal or marriage is deferred, the young are easily caught in the fatal nets of society life, and submit to be governed chiefly by such regulations and ideas as are sanctioned by custom. Soon they find that the thought of "position" is tempting them to put off all idea of marriage until a chance shall offer, which a young man can secure only by allowing his head to govern his heart. Then, ambition, not love, becomes his master.

The young girl who loves early but is tempted to wait until she enjoyed a few seasons in fashionable life before she consents to consummate her betrothal, is in danger of throwing away her fairest opportunity to secure true, solid happiness just for a shadow "that shines to bewilder and dazzles to blind." She begins to think that it is but prudent for her to wait until her lover shall secure the means to enable her to begin their life in as elegant and genteel a style as her taste under fashionable train imperiously demands, or at least, as high a financial position as her parents, after long years of toil, have attained, just as their daughter arrives at an age to be grafted in to another stock, forgetting that "a graft should always be willing to be a graft. patiently waiting until by legitimate growth it has made its own top," and has become strong enough by this patient waiting to vie with the parent tree.

The young girl who, after engagement, says, "I will not marry until my lover can provide for me as abundantly at the beginning of our married life as my father was able to do at the close of his," is sowing sorrow, "for her reaping by and by." But blessings will follow her who willingly goes forth to help build up another home knowing that she may encounter many difficulties perhaps some hardships, and may find cause for much self denial. While she carries into her new life all the delicacy and refinement of thought and action which was fostered in the luxury and abundance of her father's house, she is ready to accept her husband's less prosperous, it may be straitened circumstances, and thus both together cheerfully endeavor to build up a fair and honorable position by beginning at the foundation. It is the greatest folly to protract an engagement after the lover has finished education and entered on his business or profession, until he shall have accumulated sufficient wealth to keep his bird in a gold en cage.

Begin your life's work together. That is the true way, and all the sweeter and happier if you begin small. The less style there is, the less of real wealth there is, the more time and the more need there will be to become fully acquainted with each other's complete character, and a better opportunity to learn how to bear and forbear, to aid each to tone down or modify such peculiarities as are in danger of disturbing mutual confidence and amiability. It is no blot or disparagement that there are some peculiarities—they are found in all characters. It is quite right it should be so, and if the same tenderness and courtesy which was so easily exercised in the days of courtship, is, by mutual consent or practice, carried into married life, the early wedded become more closely assimilated, and find in their union an ever-increasing happiness which marriages of more advanced ages seldom realise after their habits become fixed and more unyielding.

But some young people say, "Those who know us now in our father's house (if that early home chances to be one of luxury) would not stoop to recognise us if they found us in circumstances beneath those we now are known in. Besides, if we begin in a small way, with limited means, we will be subjected to some course, hard work, and thus "lose caste" among friends." Such friends are not worth regretting.

Having outgrown babyhood and childhood none can expect to be always cradled in their parents' arms. Those who are of any real worth will cheerfully accept the life as they find it. "Its rough ascents or flowery slopes," if trod together and in love, will insure genuine happiness. We often think one stores up quite as much real pleasure passing through the rough places as when walking among the flowers. We know that the retrospection is an unfailing source of blessed enjoyment.

Work together, plan together, select and furnish the house or rooms together. Be one in all home arrangements. The less talk of "mine and thine" the better. We are satisfied that "my rights" should be erased from the dictionary which governs husband and wife, and "our rights" substituted.

But, notwithstanding short engagements and early marriage certainly appear to be the most certain road to abiding happiness, there are some cases which necessitate a long engagement. But it is full of dangers and uncertainty. Yet if both continue faithful, and swerve not from their plighted vows until the circumstances which compelled delay have wasted or been overcome then a long engagement almost invariably ends in a very happy marriage. A love that has not been shaken by the long delay, and usually involving long absence, is not built on sand but on a rock, over which the floods may sweep and the wind threaten in vain. If young people were trained to look upon an engagement as a solemn contract as binding in God's sight as marriage, there would be very little danger.

If in early youth, before education is completed, and some profession or employment is secured, two meet and are drawn together, becoming devotedly attached, then the engagement, even if of necessity it must be long, is the wisest course. Any sacrifice is better than to relinquish the first love. We firmly believe in first love, given when the heart is young and tender, unstained by too close contact with the world and its bewitching, beguiling attractions. Such love, honestly given, and as truly returned, is next to a mother's love—the safeguard of young men and maidens.

Important to Lumbermen.

The United States Secretary of the Treasury recently received a letter requesting that persons engaged in the lumbering business in the Counties of St. Lawrence and Franklin, N. Y. may be permitted to import from Canada for temporary use, and without payment of duty, teams of animals and articles for use in the lumbering camps, which teams and articles are to be brought in by Canadians. The question was submitted to the collector of customs at Ogdensburg, in order to ascertain the necessity for such action, and that officer has reported that during the past year many horses suitable for use in lumbering have been imported from Canada. He also expressed the opinion that the bringing in of Canadians with their teams for the purpose indicated would be in contravention of the Contract Labor Act. He said further that there was no immediate necessity for granting the request, for the reason that animals needed in the lumbering business can be readily obtained in the United States. Assistant Secretary Maynard has therefore informed the persons interested that as there is no legal authority for granting the request the department declines to interfere in the matter.

TRANSPARENT LADIES.

The Picture that is Puzzling Philadelphia Photographers

In Philadelphia a photograph was taken in a sitting-room a few weeks ago that has been puzzling amateur and professional photographers alike ever since. The artist was W. Curtis Tayler, one of the most experienced photographers in the city, and the subject was a group of 18 young ladies. It was not a good picture, because several of the ladies moved, and Mr. Taylor had them sit again, but he finished up the negative and took a proof print from it, and then he saw several queer things in it.

On the extreme right of the group one lady stood partly against a white door, while another lady sat directly in front of her. The clear outlines of their faces show that neither of these ladies changed her position during the exposure of the plate; nevertheless the edge of the door frame, which appears above their heads, is continued without a break down through the hair of the lady who is standing, just misses her eye, and loses itself in her chin; while the paneling of the door shows through her shoulder and through the hair of the lady sitting in front of her.

Two ladies stood against the closed shutters of a bay window. Both their faces show distinctly in the photograph, but the lines of the moulding appear through the hair of both. The light struck this section of the window. Two other ladies stood one against a dark section of the window, the other against a part of the frame which shows light. Both faces are badly blurred, but in neither case do the lines behind them appear on their portraits.

In all these cases in which the young ladies appear so alarmingly transparent, photographers say there is only one way to account for the mystery—the ladies must have moved long enough for the high lights behind them to impress themselves on the sensitive plate, which they will do, under certain circumstances, like a flash. The obvious fact that to do this some of them, especially the lady first mentioned, must have swung their heads and shoulders as are of 45° is not permitted to interfere with the hypothesis.

But the hypothesis, such as it is, breaks down completely before the problem presented by the central figure of the group—a lady sitting in a deep, comfortable arm-chair with a solid back of wicker-work. She could not have moved out of that chair without falling out, and her beautiful clear portrait, the best in the group, shows that she must have sat like a statue; yet through her face, through her neck and through her body all the way down to her waist the wicker plaiting of the chair back is seen almost as distinctly as if there were nothing between it and the lens. The lady's body appears as a dark shadow projected on the lighter surface of the chair.

When asked to explain the phenomenon Mr. Taylor promptly gave it up. The proof has passed through the hands of a number of photographers, both professional and amateur, and was discussed at the recent meeting of the Amateur Photographers' Society, and always with the same result. As a last resource it was submitted to A. K. P. Trask, the photographer of the Seybert Commission, who has made a special study of ghostly photography, and can turn out "spirit photographs" in any quantity to order. He accepted the movement hypothesis as to the door and window lines, but when his attention was called to the wicker chair he confessed that it was beyond his philosophy, and he could not account for it.

This is the way the case stands now:—The photograph cannot be accounted for under any of the known laws of matter, though it may have something to do with the "fourth dimension," for which some theorists contend. It is not a "spirit photograph," for, if it were, Mr. Trask would recognize it, and, besides, building materials and articles of furniture do not have spirits. None of the known laws of optics seem to meet the case, and for the present it remains a curious scientific problem.

How Lady Brassey Died.

A Port Elizabeth correspondent writes giving some particulars of Lady Brassey's death. It would seem that the party on the yacht consisted of Lord and Lady Brassey, Hon. Mr. Brassey, and the Hon. Misses Brassey (three). They had had a delightful cruise, and were bringing away from Australia exceedingly pleasant reminiscences. Lady Brassey was continuing her book and when the yacht left Port Darwin, Western Australia, on the 7th of September, seemed in the best of health and spirits. The Sunbeam went for a short cruise along the northern coast, and it is assumed that there her ladyship contracted some sort of malarial fever which frequently prevails in that region. Great uncertainty nevertheless prevailed as to the nature of the malady, and until the 11th of September no grave apprehensions were felt. On the following day, however, it became apparent that her condition was becoming critical, and alarm was evinced by the family. No surgeon was on board and the exact nature of the malady could not be ascertained. On Monday, the 12th of September, it became evident that her recovery was hopeless and that her ladyship was sinking. Next day the scene aboard the Sunbeam was an affecting one.

Feeling that her end was nigh Lady Brassey took a touching and affectionate farewell of her family, every member of which was on board. One of her last injunctions was that the book upon which she had devoted so much attention during the cruise should be published. Shortly afterwards she became unconscious, in which condition she remained till her death, about 11 o'clock on the morning of the 14th of September. The interment took place at sunset of that day, and was a melancholy and memorable ceremony. Lord Brassey read a portion of the service, and the other members of the family assisted in the last sad rites.

An Austin colored servant was told to bring some refreshments into the parlor. To the amazement of the guests she came into the parlor holding the tray in one hand and carrying the house dog under her arm. "What do you mean by bringing that dog into the parlor?" "You see'm, dar is a cullud gemman out in de kitchen, and he am skeered ter be lef' alone wid dis here dog, so I had ter brung him erlong." "Well, Matilda, we are very much obliged to you for not bringing your admirer in under your arm and leaving the dog in the kitchen. We appreciate your kindness," replied the lady of the house.

[Gossip About the Queen.

Not long ago, when the Queen was coming from Osborne, the detectives who always travel with her, noticed a stranger in the car with them. He was well dressed and appeared like a gentleman. He said little, offered a well filled cigar case, and seemed to be fam liar with the names of the persons in the party. They took him to be some attache of the household, and asked no questions, till, on the arrival of the train at London, Col. Ponsonby, the Queen's secretary, was asked who he was. The latter who had taken him to be a detective, expressed surprise when told that he was not, and the man was arrested. When taken to the Great Scotland Yard it was disclosed that he was a young gentleman from London who had made a bet with some friends at his club that he could come from Portsmouth on her Majesty's train without detection. He was released when his identity was established, with a warning not to attempt the trick again, but it was a lesson that taught greater vigilance.

The Prince of Wales has two detectives, who accompany him wherever he goes, and he leads them a jolly race. They lodge at Marlborough House, his official residence and are always on duty. Whenever the Prince leaves the gates they go after him, keeping as close at his heels as is possible, and when he stops they stop, too. They are dressed like gentlemen, and are well paid for their services, but seldom get a holiday. The Prince is fond of them, but it is not a job that is coveted by men of their profession. When he attends the theatre they always sit in the rear of the royal box; when he goes to the races they are ever at his side, and when he is out in his carriage they follow him in another. If he is on foot they walk behind him.

A correspondent writes:—I had a talk with the Prince's physician, who is also his friend, the other day, and he corrected an impression I had that Albert Edward would like to succeed to the throne. The Doctor says that he would not—that he would not want the Queen to abdicate in his favor under any circumstances. He has no love of power, but is fond of leisure, shirks responsibility, has no politics, is friendly with the men who are most bitter against the throne, and pats every one on the back for a good fellow.

The Queen has never been partial to the Prince of Wales. The late Duke of Albany was the favorite among her sons, and Wales has been in disfavor always. There is a popular impression that she might have abdicated the throne on the fiftieth anniversary of her reign but for her lack of confidence in and respect for her eldest son, and it is said that she likes his wife, the Princess, no better, although the latter is the most popular and the most beloved of all the royal family.

Life Was Too Stupid.

A somewhat rare variety of mental disease, the monomania of philanthropy, has ended in the act against which the Everlasting has fixed his canon, a scrap of paper left by the deceased explaining that he found "this life *trop bete*." The victim was a young man named Eugene Orbecchi, of Paris. He had drifted into the fixed idea that his express mission here below was to reclaim fallen women, and he had yielded likewise to the hallucination that the objects of his humanitarian generosity would, as a matter of course, be all dying to quit their ways. Disillusion dogged his footsteps.

At length he encountered one Marguerite Mathis, who made him promises and acted repentance. He lodged her in a furnished apartment, and undertook to provide her with a dowry if she would espouse an honest artisan. Marguerite Mathis put the money of this *bon naif* into her pocket and augmented the number of her masculine acquaintances. One day Orbecchi discovered the perfidy of the female whom he imagined he was reclaiming, and in an excess of rage drew a knife and struck her with it. At the Assize Court the jury acquitted him. Two days after the acquittal of Orbecchi his counsel received the following note from him:

"On my way from the Conciergerie prison, the day before yesterday, I met Marguerite Mathis. She was with a pair of the wretches whom she continues to frequent. I see now that she is a lost soul. The last aim of my life had been to save her; I give it up. There is nothing more for me to do in this world. Mere existance is a burden to me. You will read in the newspapers tomorrow, *mon cher defenseur*, that a young engineer named Jules Duval has committed suicide by taking chloroform. That will be myself. I am now looking for a hotel where I can die quietly. When you have read the account of my suicide, please be kind enough to take the measures requisite for preventing me, in case I should fail, from being buried alive.

Orbecchi had selected a hotel in the Cite Bergere, and, having entered the above description of himself in the book kept for the police, he wrote that "life was *trop bete*" (too stupid), and he poisoned himself with chloroform.

To Tell Pure Water.

The color, odor, taste, and purity of water can be ascertained as follows:

Color.—Fill a large bottle made of colorless glass with water and look through the water at some black object.

Odor.—Pour out some of the water and leave the bottle half-full; cork the bottle and place it for a few hours in a warm place; shake up the water, remove the cork, and critically smell the air contained in the bottle. If it has any smell, particularly if the odor is repulsive, the water should not be used for domestic purposes. By heating the water an odor is evolved, tha twould not otherwise appear.

Taste.—Water fresh from the well is usually tasteless, even if it contains a large amount of putrescible organic matter. All water for domestic purposes should be perfectly tasteless, and remain so even after it has been warmed, since warming often develops a taste in water which is tasteless when cold.

A Kentucky woman who has seven sons, all born on Sunday, has petitioned Gov. Buckner for a pension. She says in her letter that she "never herd of 7 boys all Bean Born on Sunday," and she thinks that such an unexampled feat of maternity should be properly rewarded.

To wish for popularity is not wrong, but to seek it unworthily is unpardonable.

Genuine modesty is a sense of imperfection common only to the wise and good.

A Mysterious Outbreak.

The typhoid fever outbreak which has been ravaging the Capital during the past two months has been productive of an interesting conflict of opinion. Everybody agrees that there must be something radically wrong or the fever would not have broken out; but where that something is is a point upon which people differ.

At first it was declared that the entire trouble was from the drainage. The sewers were in many places but wooden boxes. These had rotted and in the process of decomposition had produced disease germs which found their way into the houses and into the human system. This theory held its ground until it was discovered that the fever was as prevalent on undrained streets as on streets the houses in which were connected with the maligned sewers. Then it was decided by a large section of the community that the water had caused the mischief. A creek emptying into the source of supply and known as the Brewery Creek was declared to be in a polluted state and everybody was warned against using the water. But the water was subjected to a chemical analysis by eminent analysts and was pronounced pure. In this emergency a new theory was set afloat, and readily found adherents. The disease, it was said, prevailed to a greater or less extent all over the county. The same conditions of drainage and of water supply could not exist everywhere. The disease must then be carried in the air and must be attributed to the great drought of last summer. In reply to this Dr. Playter, who has given much attention to sanitary questions, points out that epidemics elsewhere had been traced to the water, and that scientific authorities contest the view that the germs of typhoid can be carried in the air. A later theory than that which blames the atmosphere attributes the epidemic to the sidewalks. Unexplained, this idea looks absurd. It is not at all improbable, that the wooden or rapidly rotting sidewalks may, as alleged, collect filth, which in a favourable season generates disease germs and launches sickness and death upon the community. While doctors differ so widely, it is of course difficult for the lay mind to arrive at any conclusion. Nevertheless, it must be said that the water and drainage theories have more to support them than either the atmospheric or the sidewalk idea. The water and the drains have always been found to be most perfect conductors of disease germs. The one brings diseases from long distances, the other distributes it at short range. When the water has launched the epidemic the drain assists in spreading it from house to house. If this has not been the process in Ottawa, the Capital has had an experience differing from that of other places in which epidemics have occurred.

The great body of public opinion at Ottawa attributes the disease to the pollution at some unknown point of the water of the Ottawa River, when the city supply is drawn. If the majority is correct there cannot be very good basis for the comfortable theory that the movement of polluted water is fatal to disease germs.

SNAKE-CHARMER'S FATE.

Horrible Death of Friday Lerue From the Bite of a Pet Rattler.

Friday Lerue for years past had been a daring handler of the most poisonous snakes, and his terrible death at his home in Chinchilla, Pa. was received with feelings of horror all through the section, where he had frequently shown his prowess in subduing the dangerous reptiles, which he made his house pets.

On Thursday evening a party of friends were calling upon him, and, as usual, he took them into the snake room to exhibit his strange pets. As he was handling a blacksnake a rattler jumped out of the box, and the guests in the room at once made a dash for a place of safety. Lerue quietly placed the blacksnake back in its box and then rushed for the loose snake which was slashing the air with his tail and making the room resound with the clatter of his seventeen rattles. The snake charmer, who had but one leg, having lost the other while fighting for the Union, grasped a chair, and, moving it forward, rested himself upon it while he reached forward and grasped the snake by the tail. Swiftly the rattler darted round and sank its fangs into Lerue's left hand, but before loosing his grip the charmer dashed the snake into its box and secured it.

The poison soon began to assert itself, and, despite the use of every antidote at hand with which the man always kept himself supplied, it extended through the arm into the whole body. The limbs and body began to swell rapidly. The skin grew highly discolored, streaked with crimson and deep black. Three doctors were hastily summoned, but all their medical skill could do was to administer opiates to relieve the sufferings and delirium of Lerue. The swelling also extended to the head, and the left arm increased in size until the skin fairly burst. The sufferings of the man were of the most terrible nature, and from the time he was poisoned by the fangs of the serpent to his death the contortions of his body in the delirious attacks were most repulsive.

A Book that is Neither Written Nor Printed.

Perhaps the most singular curiosity in the book world is a volume that belongs to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is now in France. It is entitled "The Passion of Christ," and is neither written nor printed. Every letter of the text is cut out of a leaf and, being interleaved with blue paper, is as easily read as the best print. The labor and patience bestowed upon its composition must have been excessive, especially when the precision and minuteness of the letters are considered.

The general execution in every respect is indeed admirable, and the vellum is of the most delicate and costly kind. Rudolph II. of Germany offered for it in 1640 11,000 ducats, which was probably equal to 60,000 at this day. The most remarkable circumstance connected with this literary treasure is that it bears the royal arms of England; but when it was in that country, and by whom owned, has never been ascertained.

Recently two United States revenue officers tried to arrest a smuggler who was bringing a load of gin from New Brunswick into Maine. The smuggler ran to the woods, pulled a cork which opened the gin casks, and nearly all of the liquor ran out before the officers could shut it off.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, JANUARY 5, 1888.

Subscribers to the REVIEW *who fail in getting their papers, will confer a favor on the proprietor by communicating the same to this office.*

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

We have been at some expense in securing regular correspondence from Ottawa, which we are certain will be appreciated by our many readers. The letters will contain fresh political, official, personal, society and departmental news, gossip appertaining to the Capital, notes and news of surveys, inland revenue, post offices, official appointments, political probabilities, and all the various matters which first come to the surface, or are confirmed at Ottawa. They will also contain anecdotes of members of the House and sketches of new men and of the Government. These letters will be free from political bias and devoid of anything that can offend, and will be original and fresh.

GRAIN MOVEMENTS.

Mr. Wood is shipping from his warehouse this week twenty cars (10,000 bushels) of barley, and is bringing in three cars of peas and five cars of oats. Barley has ruled high this year—75 cts per bushel having been paid here in the months of October and November. The market then became weak, and gradually dropped—70 cts. being now paid for full weight, bright barley. Our market prices here have been during the season equal at all times to Belleville—70 cts. now being the highest price paid there for full weight, bright barley. The market outside has not materially advanced, but the demand is firmer. There can be no reason for expecting an advance, from the fact that money is so close on the other side that maltsters are buying on three month's credit; and if even there was a small advance on the outside the margins are so close here it would not effect the local market. Many are looking for a decided break in the market, as so many buyers have been holding, hoping for an advance after the holidays, that when they must sell the pressure on the market will force prices down, particularly if cash must be got from the maltsters. The short crop of oats, and the almost "no crop" of peas, has compelled the bringing in of grain to supply the local demand of lumbermen.

Mr. F. Rollins has been sending large quantities of feed to the backwoods, running up, we understand, to hundreds of tons. He has had to bring in large quantities of wheat for his mill—the last lot, we understand, being about 5000 bushels. This roller mill has become an institution of much value to the place, and it is to be hoped will prove profitable to the owner.

Wheat now brings at the warehouses, 80 cts. The importations are largely "Manitoba spring." What a change from a few years since when, if we had to go outside, it was American Western wheat; now Canada can supply herself and ship immense quantities to England

FROM THE CAPITAL.

The Meeting of Parliament—Political Gossip—News and General Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, Jan. 3.—Parliament having been called for the 31st the usual sessional activity is noticed. A few of the hundreds who subsist for the entire year on their sessional earnings are beginning to come in. The Minister of Finance has already got the Estimates in hand. Every one says the session will be short. The business of the national legislature has grown so great, however, that three months would be a short sitting so that May Day will break on prorogation yet ahead. With two exceptions the meeting of Parliament this year is the earliest since confederation.

THE CABINET.

It is evident the Government will meet the House unchanged in its *personnel*, the contemplated reconstruction of the Cabinet having been postponed until after the House rises. That Mr. Bowell will be the new Minister of Trade and Commerce is generally believed as he is the best fitted of any for the position. Who will be made Solicitor General is an open question. The name of Mr. Girouard, the member for Jacques Cartier, has been most frequently mentioned. The Ontario list presents such names as Dalton McCarthy and Geo. A. Kirkpatrick.

THE FISHERIES QUESTION.

The Fisheries Commission will reassemble on the 7th at Washington. A plain statement of the point at which the negotiations broke off last month will be of value. It seems that at the outset the American commissioners submitted a protocol requesting the admission of full commercial rights to American vessels in Canada, and the placing of all American and Canadian vessels on an equal footing as to the navigation of the harbors of both the Dominion and the States. This was met by the British representatives with a proposition to not only concede the unrestricted navigation but also to consent to permit Americans to enjoy the onshore fisheries, provided the Americans would approve a new treaty of reciprocity based upon the lines of the treaty of 1854. To this the American Commissioners demurred, contending that they had rights and should not be asked to sell them. To enable the British Commissioners to study the situation further at Ottawa an adjournment took place. Of course the proceedings of the Commission being secret there is no authority for the above, but it is generally believed, and as a matter of fact, Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Tupper did confer together here and with the Government.

THE NUMBER OF VOTERS.

The return to the Government recently compiled show that there are in Canada 993,914 voters, an increase over 1882 of 190,327. The increase was less in Quebec than in any other province. At the last general election in February 725,056 votes were polled, or 70 per cent. of the total number. The total Government vote is given as 370,342 and that of the Opposition at 354,713, but in this latter case the exact figures are for obvious reasons, such as acclamations and plurality of candidates, very difficult to get at.

OCEAN MAIL SERVICE.

A new contract, calling for a very fast service to Europe and return in the carriage of the mails, is about to be awarded by the Government, the choice lying between the Allan Line and the Canadian Pacific. The second tender is from the Orient Steamship Company, but it is known that the C. P. R. and the Orient intend to work together. The Canadian Pacific offer very swift steamers, but the Allans have a greater cargo capacity and they also offer to improve their speed.

ELECTIONS AND VACANT SEATS.

Since the last general elections there have been 14 elections held. Two of these went by acclamation. The following seats are now vacant:—Dorchester, Que., Kent, Ont., Carleton, Ont., Russell, Ont., and Queens, N.B. Of these three were held by Conservatives last session and two—Kent and Russell—by Reformers. In Dorchester polling on the 14th and in Queens on the 22nd. The writ for Russell will doubtless issue so that the election can be held this month. The Reform majority in Russell was 155 over Mr. Macintosh, ex-M. P. The Conservative majority in Dorchester was 476.

POLITICS AND LOVE.

The appointment of Mr. Bresse, shoe manufacturer, to the Quebec Legislative Council in the place of Hon. Mr. Gingras, resigned, recalls a little romance. Some time ago Mr. Gingras, who has been a shipbuilder, fell in love with a pretty girl who perhaps did not fully reciprocate his honorable passion, but she expressed her willingness to marry Mr. Gingras on a certain condition—a monetary one—and the seat in the Council for the division of the Laurentides was offered for $10,000 to any rich man who coveted the honor. Mr. Gingras subsequently got the wife of his choice and now Mr. Bresse is a Legislative Councillor. "Prosperity's the very bond of love."

MANITOBA'S NEW GOVERNOR.

I am able to announce on the authority of Hon. Dr. Schultz himself that he will in May next assume the office of Lieut. Governor of Manitoba, notwithstanding the denials in some quarters. Senator Schultz is now in Ottawa. He represented Lisgar until 1882 when he was defeated and has been in the Senate for five years. Dr. Schultz took a prominent part in Riel's first rebellion of 1869–70 and was condemned to death by Riel at Fort Garry, but escaped. Manitoba's new Governor is a native of Amherstburg, Ont., and was 48 years old two days ago.

He is likely to be succeeded in the Senate by Mr. R. Hardisty, who is Indian Agent at Calgary. He was a defeated candidate for the representation of Alberta in the Commons at the last general election.

GENERAL NOTES.

Sir Hector Langevin has just concluded his thirtieth year in public life.

The Government has advised the British authorities that there is a steady demand in Canada for agricultural laborers and domestic servants.

At a New Year's reception yesterday the Governor General had several hundred callers.

Sir Charles Tupper will leave Winnipeg for Washington on the 5th.

Sir John Macdonald having elected to sit for Kingston it will be made the occasion for a demonstration there.

The Grand Trunk, Canada Southern, and London & Pt. Stanley railways will ask Parliament to confirm their agreement.

A company is asking power to construct a tunnel under the Detroit river from Windsor for railway purposes.

Sir Thos. Esmonde, M.P., lectured here last night on Irish affairs.

By misrepresenting what Mr. Chamberlain said of Erastus Wiman, the Ottawa correspondent of the New York *Herald* has got into serious trouble. The fun of it was that the *Herald* man never saw Mr. Chamberlain at all.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

CHOPPERS WANTED.—The undersigned wants a large quantity of Cord Wood chopped. Good timber close to village apply to FRED. ROLLINS.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

RICHLY Rewarded are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

TEA ! TEA ! !

10 lbs. First-Class TEA for $1.

GROCERIES & CONFECTIONERY

of all kinds

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

FreSh MEAT and FISH

always on hand at bottom figures.

OYSTERS.

The best brand of Oysters supplied in quantities or by the glass. Give me a call.

ANDY. PALMER.

The Reason Why

Ayer's Pills are so popular is, that while always reliable as a cathartic medicine, they never leave any ill effects. This is because they are purely vegetable, and entirely free from calomel or any other dangerous drug. In all cases, therefore, whether the patient be old or young, they may be confidently administered.

In the Southern and Western States, where derangements of the liver are so general, Ayer's Pills have proved an inestimable blessing. D. W. Baine, New Berne, N. C., writes:

"I suffered a long time with stomach and liver troubles. I tried various remedies, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. These pills benefited me at once. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."

Throughout New England, next to lung diseases, **Stomach and Bowel Complaints** are the most prevalent.

Dyspepsia

and Constipation are almost universal. Mr. Gallacher, a practical chemist, of Roxbury, Mass., who was long troubled with Dyspepsia, writes:

"A friend induced me to try Ayer's Pills, and, after taking one box without much benefit, I was disposed to quit them; but he urged perseverance, and, before I had finished the second box, I began to experience relief. I continued taking them, at intervals, until I had used eleven boxes. Suffice it to say, that I am now a well man, and grateful to your chemistry, which outstrips mine."

The head and stomach are always in sympathy; hence the cause of most of these distressing headaches, to which so many, especially women, are subject. Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes that for years she was a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief, until she began taking Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, N. Y.

L. O. District, No. 2,

THE annual District meeting of L O District No. 2, North Hastings, will be held at Madoc Lodge, No. 160, Madoc, on Tuesday, January 10th, at the hour of one o'clock p.m. A large attendance of officers and members of subordinate lodges is requested, as business of vast importance will be considered.

J. R ORR, D. Sec. GEO. ROLLINS, D. Master.

Madoc, Dec. 28th, 1887. 38 2w

FLOUR. FLOUR.

THE undersigned offers for sale first class Rolled Flour at Banneckburn Station for $4 50 per barrel

36 4w S. A CHAMBERS.

Note Lost.

NOTICE is hereby given to the public not to purchase or negotiate a note made by George McCarney in favor of Mrs. Margaret Johnson, or bearer, for $24, dated February 5th, 1887, and due in three years, as the said note has been stolen from me, and payment thereof has been stopped.

MRS. MARGARET JOHNSON.

Huntingdon, Dec. 28th, 1887. 38 3w

1888.

See our

REMNANT

Tables.

JOHN DALE & SON.

WHAT ABOUT OVERCOATS ?

Have You bought Your Overcoat Yet ?

We have some immense bargains to offer. Step in and see them.

LADIES' JACKETS AND ULSTERS

at prices to suit the times.

Our sales in the above goods have been larger than any year we have been in business, which is proof conclusive that we are doing them right.

FANCY GLASSWARE.

Make your selections now for the holidays. We have the largest stock in town to select from.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

Post Office Block.

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DAILY GLOBE, Morning Edition,		$6.00 per annum.
" " 12 o'clock "		3.00 " "
" " 3 " "		2.00 " "
WEEKLY GLOBE,		1.00 " "
SATURDAY DAILY GLOBE,		1.00 " "

The different editions of The Globe can be procured from all News Dealers throughout Canada.

--- THE GLOBE SPECIAL FAST TRAIN ---

between Toronto and London, which has been running daily since 3rd March last, will be continued throughout 1888. This train arrives at London at 6.40 a.m., making connection with all the early trains from that point, securing for The Globe a delivery throughout Western Ontario hours in advance of all Toronto papers.

--- TO ADVERTISERS ---

As an advertising medium, The Globe has no equal in Canada. Its circulation, which appears at head of its editorial columns daily, is far in advance of all other Canadian papers, and it is the intention of the management to always keep The Globe in its proud position as the LEADING NEWSPAPER OF CANADA, both in point of circulation and influence.

THE GLOBE PRINTING CO.

TORONTO

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

CHURCH SERVICES.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Divine worship and preaching every Sabbath at 10.30 a.m. and 7 pm.; Sabbath School and Pastor's Bible Class at 2.30 p.m.; Young People's Prayer Meeting, Tuesday, and General Prayer Meeting, Thursday evenings, at 7.30.
O. R. LAMBLY, M.A., Pastor.

ST. PETER'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sabbath School at 9.30 a.m.; Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening at 8.
D. WISHART, Pastor.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—Service every Sunday evening at 7 p.m.; Sunday School at 3 p.m.
W. W. BURTON, Preacher.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.—Mass, each Sunday at 9.30 a.m., except every third Sunday, when Mass is at 11 o'clock; Vespers and Benediction, each 4th Sunday at 5 o'clock.
THOMAS DAVIS, Pastor.

WHICH DO YOU BELIEVE?

Both sides of an Absorbing Controversy Clearly Stated.

According to "Scribner's Statistical Atlas of the Census of 1880," there was not a single death from kidney disease in the entire United States from 1870 to 1880!

But can this be possible? If we are to believe what the articles of one of our best advertisers, kidney disease, and diseases arising from kidney derangements, is actually responsible for the majority of deaths!

Why, then, such a discrepancy?

Fortunately for these people their statements are confirmed.

The suspicion is nourished by them, and we confess with good reason, that because the medical profession is not able to cure extreme kidney disorders, the profession officially disguises from the public the fact of their prevalence; meanwhile its journals are filled with regrets at this prevalence and the impotency of the profession to treat it successfully!

Why is the public misled!

These advertisers shrewdly say it is because the profession, if it concedes what they claim that kidney disease is universal, fears that the people will desert the powerless doctors and use the advertised preparation!

We do not know but they are right! But what should the people do?

Do! Read the evidence and guide themselves accordingly!

The advertisers claim to have cured hundreds of thousands of cases of Bright's disease and all lesser forms of kidney, liver and blood derangements. They offer $5,000 for proof that their statements of cures, in every quarter of the globe, are not true, so far as they know. These statements are from prominent men and women all over the world, and the closest scrutiny is invited!

If a physician cures a man and he knows it and says it, people believe him. If Warner's safe cure cures a man and he knows it and says it over his own signature, it is just as conclusive evidence in the latter case as in the former.

A few years ago, after having broken down prejudice in England, Canada, the United States, Australia, India and China, the owners of this great remedy applied for the privilege of its manufacture and sale in Germany. The laws of that great country are very stringent, and nothing can be manufactured or sold until it wins permission from the government, and this will not be granted until the government is satisfied that the best interests of the public and its individuals will be served by such a preparation.

The medicine was chemically and microscopically analyzed (as accurately as possible) the formulæ were examined (with perhaps a secret prejudice against them), by the government chemists, searching inquiry was everywhere made at home and abroad to verify its past record and reputation. Finally, it was triumphant even under the most critical examination, and full permission was given to make and sell Warner's safe cure in the Fatherland—the only life privilege of the kind ever granted to any American proprietary preparation.

Unprejudiced people will say that this favorable consideration of the merits of Warner's safe cure by the German government was a very significant as well as a very distinguished compliment to its merits, and so it is.

The evidence is all in favor of these intelligent advertisers, who have certainly won universal public approval, because of their straightforward course in proclaiming the merits of their remedies.

Health is impossible when the blood is impure, thick, and sluggish, or when it is thin and impoverished. Such conditions give rise to boils, pimples, headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism, and other disorders. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies, invigorates, and vitalizes the blood.

SMITH & BRYSON

Wholesale and Retail,

TRENTON, - ONTARIO

$1.50 per bushel for Dried Apples.

$1.50 per bushel for Beans.

One pound 50c. Tea for 25c., and a 25c. present thrown in.

1 lb. good Coffee for 30c., and a piece of Silverware with each purchase.

ALL KINDS of GROCERIES Sold Retail at Wholesale Prices.

An immense stock of Crockery and Fancy Glassware being sold at about 50c. on the Dollar, as we are clearing it all out.

Ladies' Jerseys, Children's Ulsters, Ladies' Walking Jackets, Ulsters and Dolmans, reduced to cost, to clear while it is still early in the season, and people are requiring that class of goods.

About 1,000 pieces of good serviceable Dress Goods at 5 cents per yard, worth 12½ cents.

Ribbons of all shades, worth 15 cents per yard, we are selling at 4 cents.

Millinery of all Kinds Reduced to Cost

and less, as we are bound to clear it all out while the goods are yet in demand.

Ready-made Clothing, a very large stock in both Men's and boys', at about half the usual price.

Men's and Boys' Overcoats in great variety, and being sold for less than the cost of the cloth, to clear.

We have an immense stock of Tweeds and Overcoatings, which we manufacture to order in first-class style, at about half the usual prices. All Tweeds bought and not made up by us cut free.

We are selling a magnificent Corset for 25c., that can't be bought in any other store for less than 50c.

Having decided to go out of the FUR business at once and forever, we intend to sacrifice our present stock of about $10,000 worth of Furs, and give the public a benefit.

Look at the Prices:

Ladies' Astrachan Coats at $18.00, worth $25.00. Others at $20.00 and $22.50, worth 30.00 and $35.00.

Men's Coon Coats from $22.00 to $27.50, worth from 30.00 to $45.00. Goat Robes at $4.75, worth $8.00; others at $6.00 and $7.50, worth $9.00 and $12.00.

Good Persian Lamb Caps at $2.00, worth $4.50; others at $4.00 and $6.00, worth $7.50, and $9.00. South Sea Seal Caps, $4.00, worth $8.00; others at $6.00 and $8.00, worth 10.00 and $12.00.

Good Imitation Persian Lamb Caps for 50c., sold elsewhere for $1.25. Good Muffs from 75c. each upwards.

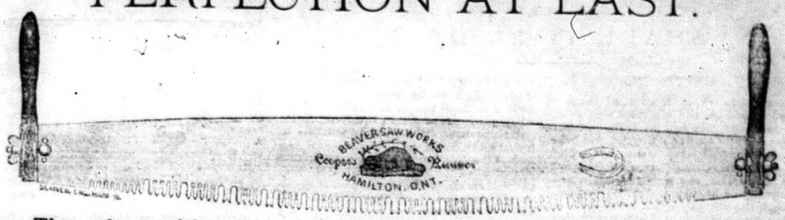
Don't buy anything in the shape of Fur Goods without seeing our stock and getting our prices, as we will sell them at less than half the price that you can buy them for at any other store in Trenton.

We have a stock of about $100,000, and we are bound to cut prices so as to force the goods on the public as long as they have a dollar to spare. We owe our customers an apology for not increasing our staff of salesmen in proportion to the increase of our business, and consequently they have had to wait longer to get served in some instances than was pleasant for them or ourselves, but as we are now constantly increasing our help we hope in future to have all customers served promptly and in every way to their entire satisfaction.

SMITH & BRYSON

Trenton, - Ont.

PERFECTION AT LAST.



The only machine, Taper Ground Cross Cut Saw in the Market is the Cooper's Runner. It is of silver Steel, Taper back. Each saw is of the same gauge, 13 gauge face and 18 gauge back, and fully warranted. Call and see for yourselves at - - **M. W. CONNOR & Co.'s.**

XMAS LIST AT

THE 4 BIG

Mrs. Wright's Block. **Durham Street.**

MADOC, - ONT.

All goods reduced for these two weeks, as they must be sold to make room for spring goods after New Year's.

Now is the time to buy your

Overcoats, Suits, Pants, Underclothing, Top Shirts, Cardigan Jackets, Silk Handkerchiefs, Collars & Ties.

(No such chance again.)

A large lot of Dress Goods, solid colors, away down in price. They must sell at the figure.

Please don't forget, when passing the BIG 4, to call and see for yourself.

T. McNAMARA.

Campbellford all wool Flannel, 25 cts.

ESTRAY.

CAME on the premises of the undersigned, lot 3, in 14 concession, Huntingdon one two year old Steer. Owner requested to prove property, pay charges and take him away.
JOHN REYNOLDS.
Madoc, Dec. 26th, 1887. 38 3w

Adams'

CARRIAGE WORKS

Something New for the Winter,

And at such prices Everybody can buy.

Farmers

Look to YOUR INTEREST

and see Adams' Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, CHEBOYGANS,

right down fine.

MILK WAGONS A SPECIALTY

Don't forget the place,

MULLETT'S CORNERS, MADOC.

36-3m

DON'T FORGET

The table. Of course we know you will not, but we thought we would remind you that we have

A DAINTY STOCK

of choice Groceries, which should claim your attention at this time. We have many

New Delicacies

which will satisfy the taste of the most critical epicure. And we have a

NICE FRESH STOCK

of Staple Goods which we are selling at prices that leave only a very small margin of profit.

Choice Teas.

Aromatic Coffee.

All kinds of this season's

CANNED GOODS

and a fine stock of all the requisites for a Christmas Pudding. If low prices for standard goods will please you, send your orders.

GRAY & McGREGOR,

MADOC.

STAR GROCERY.

The Place to Buy Your Groceries.

GOODS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

now arriving daily.

SPECIAL DRIVES IN TEA.

Goods always fresh and new, and prices right. To every purchaser of

FIVE DOLLARS worth of GOODS

from now to the end of the year, we will give 1 LB. OF TEA, guaranteed worth fifty cents.

Call and get these bargains, as they will only be offered during the holidays.

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

Wholesale and Retail.

CHURCH & TODD.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR

MILLINERY.

GREATEST SALE of the SEASON

Having done an immense business during the past season enables me to sell the balance of my stock of Silks, Satins, Plushes, Velvets, Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Feathers, Flowers, Coatings, Ulsterings, Tuques, &c., at the very lowest figure to make room for Spring Goods.

My display of Millinery and Fancy Goods discounts anything ever seen in Madoc.

New Goods, Latest Styles, Prices Right. Don't fail to see them before ordering.

We actually keep the largest stock of

Trimmed Hats & Bonnets

in Town.

A splendid variety of Holiday Notions now on hand.

MISS L. ELLIOTT.

Wilson Block, Madoc.

J. R. IRISH, L. D. S.

The only Licensed Dentist that visits MADOC, arrives at the WINDSOR HOUSE every Tuesday at one o'clock and stops until the next morning. Vitalized air used if previously engaged. Can furnish better material and work and for a less fee than visits Marmora 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of every month.

if remaining in the place the whole time. Mr. Irish

CONTINENTAL HOTEL.

THE BEST Hotel in the town. This Hotel has been lately refitted and repainted. We can give increased accommodation to the traveling public. First class sample rooms. Choice liquors and cigars. Excellent attention paid to guests. Good stabling and attentive hostlers. We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage, as you will find this second to no hotel in the county.
ROBT. SIMMONS, Prop.
Madoc, Aug. 14th, 1887. 19-ly

CHEAP MONEY.

The Subscriber has Private and Company Funds for Investment on

FARM AND VILLAGE PROPERTY

—at the—

LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST.

5, 5½ and 6 Per Cent.,

according to the description of the loans.
ALEX. A. McDONALD,
Solicitor, Madoc.
August, 10th, 1887. 19-tf

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER,

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC - ONT

NOTICE.

AT THE next meeting of the Municipal Council of the Township of Wollaston a by-law will be brought forward to open and establish a road running as follows:

Commencing at the centre of the line on the south side of lot No. 12, in the 15th con. of the Township of Wollaston, thence running a north westerly course across lots 12, 13, 14, 15, all in the 15th concession, until it strikes the side line between lots 15 and 16 in the 15th concession.

A. HERBERT WANE,
Tp. Clerk.
The Ridge, Dec. 19th, 1887. 37 4w

A GREAT SECRET;

OR,

SHALL IT BE DONE.

CHAPTER XI.

Poor Peggy felt, as the door of the *salon* closed behind her and she crept with downcast head along the hall, as if the last faint inducement to continue to exist had gone. As she sneaked along the hall, blind and deaf to everything but her own unspeakable humiliation, she suddenly felt a hand laid gently on her arm just when she passed through the doorway which led to the stairs. She started with a low cry of nervous terror. It was only Gerald, who was looking kind and sympathetic. He had just returned from Calais, and was taking off his driving-gloves.

"What's the matter, Miss Beresford?"

"O—O—O! Everything's the matter. I—I fell into the water, and M. and Madame Fournier, and—and my father and everybody saw me—all—all over mud! O, why wasn't it dee-e-ep enough to drown me!" sobbed she.

"Who is it? What has happened?" asked in French a bright man's voice unknown to her.

She turned her head and saw that the last, worst blow of all had fallen. By her side, looking down at her with much amused astonishment, was a tall, slight, handsome young fellow, a little too showily dressed for an English gentleman, who was twirling a very small dark moustache into neat upturned points, and smiling serenely as if it were the only possible expression for one's face when looking at a woman.

"Mdlle. Beresford?" he asked, still smiling, with his head inquiringly on one side, as he examined the limp, crushed, shabby little person, of his future bride.

"May I introduce M. Victor Fournier?" said Gerald hastily, in a coaxingly gentle tone, which caused the bridegroom-elect to look at him with raised eyebrows, but without relaxing the chivalrous duty-smile.

It was such an informal ceremony altogether, this ghastly finale to a most ghastly incident, that Victor, after making a deep bow, which she answered by a drooping and despondent curtsy, good-naturedly held out his hand, and received, on the lavender gloves he wore for this ceremonious call, the impress of three muddy little fingers. She saw at once what she had done, but by this time her despair had reached the point of recklessness, and she looked up at him with the solemn face of one for whom misery has exhausted its terrors.

"I am very sorry I have spoilt your glove, monsieur," she said, in slow, halting French; "but you will forgive me to-morrow, when I have left this horrible place."

"Not horrible so long as mademoiselle remains here," said Victor, readily, with another bow, bravely keeping up the smile in the face of circumstances. "I have the pleasure to hope that this desolate place will long be enlivened by mademoiselle's presence."

The idea of her presence enlivening any place just now was such an unmistakable joke that Peggy looked up with a forlorn little curl of the lips which was meant for a smile. Gerald, who felt that the situation was becoming every moment more awkward, and who was afraid that she might burst either into tears or into a fit of equally disconcerting laughter, suggested that she had better run up stairs and change her wet frocks, and gave her a little fraternal push toward the staircase.

"Adieu, monsieur," said she, with a strong British accent, bowing to Victor.

"Au revoir, mademoiselle," said he bending low to her.

And Gerald thrust his arm through that of his friend, and led him back to the *salon*, while Peggy went up to her own room, and began pulling off her wet ulster with a decided determination to take he final departure from "Les Bouleaux" in it as soon as it was dry. There was consolation in the thought of speedy action, and before she had wrenched off her soaking, spoilt little boots she had begun to sing aloud to herself in a tuneless, uncertain sort of manner, to indicate that despair and driven her to a policy of insolent, open defiance. She was quavering out the first verse of "The Vagabond" for the third time, when a sharp, precise little rat-tat sounded outside her door.

"Who is it?" she called out in the "Vagabond" manner.

"It is I, Miss M'Leod," said a thin voice. "Can I come in, Miss Beresford?"

Miss Beresford limped across the waxed floor with a scowl on her face, unlocked the door, and admitted the visitor haughtily. Miss M'Leod was haughty too, and being even smaller than the younger lady, she had to tilt back her head to a very painful angle in order not to be outdone in the matter of supercilliousness.

"I have come, by Mr. Staunton's desire, to enquire whether it is your intention to descend to the *salon* previous to the departure of M. and Madame Fournier and their son, and whether, in that case, I could afford you any assistance in the matter of preparation for the interview."

"No, I've seen quite enough of them. If my father sent for me, you can tell him I shan't come."

The housekeeper raised her eyeglass, and returned the girl's furious look by a vacant stair of her little light eyes which was meant to express contempt. Then she turned and was sweeping toward the door, when her indignation was checked by a sudden sense of the pitiousness of the shivering, bare-footed miserable little figure before her, trying to force back her tears, and to bear a brave front while the mud and the water still dripped from her spoilt dress, and her teeth chattered with the cold. Then there was a knock at the door, and they heard Gerald's voice.

"Miss Beresford! Margaret! Peggy!" he cried imploringly. "Come out and speak to me; come to the door. Do, *do*!"

Miss Beresford rushed to the door and let her face appear at a one inch aperture.

"O Gerald," she cried, in a vehement reproach, "why did you send this woman up to me? Don't you think I'm miserable enough? Do make her come out, *do* take her away."

Gerald thrust his hand through the crack, and Peggy instantly put her fingers into his to show she had forgiven him.

"Miss M'Leod, what have you been saying to her? Kiss her, tell her you didn't mean to be unkind, and help her to dress as quickly as ever you can, as you promised," said he, with eager volubility. "You know you said you'd lend her something to wear. And, Peggy, do be good, there's a dear girl, and dress and come down. Say you will—quick—to please me."

He drummed and tapped at the door affectionately as he spoke, and Miss M'Leod took the opportunity to make conciliatory advances on the other side; so after some excited remonstrance on the part of Peggy, Gerald was sent to call Delphine, who was active if not particularly neat-fingered, and the little housekeeper having brought from her room a black silk dress of her own, and some carefully folded lace, and a coral necklace, she and Delphine proceeded to array the reluctant Miss Beresford in them, and to pin and fold and to fasten the borrowed garments until Peggy, as she was led out into the corridor where Gerald was anxiously waiting for her, looked like a rather pretty little stage Puritan, in a dress which was very short for her in front and very long behind.

"Now you look lovely," whispered Gerald, with honest admiration, as he allowed Miss M'Leod to pass them down the stairs, and followed with Peggy's arm tightly in his; "and Victor will be delighted with you, and it will be all right. Mind you don't fall," he added tenderly—he didn't know how tenderly—making her walk slowly down the stairs and noting her appearance with much pride. "You don't know how wretched it made me to see you look so unhappy; and I felt I would have done anything, *anything* to make it all right again for you."

And they stopped at the foot of the stairs.

"Oh Gerald, you are a dear good fellow," said Peggy gratefully, squeezing up one of his hands in both hers, and looking at him with penitent affection. "You've made everything seem different; you've made that little snappish Miss M'Leod angelically good to me; and now I feel quite clean and happy and not a bit afraid of those dreadful Fourniers. And I will try to please them—to please you. You're just like a brother to me, indeed you are!"

So he took the fraternal privilege quite simply and naturally, and was surprised and a little hurt when she shrank back as he kissed her cheek.

"Are you angry? Don't be offended with me. You would let your brother kiss you."

"I—I don't know," said she rather shyly. "Nobody has ever kissed me before."

Gerald had nothing to say to this, but he believed it; and it gave him a great deal to think about afterward. He lingered there with her for a moment, until a loud, obstrusive, chuckling laugh above their heads made them both look up, to discover Delphine craning her neck over the top of the staircase till she was blue in the face, to get a good view of them.

"Come along, Peggy," he said hastily. And he crossed the hall and opened the *salon* door, and whispered, "Be as bright as you can," as she, with her heart beating very fast, and a terrible feeling of the awful conduct she had to atone for, passed him, and went into the room.

Miss M'Leod had already heralded her reappearance. And she looked so modest, so fresh and charming, with the bright color brought by shame and excitement to her cheeks, and the humble pleading look in her eyes, as her father, after a mollified glance at her, introduced her formally to M. and Madame Fournier, that the remembrance of her first bird-like entrance only served to enhance the good impression she now made by her gentle self-possessed manner; and Madame Fournier, a good-natured, honest, commonplace Flemish woman, whose *dot* had been her chief attraction in her husband's eyes when he married her, but who had since acquired boundless empire over him, drew the girl toward her in a motherly manner to which she was quite unaccustomed and asked if she could look upon her as upon the mother she had lost.

Mr. Beresford noticed the good impression his daughter was making; Gerald grew quite joyous over it; Victor, indifferent as as he was, seemed relieved by the change in his bride-elect. The stiffness of the ceremonious call was lost in the singularity of circumstances which attended it, and the formal conclave had grown into a most harmonious gathering, when a new arrival suddenly checked the chatting tongues and laughter, and brought back the thoughts of the whole party from love and marriage, and such comparatively cheerful subjects, to robbery and outrage. Yet the intruder looked good-humored enough; and it was only the remembrance of the gloomy circumstances which had caused him to be sent for which cast a cloud upon the assembly as plump little Mr. Smith, with his round black head and twinkling black eyes, walked briskly into the room.

In the pause which followed his greetings the Fourniers rose to take leave; and when Mr. Beresford, who had not yet recovered from the fatigue of his long journey from Nice, took advantage of their departure to retire to his own room as the lamp was brought into the *salon*, the rest of the party, left to themselves, gradually became silent listeners to Mr. Smith, who was characteristically already in possession of a theory about the robbery which was ingenious, though not without weak points. The theory was that the robbery had been arranged and carried out by the servants of the railway company, one of whom had entered the compartment at Paris while he himself was standing by it; and he suggested that it must have been the guard himself who, accustomed to walking the length of the train while it was in motion, to examine the tickets, according to French custom, had availed himself of this accomplishment to execute the robbery his accomplice had prepared. The weakest point in this theory was the difficulty of suggesting any means by which the servants of the railway company could have learnt that Mr. Blair had a very large sum of money about him, a fact which was only known to Lord Keighley, Mr. Shaw, and perhaps to M. de Breteuil.

The theory, such as it was, served for discussion until the appearance of another visitor, M Durand, cure of the parish, a devoted admirer and adherent of Mr. Beresford, whose philosophy he took as a joke, and whose lavish charity he held up as an evidence of true religion, which, while saving the soul of the donor from infernal torment, preserved the bodies of his poorer co-parishioners from the pinch of cold and hunger, a trial which the simple-minded cure was not spiritual enough to underrate. He, too, had to hear the story of the railway robbery, and he differed altogether from the ingenious Mr. Smith and the practical Mr. Shaw, being inclined to attribute the misfortune boldly to supernatural agency.

"Our unhappy country is most clearly accursed during these latter years," said the old man, whose eyes, shining brightly out of his worn, parched, and shrivelled face, burned with the fires of strange beliefs picked up among the peasants, whose friend and seavant he had been so long. "France is suffering for the sin of rejecting her kings and insulting her Church. Both these institutions are of God, and can it be wondered at that when a nation casts off His service, it should fall under the dominion of the devil?"

"But the devil can find no use for bank-notes; and if he could, he is clever enough to make forgeries that would be cashed at any bank," said Mr. Smith.

Miss M'Leod looked shocked, Peggy interested; Gerald watched Peggy, and Mr. Shaw wished that this well meaning old simpleton had remained at home with his breviary.

"The devil delights in making useless mischief, in doing evil for evil's sake," said the cure, dogmatically. "He has plunged us in war, in compulsory education for minds which do not cry out for knowledge, in starvation for bodies which do cry for bread. He has, they say, during the past winter taken bodily shape to plague the miserable inhabitants of this very district. What, then, more likely than that this fresh outrage, diabolically planned, diabolically carried out, leaving no clue, admitting of no solution, was the work of the Prince of Darkness himself?"

A short silence, during which the rest of the party glanced at Mr. Shaw, as if expecting him to take up the challenge; but fond of talking as he was, he apparently felt that to talk about clues to a man like the cure was beneath him.

It was Gerald's fresh young voice which broke in after old M. Durand's gloomy tones. "I don't know about the devil, but I know somebody who is mixed in this business, or at least in part of it; and that's old Monnier the gamekeeper."

Mr. Smith and M. Durand were rather astonished by this blunt and decided assertion; but the account of his seeing a stranger at the cottage, and of the utterances of the little boy whom he had found in the wood on the evening of Peggy's arrival, was listened to with attention by them.

"Perhaps Babette would account for the stranger," suggested the blunt Smith. But Gerald's anecdotes had made some impression upon him, for after a rambling discussion of the alleged apparitions in the neighborhood had gone on for some minutes, the English clerk rose abruptly and said he would go to Monnier's cottage at once, and try to surprise or frighten either the gamekeeper or his daughter into a confession, if they had anything to confess. The little man himself seemed rather nervous, and as he rubbed up the spectacles through which he was wont to boast he could see into a difficulty as a hawk into the night, Gerald noticed that his face was moist and that his little fat hands were trembling.

"Hallo, Smith!" cried the young fellow. "Are you funking the walk down the avenue for fear of seeing the black stranger and his attendant wolf?"

The cure silenced him by a look and gesture of such horror that everybody in the room was uncomfortably impressed by it.

"These are not matters to be laughed at," said he solemnly and sternly. "Whether the apparitions which have frightened the peasants are real or imaginary, I myself can vouch that their reported appearance has never failed to be followed by calamity to somebody."

Curiously enough, the person most affected by this speech was Mr. Smith. He tried to hide the fact, and nodded to Mr. Shaw, telling him, in his usual genial voice he should be back in time to drive him into Calais. But he was not himself; and as the rest heard him cross the hall, go out at the front door, and slam it violently after him, Gerald laughed, and suggested that the sturdy little clerk was not quite so strong-minded as he liked to be considered. But the old cure's superstitious earnestness, without affecting their reason, had depressed the spirits of all his hearers; Mr. Shaw began to grow restless, looked constantly at his watch, and said that he should like to start as soon as possible. Miss M'Leod begged him to have tea first, and led the way into the *salle-a-manger*, where the table had been spread for him by her orders.

He was much touched by her kindness, and as he sat down he said, looking at Gerald, who had followed him into the room, that he was glad to leave the boy in the kind care of such a friend.

"Friends," chirped the little lady, correcting him; "it is not I, but Mr. Beresford, whom Gerald has to thank for everything."

"I don't know about that," said Mr. Shaw slowly. He was looking grave and thoughtful, and an unusual intensity in his manner arrested the attention of both his hearers. "The kindness of a shrewd philosopher ought perhaps logically to be considered of mere value than that of a simple-hearted woman. Yet in the long run I shouldn't wonder if Gerald decides that he owes more to you who mend his stockings, because he has nobody to do it for him, than to Mr. Beresford, who metaphorically pins him to a piece of cardboard as an interesting specimen."

Gerald looked surprised, but Miss M'Leod was indignant at the implied disparagement of the autocrat of "Les Bouleaux."

"If you knew Mr. Beresford better," she said, with dignity mitigated by a pleasant sense of over-praised modesty, "you would know that his heart is just as warm as if he were only an ordinary man."

Mr. Shaw said nothing to this, but went on eating toast in a dogged manner which implied that his opinion was unchanged. When he rose and went into the *salon*, Miss M'Leod left the room to tell Mr. Beresford that his guest was going. It was nearly half-past five, and as the train to Paris started at seven, and Mr. Shaw had to call on Madame de Lancry before that, there was no time to be lost. He shook hands with Peggy, and the next moment the door opened, and Mr. Beresford came in, leaning on the arm of the little housekeeper.

"I could not let you go without making an effort to come and bid you good-bye," said he, as he sat down in his large carved armchair by the stove, and held out his hand to Mr. Shaw. His manner was rather less dry and reserved than usual, and it was with some human warmth of tone that he gave his departing guest a few shrewd instructions as to his treatment of the Paris police officials, with whom his errand would bring him in contact.

"Above all, do not let your clue, whatever it may be, go out of your possession, except to the head of the Department himself," he said. "And now I will not detain you, for I know you have a call to make in Calais, and you have not much time."

Mr. Shaw thanked his host, shook hands with him, with the cure, and then turned to Miss M'Leod.

"I am sorry not to be able to say good-bye to Mr. Smith," said he, as he pressed her little tan dry hand warmly; "he promised to drive me into Calais, but he has not come back yet, and so—"

"O yes, he has come back," interrupted the housekeeper acidly, "but not in a fit state to drive anybody, I'm afraid. I met him up-stairs just now, on his way from Mr. Beresford's room to his own, and—"

"Hush, you mustn't tell tales," interrupted Mr. Beresford indulgently. "The *cabaret* at the end of the avenue is a little too near, and poor Smith's tastes are a little too convivial. As long as my business doesn't suffer from his pleasures I excuse him. He will be all right in the morning, and a good deal ashamed of not having kept his word to you, poor fellow."

Mr. Shaw excused him readily enough, and left the room, accompanied by Gerald and by Peggy, who had made up her quarrel with him. They were all three crossing the hall toward the front door, which was open, and through which they saw the *carriole* standing ready in the courtyard, when the big Delphine came clattering from the kitchen like a charging dragoon, and seized Mr. Shaw with muscular grip, her round rosy face convulsed with terror.

"Monsieur, monsieur, don't go to-night; wait till to-morrow, do, do wait, or some misfortune will happen to you sure enough! It will indeed. Ask M. le Cure. He knows; he will tell you you must not go."

"Don't be silly, Delphine. What is it you mean?" said Gerald, uneasily.

"O, M. Gerald, the hill has been seen about to-night! It means ill-luck; tell monsieur not to start to-night."

"What a silly girl you are, Delphine!" said the young man, as he pushed her aside to follow Mr. Shaw, who was already outside the door.

Standing on the stones of the courtyard, with the feeble light from the little lamp over the hall-door shining on his kind, grave face, on his gray moustache and beard, he was waiting for Gerald to come out, and looking at him affectionately. Peggy, who was watching him, suddenly slipped down the step and put her hand again into his.

"Do you believe in those superstitions of the old priest and of Delphine?" she asked in a rather frightened whisper.

"No, my dear, not a bit. Do you?"

"No-o, not exactly—at least, I mean of course not, not at all. But still I wish—I wish you weren't going to-night; I should like you to stay a little longer, now I know you are so kind and such a great friend to Gerald. The fact is," she burst out in a different tone, excitedly drawing his hand up to her breast and looking at him anxiously, "all these mystery and robbery stories have made me nervous and silly; and—and —you are sure you'll be safe, aren't you?"

"My dear child, whether the train will or will not carry me quickly and safely to Paris is my only care. Of wolves, in the flesh or in the spirit, I have no fear at all, I assure you. Gerald, my boy, we really must not linger any longer."

He shook the girl's clinging hand again; the young fellow tore himself away from the excited Delphine, and both gentlemen got into the *carriole* and drove off.

Just as the clumsy little carriage left the stones of the courtyard for the sand of the avenue, Peggy, who was watching it fade into the darkness, was startled by a voice behind her. She turned quickly, and saw her father standing in the doorway leaning on Miss M'Leod's arm.

"Do you think you could catch them up and tell them to drive fast, as fast as they can?" he asked, with earnestness most foreign to his usual dry, hard manner.

"I—I'll try," stammered Peggy. And she sped out over the stones along the soft avenue until she came up with the *carriole* just as it turned into the high-road.

Both men were startled by a breathless voice which broke upon their ears as the little face looked up at them. They were sitting in the front of the *carriole*, side by side.

"Drive, drive fast, very fast, as fast as you can!" panted she, in a voice shrill and broken with excitement and exertion.

And before they could stop the fat old horse, the little sibyl had dropped behind them and was lost to them in the darkness of the avenue.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Terrible Disaster in China.

If the news just received from Hong Kong is accurate, one of the greatest calamities of modern times has befallen the people who inhabit the lower part of the valley of the Hoang-Ho. This great river has again burst its banks, a large and densely populated region has become a deep lake, and the missionaries report that millions of people are homeless and starving. The river is popularly known as "China's Sorrow," and for centuries it has been a source of great suffering and anxiety to the 170,000,000 people who inhabit the central plain of the empire. This magnificent volume of water rising in the mountains of Thibet and flowing for 2,500 miles through China, has changed its lower course ten times since history began to record its erratic tendencies. It has moved its mouth from south to north over an area of four degrees of latitude, sweeping over populous plains, and destroying a vast amount of property and the lives of thousands of people. The district it has now flooded extends far south of its recent course, and ages ago was the region through which the river flowed. European engineers have reported that it is within the power of science to save the whole of this mighty plain from these disastrous overflows and changes in the river bed. Great embankments have from time to time been built along the banks, but everything that has so far been done is wholly inadequate to curb the waywardness of this most disorderly of rivers.

Prosperity is apt to be dangerous unless balanced by a little adversity.

JOLLITIES.

There are no rounds of drinks in the ladder of success.

The man who is slow to express an opinion might just as well send it by freight.

A young man may have an honest ring in his voice while talking to his best girl, but it don't go until he has an engagement ring in it.

It has been discovered that the Irish tenants do not pay any quicker when charged by the police than when charged by the landlords.

A hygienic writer says that "no woman can walk in a corset." A great many women do "walk in it," but it is only by a tight squeeze.

Rice birds sell for 20 cents a dozen in Georgia. The amateur sportsmen down there can have pretty good luck for a dollar.

It is said that the Czar of Russia generally wears a smile on his face. It is also currently reported that he occasionally takes one in his mouth.

Smith—It costs the City of New York several hundred dollars a week to keep Sharp in Ludlow Street Jail. Jones—Yes, but he cost the city more than that when he was out of it.

Father—Come, Bobby, you are all tired out; so hurrah off to bed. Bobby (with a slow and reluctant movement)—Pa, you oughtn't to tell a boy to hurry when he's all tired out.

Men gossip more than women—men who belong to clubs—and there is no sense in crediting every doubtful tale to Dame Rumor when Master or Old Man Rumor has put the yarn afloat.

Barber (to countryman in chair)—You don't get shaved very often, I guess, sir? Countryman—Don't get shaved often! I cum to town once a month, mister, an'h' gosh, I git shaved every time I cum!

A tailoring concern at Crawfordsville, Ind., offers a marriage license to every young man who will buy his wedding suit of them. The corporation establishment will do well to offer a decree of divorce.

"Wat dat, judge? Yer ax me wat my wocashun am?" "Yes; what is your vocation? I mean what do you do for a living?" "Ah, yesser, yesser; I understands yernow. Wat I does for a livin' is—my wife takes in washin."

The fact that ninety-five cigar factories have shut down in Havana will not disturb the equanimity of our smokers. They know that the supply of "Havana" cigars turned out in New York tenement houses will never grow less.

Several papers are praising the conduct of James D. Fish in the penetentiary. This shows the great value of prohibitory laws. See how easy it is for a man to be good in the penitentiary, when for the very life of him he can't behave himself in good society.

"Haven't named your new boy yet, Ben?" "Well, no, not yet. You see, there's a dead-lock in the house. Wife wants him named Alice, for her mother, and I want to call him Benjamin, for his father." "Why don't you compromise?" "How?" "Name him Ben-Hur."

The Prince of Wales has taken to the common, cheap, every-day postal card. As a general thing a man doesn't like to receive no public a communication, but few of the snobs will object when the postman leaves a card from "Wales" at the boarding house, no matter who reads it.

"Singular, isn't it, what queer superstitions some people have? Now, there's Johnson; he says he never can bear to pass an open door." "Yes I know it. I saw him dive into five saloons while going a quarter of a mile yesterday morning. That's a very common superstition."

Master Tommy's father and mother were going to the theatre, and he was in grief because he couldn't go too. "Shut up, you inconsiderate brat," growled his father, "didn't you hear me say I only had two seats?" "And to think," whimpered Master Tommy, "that if you hadn't married mamma I might have gone along."

Do you remember the text this morning, Bobby?" inquired the minister, who was dining with the family. "Yes, sir. "The last shall be first and the first shall be last." "And do you know what that means?" "I don't believe it means much. I'm never first, or even second; I'm always last," said hungry Bobby.

Miss Waldo—I met that young Mr. Wabash, of Chicago, this afternoon on Beacon street, Mamma. Mother—Did you, my dear? He is wealthy, is he not? Miss Waldo—Yes; his manners are crude, though. He lifted his hat politely enough, but said "Why hello, Miss Waldo!" just as if one were a telephone, you know.

"Sir," said the prisoner, "I did not pay this man for my refreshments because I know nothing of the value of money. I am a child of genius." And what is your age?" asked the justice. "Forty-two years." "Then it is time you were weaned," said his Honor gave him thirty days away from the bottle.

Bobby had been a pretty good little boy all day and his father was very much pleased. "You will find, Bobby," said the old man, "that virtue is its own reward. I mean by that, that every time you do what you ought to do you will feel good over it. Do you understand?" "Oh, yes," responded Bobby, intelligently, "and now, pa, if you'll give me another piece of pie you'll feel good, too."

In a country court in England recently there was a trial to determine the ownership of a dog. The judge couldn't make out from the evidence which claimant was the real owner, so he made one stand on each side while an officer held the dog in the middle of the room. Then he told them both to whistle and the officer to release the dog at the same moment. When this was done the dog bolted through the open door. "Call the next case," was the comment the judge made, although the litigants stormed.

"Why did Methuselah live 900 years?" Because, my boy, there was no good reason why he should die. There was nothing to make him tired of life. There were no dudes, no politics, no Anarchists, no railroads, no schools, no books, no newspapers, no elections, no baseball clubs, no picnics—why should Methuselah want to die and go heaven? What was the matter with the to earth? A man wouldn't want to live 900 years now, if he could, unless he was a fool, and then nobody else would want him to live ninety days.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADIAN.

Buffalo have recently been seen in the district one hundred miles west of Battleford.

The opening of Parliament is considered likely to be delayed by the adjournment of the Fisheries Commission.

After spending two hundred dollars without result in sinking test wells for the water supply of St. Thomas, the contractors have discontinued operations.

It is generally believed in Montreal political circles that Mr. Joseph Royal, M. P., will shortly succeed Mr. Dewdney as Lieut.-Governor of the North-West Territories.

The Executive Committee of the Ontario Agricultural and Arts Association have decided to hold the next Provincial Exhibition at Kingston, from September 10th to 15th.

Two Chinamen living in Victoria, B. C., have been found guilty of murdering a woman for the purpose of getting her money, and sentenced to be hanged on January 30th.

Eight thousand immigrants arrived at the Quebec Emigration Office during the past season, of whom all but about two hundred and fifty have been provided with employment.

A number of gentlemen interested in the raising and breeding of Canadian draught horses met in Toronto and formed "The Improved Canadian Draught Horse Association."

The municipalities of Prescott county are being actively canvassed for bonuses of $10,000 and $40,000, respectively, in aid of two schemes for running a railway through the county.

A cablegram says it is understood the Imperial Government have decided to grant six commissions annually to officers of the Canadian militia on their complying with certain conditions.

A cablegram says that the Imperial Government have agreed to advance £150,000 to the Government of British Columbia for putting into operation a scheme for the voluntary emigration of 1,200 families, chiefly Scotch Crofters.

Montreal heads the list of mortuary statistics for last month, with a total of 503 deaths, 112 of which were from diphtheria, Toronto coming next with 177 deaths. Ottawa's total for the month was 81, fifteen being from typhoid fever.

About one o'clock on Sunday morning an attempt was made to blow up the house of Dr. Canfield, at Stanstead, Quebec, by means of a bomb loaded with giant powder. Bailiff Canfield, who lives with the doctor, has recently been serving Scott Act summonses, and numerous threats have been made against him.

Committees appointed by the Hamilton City Council and Wentworth County Council met and discussed the question of joint action for the purchase of the county toll roads, and adjourned to consider a proposition that the city should pay thirty per cent. of the purchase price, which is estimated at $140,000 to $162,000.

Henry Taylor, ex-President of the Ontario Investment Association, has offered to turn over to the company all the property now held by his wife, valued at $20,000, on condition of his release from gaol and the stopping of all legal action against him. In consequence of this offer, warrants were not issued on a number of informations laid against Taylor on Saturday by shareholders.

UNITED STATES.

The big raft which was towed from Joggins, N. S., to New York was lost at sea last Sunday morning during a heavy storm.

Mr. Andrew Onderdonk is constructing, for the water supply of Chicago, a tunnel which will run two miles underground and four miles under the lake, and will take four years to complete.

The California and Oregon railway was completed on Saturday, after twenty one years' construction, giving an unbroken line from New Orleans to Portland, Oregon, a distance of three thousand miles.

A Mrs. Allen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has commenced an action for heavy damages against the Customs Collector at Shelburne, N. S., for the seizure of the barque Bridgewater, of which vessel she claims to be the owner.

FOREIGN.

The Duke of Norfolk's mission has failed, the Pope refusing to further interfere in the relations between the Irish clergy and people.

Lord Randolph Churchill regrets that there can be traced in Mr. Gladstone's course every sign of age except the possession of wisdom.

It is stated Gen. Boulanger has declined a seat in the French Chamber of Deputies, saying that he expects a war, and France has a greater need of generals than deputies.

A cablegram says the large consignment of turkeys sent from Ontario is attracting much attention in the English market. It is believed a large trade will be created in future.

The corporation of the city of London are going to present a silver model of the Imperial Institute to the Prince and Princess of Wales on their silver wedding on the 10th of March next.

The London *Times* states that Dr. Hamilton Williams, of New York, who succeeds O'Donovan Rossa, has a fund of £200,000 at his disposal to organize assassination and dynamite explosions in England.

Mr. Clancy, Nationalist, referring to the report that the Government intend granting the Irish a Catholic university, said the Irish spurned such bribes, and that no mess of pottage could ever induce them to abandon their birthright as a nation.

The St. Petersburg *Military Gazette* contends at great length that Russia's action is not a hostile demonstration, but a necessary precaution against an invasion of her territory by either Germany or Austria, who possess superior facilities for rapid mobilization.

Lord Randolph Churchill, referring to retrenchments in his recent speech at Stockport, said the next budget would show an estimated surplus of from two to three millions sterling, and that in the following year the expenditure would be reduced to eighty-five millions, or five millions less than the figure at which Mr. Gladstone left it.

The war feeling is reported to be growing intense in Austria and Germany, and the situation is rapidly assuming a grave character. Austria is hurrying forward her preparations, and the railways are almost blocked by the transport of men and material to the front. In the meantime Russia assures the allied powers that her intentions are pacific.

A Fine Fellow

He may be, but if he tells you that any preparation in the world is as good as Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor distrust the advice. Imitations only prove the value of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. See signature on each bottle of Polson & Co., Get "Putnam's

A Sand-Storm in New Mexico.

The air was still as death, and there was not a puff of wind nor a rag of cloud in the whole horizon. I observed, however, that the sky had undergone a curious change. There was no diminution of the blazing sunlight, but the deep blue had been superseded by the strange white glare that was nearly blinding, and the heat had increased rather than diminished. We saddled hastily, and were soon threading our way through the broiling labyrinth of sand-hills and out onto the broad mesa again. We had not gone more than a mile or two in the direction of Espanola when Joe, who had been glancing about in all directions, suddenly remarked, "Here she comes!" and jumping off his burro, commenced trying him up behind an adjacent heap of large boulders. We stared in the direction he pointed, but could discover nothing save the white sky, the hills, and the sandy plains. As we looked, however, we gradually became aware that far down the valley two or three of the hills had entirely disappeared, and, stranger still, that more of them were being eaten up under our very eyes!

A little brownish-black cloud, no bigger than one's hand, was the monster that was thus devouring the landscape. We hastily secured the animals in the shelter of the rocks, and came back to look. The cloud had already spread quite across the plain and valley, and was approaching with frightful rapidity. It was not more than five miles away. It swept along toward us, with constantly accelerating speed, a bellying, portentious black wall of dust, that sent long waving fingers up to the zenith. Mile after mile of mesa, and hill after hill, disappeared in its vast maw, until there was only one vast rise left. This was swallowed up, and then, almost before we could seek shelter, the storm was upon us with a shriek and a blast like the breath from a cannon.

In an instant everything was obscured. I peered through my half-closed lids, and could not see a sage-bush which I had noticed the moment before only a few feet distant. The air was full of the dull roar of the battling winds. We could hardly hear the sound of our voices when we shouted. Everything had been wiped away from the face of the earth, and a blur of gray dust was all that remained. I could barely distinguish those nearest me through this strange mist. The worst of it lasted for about half an hour, I should think, but the air was still full of dust when we arrived home about two hours later. Such is a New Mexican sand-storm. We found all our household goods covered with a mat of from half an inch to an inch of an impalpable powder, which had sifted in through every crack and cranny. Nothing had escaped.

Men of Many Millions.

Armour, the packing king, is worth $50,000,000.

Mackay and Fair are said to be worth $50,000,000 each.

Editor Abell is said to have made $15,000,000 out of the Baltimore Sun.

The revenue Claus Spreckels derives from sugar has been as high as $18,000 a day.

Lucky Baldwin's wealth is estimated at $20,000,000 and his income at a million a year.

Weightman, the Philadelphia chemist owns $20,000,000 made mostly out of quinine and mortgages.

Carnegie, of Pittsburgh, is worth $20,000,000 and pays his foreman a salary equal to that of the President of the United States.

Leland Stanford once thought he was doing well when he made $1,500 a year out of lawyer's fees. Now he is worth from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000.

Isaiah Williamson, of Philadelphia, the richest bachelor in the United States, has made $20,000,000 out of dry goods, and has an income of $1,500,000 annually to dispose of.

Rockafeller, the coal oil baron, is worth $70,000,000 and as it is a poor standard oil stock which doesn't pay more than ten per cent. his income must be half a million a month at least.—Detroit Free Press.

Don't Give up the Ship.

You have been told that consumption is incurable; that when the lungs are attacked by this terrible malady, the sufferer is past all help, and the end is a mere question of time. You have noted with alarm the unmistakable symptoms of the disease; you have tried all manner of so-called cures in vain, and you are now despondent and preparing for the worst. But don't give up the ship while Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery remains untried. It is not a cure-all nor will it perform miracles, but it has cured thousands of cases of consumption, in its earlier stages, where all other means had failed. Try it, and obtain a new lease of life.

M. Carvalho, the manager of the Paris Opera Comique, which was recently destroyed by fire, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of 200*l*., Fireman Andre was sentenced to one month's imprisonment, and the others who with these two were supposed to be responsible for the disaster were acquitted.

A Dish of New P's.

P stands for Pudding, for Peach and for Pear,
And likewise for Poetry and Prose;
The Parrot, the Pigeon that flies in the air,
The Pig with a ring in his nose;
For Paper and Pen, for Printer and Press,
For Physic and People who sell it;
But when you are sick, to relieve your distress
Take at once Pierce's Purgative Pellet.

Oh, yes, indeed! There are the P's for you, poor, sick man or woman. Nothing like them for keeping the bowels and stomach regulated and in order—tiny, sugar-coated granules, scarcely larger than mustard seeds. They work gently but thoroughly.

Many imitators, but no equal, has Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Most chronic catarrhs usually begin in the fall of the year, and owe their origin to the neglect of adjusting the clothing to the weather. Catarrhs of all sorts are much more easily prevented than cured.

Hub! Cough Cure cures in one minute.

Fred Stone, the American sprinter, has gone to England to participate in the Christmas Sheffield handicap.

Cingalese Hair Renewer restores grey and faded hair to its natural color and prevents falling out.

The best riches is contentment, the worst poverty, low spirits.

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels get out of order, causing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, and their attendant evils, take at once a dose of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine. All Druggists, 50 cents.

They who would rule safely must rule with love, not force.

Coff No More.

Watson's cough drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. See that the letters R. & T.W. are stamped on each drop.

It is not so difficult to plant new truths as to root out old errors.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

The opium habit, depsomania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over-exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength, from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause *not mentioned above*, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of *Diseases of Man*. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M. V. Lubon 47 Wellington street East, Toronto Ont.

One of the best and most valuable possessions is self-possession.

People who are subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the Stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

We cannot do without others, but others can often do without us.

ITCHING PILES.

Symptoms—Moisture: intense itching and stinging; most at night: worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

The Monte Carlo people made this year thirty-five per cent profit. They also caused eighty funerals. It does seem as if the earthquake, fooling around the Mediterranean coast, was not attending to business as it ought to do in neglecting Monte Carlo so long.

A. P. 378

Toronto Cutting School.—Gentlemen desirous of acquiring a thorough knowledge of garment cutting in all its branches, should apply at once to S. Corrigan, proprietor, 122 Yonge St., Toronto. Terms on application.

If you have invented anything useful, patent it and make money. Write for Harvey's Guide to Patents, to A. Harvey, Patent Attorney and publisher of "The Patent Review," Ottawa, Ont. 25 yrs. experience.

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DR. GRAY'S Specific has been used for the past fifteen years, with great success, in the treatment of Nervous Debility, and all diseases arising from excesses, over-worked brain, loss of vitality, ringing in the ears, palpitation, etc. For sale by all druggists. Price $1 per box, or 6 boxes for $5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Pamphlet on application.

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4 John Street North.......Hamilton, Ont.

Cooks' Gem BAKING POWDER

Why do you use those Expensive American and Canadian Baking Powders when you can get as good and whole-ome at one half the price? Prove it by trying the Cook's Gem. Manufactured by

ELLIS & KEIGHLEY, - Toronto.

CANADA PERMANENT Loan and Savings Co.

Incorporated 1855.

Subscribed Capital	$3,500,000
Paid-up Capital	2,300,000
Reserve Fund	1,150,000
Total Assets	9,301,615

Office:—Co.'s Buildings, Toronto St., Toronto.

DEPOSITS received at current rates of interest, paid or compounded half-yearly.

DEBENTURES issued in Currency or Sterling, with interest coupons attached, payable in Canada or in England. Executors and Trustees are authorised by law to invest in the Debentures of this Company.

MONEY ADVANCED on Real estate security at current rates and on favorable conditions as to re-payment.

Mortgages and Municipal Debentures purchased.

J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland; also from Baltimore, via Halifax and St. John's, N.F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter to and from Halifax, Portland, Boston and Philadelphia; and during summer between Glasgow and Montreal weekly; Glasgow and Boston weekly, and Glasgow and Philadelphia fortnightly.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's, N.F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N.B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; Wm. Brookie, Philadelphia; H. A. Allen Portland Boston Montreal.

FACSIMILE OF A JUG OF DR. JUG'S MEDICINE.

SPECIAL NOTICE—We have decided in future to put Dr. Jug's Medicine in a brown jug, instead of a glass bottle as heretofore. The jugs that we will use for this purpose are made of the finest imported Rockingham, of a mottled brown colour, with "Dr. Jug's Medicine for Lungs, Liver and Blood" in raised letters on the side. Our reasons for making this change are: 1st—Its wonderful curative qualities will be better preserved by the medicine being kept entirely in the dark. 2nd—As the jug will be registered it will be impossible to counterfeit it. 3rd—The name "Dr. Jug's Medicine" will be more easily remembered by association. 4th—Our friends will be able to recognize at once that they are getting the genuine article, as there is no other medicine put up in a jug. DR. JUG MEDICINE CO., Toronto and Stratford.

NEW & SECOND-HAND MACHINERY
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE
H. W. PETRIE, BRANTFORD, CANADA.

PATENTS For Sale—Illustrated descriptive Catalogue free. R. Chamberlin, Toronto.

WORK FOR ALL. $30 a week and expenses paid. Valuable outfit and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

THE BOILER INSPECTION and Insurance Company of Canada, Consulting Engineers and Solicitors of Patents, TORONTO. G. C. Ross, Chief Engineer. A. Fraser, Sec'y-Treas.

We are the only manufacturers of Small American H g

SAUSAGE CASINGS

In Canada. These Casings TAKE THE LEAD of any English Sheep Casings, as to size, strength and length.

Price List American Hog Casings:

Per keg of 100 lbs..$30 00 Per keg of 50 lbs..$16 00
Smaller quantities, per lb...35c.

English Sheep Casings:—

Per keg of 50 bundles..........$30 00
Smaller quantities, per bundle.......... 0 65

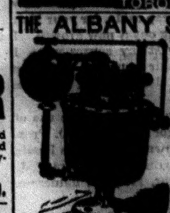
Patronize Home Trade. If any other dealers are offering Casings at less than the above, we will sell at their figures if shown the prices.

We also manufacture **PURE ANIMAL FERTILIZER**, composed of Blood, Bone and Meat. Price, per ton, $30 00. Fine or coarse Bone Meal, $35 per ton. All Goods Warranted, or money refunded. Goods F. O. B. at Hamilton.

F. ROWLIN & CO., Hamilton, Ont.

J. L. JONES
WOOD ENGRAVER
10 KING S EAST
TORONTO.

THE ALBANY STEAM TRAP CO'S. SPECIAL BUCKET RETURN TRAP.



The Celebrated Hancock Inspirator. Gresham's Automatic Re-starting Injector. Morrison's Automatic Sight Feed Lubricator. Engineers' & Plumbers' Supplies of every description. Send for circulars. JAMES MORRISON, 75 & 77 Adelaide St. W., TORONTO.

MANITOBA.

Farmers going to Manitoba will find it to their advantage to call upon or write to W. B. Gillett, 523 Main Street, Winnipeg, who has improved farms for sale.

Information cheerfully furnished without charge. Money advanced to bona fide settlers at low rates of interest upon personal property to assist them in starting.

MAY APPLE BLOOD SYRUP

The greatest discovery of the present age for Regulating the bowels, and Curing all Blood Liver and Kidney Complaints. A perfect Blood Purifier. A cure in Hamilton who have been benifited by its use; Mrs. M. Keenan 192 Robert St., cured of Erysipelas of 8 yrs. standing; Robt. Connell, 24 south street, daughter cured of Epileptic fits after years suffering; Jennie Birrel, 55 Walnut Street, cured of Weakness and Lung Trouble; John Wood, 22 Cathcart St., cured of Liver Complaint and Billiousness, used only 3 fifty-cent bottles; Mrs. J. Beal, 6 Augusta St., troubled for years with Nervous Prostration, two small bottles gave her great relief. Sold at 50c. & $1. F. F. DALLEY & CO., Proprietors.

STANDARD CHOPPING MILLS.

BARNUM WIRE and IRON WORKS, WINDSOR, ONT.

We are now offering the Best Iron Fences ever sold in Canada, at Remarkably Low Prices.

WE ALSO MAKE

Stable Fixtures, Sand Screens, Weather Vanes, Iron Stairs and Shutters, Fire Escapes, Office Railings, Flower Stands, Wire Signs, and all kinds of Wire, Iron and Brass Work.

IRON FENCES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. - Send for Catalogue.

Confederation Life ASSOCIATION.

A Home Company! Guarantee Capital, $1,000,000

PRESIDENT: HON. SIR W. P. HOWLAND, C.B., K.C.M.G.
VICE-PRESIDENTS: WM. ELLIOTT, ESQ., EDW. HOOPER, ESQ.

DIRECTORS:

Hon. Chief-Justice Macdonald.	M. P. Ryan, Esq.	J. D. Edgar, Esq.
W. H. Beatty, Esq.	S. Nordheimer, Esq.	Walter S. Lee, Esq.
J. Herbert Mason, Esq.	W. H. Gibbs, Esq.	A. L. Gooderham, Esq.
Hon. James Young	A. McLean Howard, Esq.	

MANAGING DIRECTOR: J. K. MACDONALD.

This **Distinctively Home Institution** was established 15 years ago. During this period nearly one million of dollars has been returned to the policy Holders, or their representatives.

The **assets accumulated** during this period amount, at this date, to over $3,500,000, and when the **Guarantee Capital is added**, forms security for policy holders to the amount of over $4,500,000.

Those contemplating insuring will do well to compare the cost in this Association with other companies for the above period, before insuring elsewhere.

This **Association's Rates** are from **10 to 30** per cent. lower than in those foreign companies doing business in this country, while the profit results surpass the best of them.

J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director.

Head Office, 15 Toronto St., Toronto.

Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition. The great popularity of **Ayer's Hair Vigor** is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was fast losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes; "and, to my great surprise, converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) to *the same shade of brown* it had when I was 25 years of age."

Ten Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head; but now I gladly lay the cap aside, for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I could hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing; but there it is, and I am delighted. *I look ten years younger.*"

A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass., Miss Bessie H. Bodine, of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** or of **Ayer's Pills**, in connection with the Vigor, may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Beautiful Picture

The picture, "Suffer little Children to Come unto Me," offered by the *Montreal Witness* to their daily and weekly subscribers, is a work reproduced in oil colors with great richness and beauty, and to a wanderer to all who receive it now the publishers can offer so much at so small a cost. The leading judges of art in the Dominion all testify to its beauty as a work of art, their testimonies having been published in the *Witness*.

Canadian Live-stock and Farm Journal

We have just received the *Canadian Live-Stock and Farm Journal* for December, and as usual it contains much valuable information for the general farmer. It is now in its fifth year of publication, and though started as a 32-page monthly it has gone on steadily increasing in matter and interest, as well as in size, until now it appears as a 32-page monthly. It claims to have twelve departments of discussion—viz.: Stock Raising, The Veterinary, The Farm, The Dairy, The Poultry Yard, Apiculture, Horticulture, and The Home.

We do not hesitate to recommend it to our patrons as the leading farm paper published in Canada. The subscription price is $1 per annum in advance. Farmers not subscribing for it should call at our office and see it, or to send for sample copies to the publishers, at Hamilton, Ont.

We can furnish it and our own paper together for 1888, for $1.75.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—Some occupations tends to the development of certain diseases, and those who toil as miners are peculiarly liable to rheumatism, lumbago, and other allied complaints. In the gold-fields and copper mines Holloway's remedies have been largely patronized by the workers to their very great advantage, and they can be confidently recommended as invaluable remedies for inward congestions, spasms and cramps in the bowels, and all those conditions of the lungs and liver to which those who work underground or in impure atmospheres are so peculiarly liable. For cuts, bruises, sprains and stiffened joints, the action of Holloway's Ointment is eminently healing and soothing, and a supply should always be at hand in case of need.

MADOC MARKETS.

Fall Wheat	$0 75 to	$0 80
Spring Wheat	75 to	80
Barley	53 to	70
Rye	50 to	55
Oats	40 to	42
Peas	60 to	70
Buckwheat	45 to	50
Flour per 100 lbs	2 25 to	2 25
Butter per pound	20 to	20
Eggs per dozen	18 to	20
Lard per pound	10 to	10
Potatoes per bag	75 to	80
Hay per ton	12 00 to	15 00

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42 YEARS.

Steadfastly for forty-two years the *Weekly Witness* has held to principles which have stood the tests of time, ridicule, and of opposition, fair and unfair, and the *Witness* to-day speaks to sixty where in 1846 it spoke to one. Its growth has been both rapid and steady. Its publishers, desirous of still further increasing its circulation, have this year gone to large expense to secure a reproduction of **The Latest Masterpiece of Davidson Knowles** (who was selected by Queen Victoria to paint the scene at Princess Beatrice's wedding), entitled

Suffer the Little Children to Come Unto Me.

It depicts the memorable scene with startling realism, reproducing in oils all the colors of **Original Coloring**. The picture, executed by the greatest art firm in England, would bring $ 50 if sold, but is reserved exclusively for Subscribers to the *Witness*.

The price of the *Weekly Witness* and picture is $1.75; the paper alone, $1 00.

In 1846 the *Daily Witness* was launched, and like the weekly, to advocate the principles of Free Trade at cost. The picture "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me," and the *Daily Witness*, $3 a year; the paper alone, $2.00.

The *Northern Messenger*, still continues to be the favorite in the home circle and Sabbath school, and commencing with January first with new type, finer paper and other improvements, will be more attractive than ever. Prizes of books are given to friends who canvas for it. Annual subscription 30c., with reductions to clubs.

Sample copies of the different publications mailed on application. Agents wanted in every town and village.

J. DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal

39

Estate late Colin Russel

BUILDING LOTS for sale, in the northern part of the Village of Madoc, at reasonable prices and favorable terms. Garden plots to rent.

For particulars apply to Messrs. DOUGALL & STEWART, Solicitors, &c., O'Flynn Block, Madoc, or to

COLIN RUSSEL,
Agent for Mrs Sarah Russel,
535 Rideau St., Ottawa

No. 1

ROLLED FLOUR

For sale at the

Eldorado Elevator,

ELDORADO.

25-3m

REMOVED.

The Singer Sewing Machine Office

has removed next to

D. R. BOWEN'S BAKERY

opposite Post Office, where all parties wishing to purchase a

First-class SEWING MACHINE

can do so, as I have a fine stock now on hand; also an assortment of

NEEDLES and OIL

for all kinds of machines.

REPAIRING done on shortest notice.

J. A. HAWLEY,
Agent.

Madoc, Oct. 27th, 1887. 30 3m

DEEP Sea wonders exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

PORTRAITS IN ALL THE STYLES.

BABIES TAKEN INSTANTANEOUSLY,

thus insuring a good portrait in almost every case.

By the use of the dry plates, finer work can be made in dark days than was possible by the old process. But we do not want anyone to depend on that, and defer coming till near sunset. The nearer the sun is to the zenith the better the light, and good results more certain. A dark day at noon is better than a bright day at 5 p. m.

BOOTS of all kinds on hand, and made to order on the premises.

D. MORRICE.

Madoc, April 21, 1887. 31y

ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM.

Registered Percheron Horses and French Coach Horses.

Savage & Farnum, Importers and Breeders of Percheron and French Coach Horses, Island Home Stock Farm, Green Isle, Wayne County, Mich. We offer a very large stud of horses to select from, we guarantee our stock, make prices reasonable and sell on easy terms. Visitors always welcome. Large catalogues free. Address Savage & Farnum, Denver, Mich.

BANKING HOUSE

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

(NOT INCORPORATED.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, MADOC.

OPEN FROM 10 A. M., TO 4 P. M.

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

Transacted. Drafts issued to al, points in the Dominion and the United States.

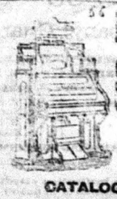
LOWEST RATES

charged for collection.

Interest Allowed on Deposits

at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, June, 1887. 10 1y



"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

BLACKSMITHING.

MESSRS John Brown & Son beg to announce to their many customers and the public generally that they have purchased the Blacksmith stand formerly occupied by Mr. C. Thrasher, where they are prepared to do all kinds custom work and general Blacksmithing. Horse shoeing a specialty. Also agents for all kinds of Farm Implements manufactured by G. & J. Brown, Belleville.

486. JOHN BROWN & SON.

JUST ARRIVED.

A large assortment of

LADIES' SLIPPERS

and

OXFORD SHOES.

Also a large assortment of

RUBBERS

AND

OVERSHOES.

(The Goodyear make.)

The best in the World. Cheap for Cash.

T. ROBERTS,

Weiss' Block.

Preserve your Sight

By wearing the only

FRANK LAZARUS

(Late of the firm of Lazarus & Morris)

Renowned Spectacles & Eye Glasses

These Sectacles and Eye Glasses have been used for the past 35 years, and given in ever instance unbounded satisfaction. They are the best in the world. They never tire, and last many years without change. For sale by

R. R. CASEMENT & Co., Hardware, Madoc, and DR. TUTTLE, Tweed.

Frank Lazarus, Manufacturer, 38 Maryland Road, Harrow Road London, England. (Late Lazarus & Morris, Hartford, Conn.)

No connection with any other firm in the Dominion of Canada. 47

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

NORTH west corner of lot 17, in 6th con. Madoc, in Eldorado, containing 4 acres. For particulars apply to owner, at Bannockburn.

JOS. H. BEST.

Bannockburn, Dec. 13th, 1887. 36 4w

Only one week and then

CHRISTMAS,

And DON'T YOU FORGET IT.

WILSON'S

Book, Drug and Fancy Goods Store

is the place to get the biggest value for your money in all kinds of

Christmas Presents.

Cards in new and great variety,
Plush Goods,
Musical Instruments,
Dressing Cases,
Picture Frames,
Sea Shells,
Satchels,
Pocket Books,
Perfumery,
Toilet Goods, all kinds,
Books in great variety.

Money wanted. Goods must be sold. Call and see them.

CHARLES G. WILSON

DURHAM ST., MADOC.

"What boots it to have obtained wealth if the wealth is accompanied by ceaseless ailments."—HERBERT SPENCER.

G. JERRALD POTTS, M. D.,

M. R. C. S., Eng., M. C. P. & S., Ont., Late Surgeon to Her Majesty's Consulate Bangkok, Siam, and Surgeon to Auxilliary Medical Staff Corps, India and China; Surgeon-in-Chief 3rd Brigade, 4th Div. 9th Army Corps, Army of the Potomac, U.S.A.

Dr. Potts will visit Madoc on FRIDAY, 5th AUGUST, to give an opportunity to those who are afflicted with any of the following Chronic Diseases or Deformities, to consult him. Most of these diseases are pronounced incurable by the family physician, who is utterly unable to do more than afford temporary relief.

Dr. Potts brings to your very doors the skill and experience of the great Physicians and Surgeons of New York, London, Eng., Dublin, Edinburgh, Toronto and Montreal.

Catarrh of Head, Throat, Chest and Stomach,—That formidable and insidious disease, so often terminating in the worst forms of Consumption, readily and effectually cured.

Surgical Diseases.—Deformities, such as club foot, diseases of the knee, of the spine, ankle, hip, elbow, wrist, shoulder, stone in bladder, stricture, varicocele, tumors, piles, fissure of rectum, fistula, hair lip, squint or cross eyes, &c.

Medical Diseases.—Catarrh, consumption, bronchitis, Bright's disease, epilepsy, St. Vitas' dance, paralysis, eczema, rheumatism, syphilis, scrofula, sciatica, neuralgia and lumbago. Private diseases carefully treated

All curable cases taken by the month, at a fee of from $4 to $30, payable in advance. Consultation free.

POSITIVELY GOING OUT OF BUSINESS.

I will sell the balance of my Stock at COST for CASH or READY PAY.

CALL AND SEE PRICES:

Dress Goods			worth $0.25	for	$0.17
Cashmeres			" .75	"	.55
do			" .60	"	.45
do			" .50	"	.37
Cloths			" 1.50	"	1.10
do			" 1.00	"	.75
do			" .75	"	.60
do			" .60	"	.42
Shawls			from .90	to	4.50
Ready Made Clothing, Suits			worth 15.00	for	11.00
do	do		" 10.00	"	7.00
do	do		" 8.00	"	6.00
Overcoats			" 15.00	"	11.00
do			" 10.00	"	8.00
do			" 8.00	"	6.00

Also a general assortment of small wares, Flannels, Cottonades, Prints, Cottons, Steamlooms, and Groceries.

Teas worth 50c. for 35c.; Teas worth 35c. for 25c.; Ground Teas, 15 lbs. for $1.00

A large stock of Crockery at prices to suit everybody. Wall Paper from 4c. to 50c.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. Is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY's Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious*

ESTRAY.

TWO two-year old heifers, one red with left ear split, the other dark brindle with left ear split. Information may be left at the REVIEW office, Madoc. A suitable reward will be given.

THOMAS RADGLEY.

Madoc, Dec. 20th, 1887. 37 3w

AUCTION SALE

—OF—

Valuable Property

UNDER and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a Mortgage to the Vendor, which will be produced at the time of Sale, default in payment having been made, there will be sold by Public Auction, at the

Court House, City of Belleville,

—ON—

Tuesday, 10th Day of January, '88

at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, Lot No. 7 on the north side of St. Lawrence Street, in the Village of Madoc, which is more particularly described in said Mortgage. On the property is a comfortable brick dwelling with barn and it is conveniently situated opposite the Town Hall.

Terms easy. Further particulars and conditions of sale made known at time of sale and on application to

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
CHAS. WILKINS, Vendor's Solicitors.
Auctioneer.

Belleville, Dec. 7th, 1887. 36 4w

25,000 LBs. WOOL WANTED

—AT THE—

MARMORA WOOLLEN MILLS.

Custom Carding and Spinning done on shortest notice.

Parties having 60 pounds and upwards of wool can have their own wool spun into yarn.

Tweeds, Fulleloths, Shirtings and yarns kept on hand, to exchange for wool.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial.

D. MITCHELL.

Marmora, May 7th, 1887. 6-3m

TO FARMERS.

THE undersigned desires to announce to the farmers of Madoc, and surrounding country that he has leased the

Farmers' Warehouse,

formerly occupied by Thomas Cross, Esq., and that he will be prepared to pay the

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE

for all kinds of grain.

J. D. BREEZE.

Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1887. 21-3m

1873. **ESTABLISHED IN** 1887.

E. L. WEISS,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER

Is prepared for the holiday trade in

JEWELRY, WATCHES, CLOCKS, SPECTACLES, BRONZES, VIOLINS, JEWEL CASES, ETC.

Take a look through his establishment.

He verily intends to retire from business if he clears $100,000 this season.

Weiss Block, Madoc, Ont.

—THE—

HOUSEHOLD KNITTER

knits the coarsest

Homespun Yarns

as well as the

FINEST SILKS.

It is made expressly for household use by Strangways & Co., of Toronto.

Even a child can learn to operate it. It knits Stockings, Socks, Shirts, Drawers, Mitts, Gloves, Toques, Leggings, Fringes, Hoods, Scarfs, Skirts, etc., of all sizes and qualities.

Remember it is the only machine in the world that knits farmers' coarse homespun yarn.

All parties interested in knitting are requested to call to see Household Knitting.

For sale by

MRS. SUSAN CAMPBELL MADOC.

North Hastings Review.

SYLVENUS F. WEAVER, Publisher. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.00 if paid Strictly in Advance.

VOL. XI., No. 40. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, January 12, 1888. POSTAGE PREPAID.

THE

TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA.

(MADOC BRANCH.)

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

Done. Drafts on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain issued.

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of one Dollar and upwards received and Interest allowed on the same at the rate of

4 per cent. per Annum.

No notice of withdrawal of Deposits required.

The bank will be open every Saturday evening from 6.30 to 9 o'clock.

J. H. McCLELLAN, MANAGER.

Victoria Block, Durham Street.

Madoc, May 23rd, 1887. 8 1ly

OUR CLUBBING LIST.

We have made arrangements for the following very liberal clubbing rates in connection with the REVIEW, based on the fact that the regular price of the REVIEW is $1.00 a year in advance :—

	Regular Price for Both.	Reduced Price for Both.
The Cottage Hearth	$1 50	$1 75
The Independent	3 00	3 75
St. Nicholas	3 00	3 75
The Century Magazine	4 00	4 75
Weekly Spectator	1 00	1 75
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 25
Grip	2 00	2 75
Weekly News (including premium)	1 00	1 90
Farm and Fireside	75	1 65
Daily Mail	5 00	5 50
Weekly Mail	1 00	1 90
Daily Empire	5 00	5 50
Weekly Empire	1 00	1 75
Toronto World	3 00	3 00
Canadian Agriculturist	1 00	1 75
Daily Globe	5 00	5 50
Weekly Globe	1 00	1 80
Harper's Magazine	4 00	4 50
" Weekly	4 00	4 75
" Bazar	4 00	4 75
" Young People	2 00	2 75
Illustrated London News. (American edition.)	4 00	4 50
The Fireside Weekly	2 00	2 50
40 pieces music included	2 30	2 80
Saturday Night	2 00	2 75
Daily Witness	3 00	3 75
Weekly Witness (32c extra with picture)	1 00	1 90
Wide Awake	2 40	2 75
Young Folks Journal	1 00	1 85
Pansy	1 00	1 85
Little Men and Women	1 00	1 85
Babyland	50	1 55
Methodist Observer	1 00	1 75
Canadian Live Stock and Farm Journal	1 00	1 75
North's Musical Journal with Premium	1 00	1 90
" without Premium		1 75

Born.

REED.—In Madoc village, on Friday, 6th January, the wife of Mr. Wm. James Reed, of a daughter.

Married.

BLAIR.—FALCONER.—On Wednesday, Jan. 4th, at the residence of the bride's father Church St. in the City of Belleville, James G. Blair, of Sidney, to Isabella C. eldest daughter of James Falconer, Esq., Merchant, Belleville.

WARE.—ETHERINGTON.—On Sunday, Jan. 8th, 1888, in the Church of St. John the Baptist, by the Rev. T. Austin Smith, William Charles Ware of Toronto, to Lila Etherington, late, of Eastbourne, England.

Eclipses.

During the present year there will be five eclipses, three of the sun and two of the moon. All, except one, an eclipse of the moon, will not be visible in Canada.

Personal.

Mr. Wm. Cross left for Toronto on Monday to resume his studies at the University.

Mr. A. Robertson resumes his studies in Kingston this week.

Mr. Wm. Jenkins left on Tuesday for Toronto to take a course at the University.

Mrs. John Taylor, of Stewartville, an old resident of Madoc, is visiting friends and relatives in this district. Mrs. Taylor says she could not do without the REVIEW.

We had the pleasure of a call from Mr. Chas. F. Nicholson, city euitar of the *Intelligencer*, Belleville, on Wednesday.

New Ads. This Week.

New Goods—T. McNamara.
Corsets—John Robertson.
Notice—W. H. Maguire.
For Sale—Mrs. A. Love.
Mail Contract—Gilbert Griffin.
Grain—Fred Rollins.
42 Years—J. Dougall & Son.
No Cure No Pay—Dr. J. C. Kennedy.

Latest Local News.

—Bargains in Boots & Shoes at T. Roberts'. Come and see.

—Try W. W. Hudgins for first class Tea.

—Chamber Sets at 75 cts. at D. W. Wright's

—All Goods reduced at Roberts' Boot & Shoe Store.

—Wanted 3000 bushels of Potatoes in exchange for Groceries, Crockery, Boots and Shoes at D. W. Wright's.

—MADOC TANNERY.—The tannery is in full operation and they are paying the highest cash price for all kinds of Beef Hides.

—Clearing sale of Boots & Shoes at T. Roberts' to make room for spring goods.

—CHOPPERS WANTED.—The undersigned wants a large quantity of Cord Wood chopped. Good timber close to village apply to FRED. ROLLINS.

—Discount sale of Boots & Shoes from 5 per cent. to cost and below. T. Roberts.

—For the next thirty days we will sell Groceries, Crockery, Boots and Shoes cheaper than any other firm in town for Cash. If you don't believe call and see for yourself, D. W. Wright.

—J. R. Irish, Dentist, arrives every Tuesday on noon train. Best fits of artificial teeth furnished. See advertisement.

—Read the new advts.

—Read our Ottawa letter.

—25 degrees below zero this morning.

—Township Council meets at Eldorado on Monday next.

—Mrs. A. Love offers a farm for sale. See advt. in this issue.

—Tweed is troubled with sneak thieves. Have we any in Madoc?

—Mr. John Robertson is selling the Featherbone Corset. See advt.

—Mr. Jas. Duncan, reeve of Rawdon, is an aspirant for the wardenship.

—The village Council will meet in the Town Hall on Monday evening.

—Five dollar bills "raised" to tens are in circulation. Look out for them.

—A large number of brethren attended the district meeting in this village on Tuesday.

—The days are now stretching out at both ends. Quite a difference is already noticed in their length.

—We have secured a good live correspondent at Toronto, who will keep our many readers posted on legislative affairs.

—Attention is called to a notice re note given by W. H. Maguire in favor of A. T. Leggett, of L'Amable, in another column.

—An exchange says when the Cobourg girls hang up their stockings for Christmas they were the envy of the rest of the world; but they bankrupted Santa Claus.

—An exchange says this is the season of the year when men, women, and children all stop suddenly in the headlong rush for health and happiness and go on the still hunt for calendars.

—Several of our readers have taken advantage of our low clubbing rates—full particulars of which are given in another column—and added to their stock of reading matter. Read our list and rates.

—A large stock of new goods have arrived at the Big 4. The enterprising proprietor, Mr. T. McNamara, has marked the prices down so as to be within the reach of all. See partial list of prices in advt. on another page.

—All changes of advertisements must be handed in by Tuesday noon, to ensure insertion that week. All local notices, whether for advertisements or news items, must be in by Wednesday noon, otherwise they will be left over. The public will please remember these rules.

Licenses.

The Belleville police collected licenses for 1887 as follows:—For dogs, $600; cart, $224; livery, $192; billiards, $755.

School Opening.

The Model School of this village re-opened on Monday morning after the Christmas and New Year's holidays.

Methodist Church

Rev. Mr. Lambly's discourse on Sabbath evening will be especially addressed to young people. His theme will be "Moses, an uncrowned King."

Tenders.

Tenders are asked by the post office department for the conveyance of mails between Madoc and Belleville. Particulars are given in another column.

Farmers Advocate.

This journal for January is replete with information regarding the farm, stock, dairy, garden, orchard, poultry, apiary, veterinary, the horse, markets, &c, and many interesting items for the family circle. Every farmer should subscribe for it. See our clubbing rates.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Earthly Suffering Ended.

It is with feelings of regret we are called upon this week to chronicle the death of Lillie O'Flynn, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. D. O'Flynn, of this village, which took place on Saturday afternoon. Miss O'Flynn was stricken down about three years ago with a disease which pursued its deadly course to the end. During these long years she has been an invalid, suffering the most excruciating pain, and in that time scarcely an hour has passed during her waking moments, in which Mr. or Mrs. O'Flynn, or some of the family, have not patiently waited by her side, hoping for the best. The afflicting hand was laid upon her while young in years, full of life and vigor, with bright prospects of a long life of usefulness before her, but it was expected that her life would be spared, and everything possible was done in the way of medical treatment and patient nursing to restore her again to usual health and strength; but He who knows best willed otherwise, and on Saturday the spirit took its flight to the GOD who gave it. Of a truth she could say. "For me to die is gain," —to be absent from the body, with all its aches and pains, and to be present with the LORD. She was a patient sufferer, humbly resigning herself to the will of HIM who doth all things well. The remains, followed by a large number of sympathizing friends and relatives, were deposited in the Cemetery on Monday, after which, having gathered at the Church, Rev. Mr. Lambly spoke words of comfort and consolation to the sorrowing friends impressing upon all the uncertainty of life and the necessity of securing an interest at once in that SAVIOUR who suffered and died and was risen again that He might bring all to Himself. The bereaved family have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community in this sad hour of their affliction.

Sudden Death.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kerr (conductor on Grand Junction Railway) in the loss of their eldest son, 13 years of age, whose death occurred very suddenly on Monday evening. The little fellow had been subject to fits—having been attacked twice before—and on Monday evening after getting in his night's wood he was again seized with a fit of epilepsy from which he never recovered. The funeral services took place yesterday afternoon, and were largely attended. The schools were closed in order to allow the scholars to pay their last respects to their departed playmate, which they took advantage of, marching from the house to the church in a body. Mr. and Mrs. Kerr have the sympathy of their many friends in Madoc and vicinity.

Sentenced.

Fred Cooper, whose love for Minnie Flindall, of Trenton, got him into difficulty with her brother-in-law, Mr. R. A. Barber, was on Saturday sentenced to two months imprisonment in the common gaol at hard labor.

A Ripe Age.

Dr. Jas. T. Bell, the venerable Clerk of Hastings County, completed his 77th year on the 8th inst. He is hale and hearty and daily attends to the duties of his office and is considered a valuable officer by the members of the Council.—*Intelligencer.*

Wedding Cakes

Messrs. King & McCoy having secured the services of Mr. Wyllie, of Toronto, are now prepared to do all kinds of cake decorating and ornamenting. Parties wishing work of that kind will do well to give them a call. Look out for advt. next week.

Serious Accident.

A man named John Smith, a resident of Marmora, met with a painful accident while chopping in Mr. Coe's cedar swamp, on Monday. He has but one arm, and it appears while cutting down a tree it fell upon him, breaking his leg and otherwise severely injuring him about the head and body.

Ivanhoe Cheese Factory v Garner.

This celebrated case was up again before Justices Wood, O'Hara and Vankleek on Tuesday last. As many interesting points of a legal character came up in addition to a great confliction of evidence at the trial, the Justices reserved judgment for a week. G. D. Dickson, Q. C., for factory, A. A. McDonald, for defendant.

Municipal.

The following is a corrected list of municipal officers for the northern townships as reported to us:

Wollaston—Reeve, W. Elliott; Councillors, Robert Wiggins, John Henderson, D. Peacock, W. H. Gunter.

Tudor and Cashel—Reeve, Jas. N. Clarke; Councillors, Wm. Blackburn, Thos. Peacock, Wm. Ray, George Morrill.

The Independent.

The *Independent* for January contains interesting articles upon Missions to Business Men, Letters on Literature, Religious Liberty in Europe, Effects of Utah Legislation, English Notes, The Old Gnosticism and the New Theology, Land, Labor and Taxation, Religious Intelligence, Missions, Biblical Research, Farm and Garden, and many other subjects. See our clubbing rates.

Lacrosse Meeting.

A meeting of the Athletic Lacrosse Club of this village was held on Friday evening last, to make arrangements for giving a concert in the interests of the club in the near future. Messrs. G. H. Bogart, H. S. Price, C. D. McDonald, Bert Simmons and F. A. Seymour were appointed a committee to proceed with the preparations.

Ex-Mayor's Banquet.

Ex-Mayor Biggar, of Belleville, after the adjournment of the City Council on Monday night, banqueted the members of the Council at the Hub.

The Ridge.

The young men of The Ridge, Wollaston, have lately held some interesting meetings, and some lively discussions have been well sustained, such as "country v. town life," "war v. temperance," "mechanic v. farmer," &c.

A recent entertainment closed a successful session, when $11 were realized, which will be spent to purchase suitable books to start a library.

Too Cold to Run.

We are not faring so badly here in Madoc after all as regards cold weather. A friend writing us from Parry Harbor, enclosing $1.00 for the REVIEW, reminds us that the snow is nearly three feet deep up there, and that if one were to step off the beaten track he would likely be lost. On Thursday morning last he went for a can of coal oil, but on turning the taps found the oil would not run, it was so cold.

Beautiful Picture.

The picture, "Suffer little Children to Come unto Me," offered by the Montreal *Witness* to their daily and weekly subscribers, is a work reproduced in oil colors with great richness and beauty, and is a wonder to all who receive it how the publishers can offer so much at so small a cost. The leading judges of art in the Dominion all testify to its beauty as a work of art, their testimonies having been published in the *Witness*.

Our Advertisers.

We would direct the attention of our readers to those business houses whose advertisements are found in the REVIEW. In the dry goods, grocery, boot and shoe, hardware, banking institutions, and in fact every line of trade, those who are not backward in inviting inspection of their goods are the ones who will lead the trade. Take a look through our advertising columns and then buy from those who advertise, and you cannot fail to get value received.

L O District No. 2.

At the annual meeting of the L. O. District, No. 2, North Hastings, held in Madoc Lodge, No. 160, on Tuesday afternoon, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—District Master—James White, Madoc Lodge, 160; Dep. Master—Robt Phillips Allen Settlement, 253; Chap.—D A Caldwell, Madoc, 160; Rec. Sec.—D E K Stewart, Madoc, 160; Fin. Sec.—James English, Bests, 517; Treas.—John Caskey (re-elected) Allen Settlement, 253; Lecturers—W F Farrell (re-elected) Hazards, 1133, P W Fair, Allen Settlement, 253.

Wide Awake for 1888.

The readers of this wonderful magazine for young people are so accustomed to good reading and pictures that they will wonder how it is going to be better than ever this coming year. But it is. The new year has already begun with the holiday number just out—a truly great number, larger and richer, more varied, and therefore it must be better than ever before. And the publishers have a primer to send to those who want to know what *Wide Awake* is going to have in it in 1888. See our clubbing list.

A Pleasant Gathering.

One of the very pleasant occasions of this season of the year took place on last Friday evening at the residence of Levius Empey, Esq., 4th concession Madoc, when early in the evening sons, and daughters and grand children, accompanied by a number of the young married couples of the neighborhood and vicinity, began to assemble at the old homestead, which was soon lit up with happy faces, and merriment, music and social freedom prevailed. Soon the tables were spread with ample delicacies of the culinary art, and the bill of fare, commencing with the evicted tenant of the shell, was much enjoyed by all, and ere parting wishes, and earnest prayers were offered that a kind Providence might spare the dear parents to enjoy many happy reunions on earth, and a never ending one in Heaven.

His Mother Must be the First.

The citizens of Toronto not having a personal acquaintance with Mr. Edward F. Clarke, Mayor-elect, will perhaps be able to judge the character of the man by a little circumstance which occurred on the evening of election day. Mr. Clarke was, along with friends, at his committee-room on King street when returns came in which showed without doubt that he had been elected. An enthusiastic friend and supporter stepped up to shake hands and congratulate the newly-made mayor. Mr. Clarke looked at his friend and said, "Wait a little while; I'll be here again. I am just going to jump into a cab and drive up street to shake hands with my good old mother as Mayor of this city." Such a kind sentiment on the part of a dutiful son made his friend a stronger friend than ever. The interests of the city are safe in the hands of a man promising such a sterling character and such love for his aged mother.—*The Empire.*

No sufferer from scrofulous disease, who will make a fair trial of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, need despair of relief. This remedy purifies the blood, gives tone and vigor to the digestive organs, and imparts new life and energy to the whole system.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

MADOC LODGE No. 179 I.O.O.F.

MEETS every Monday evening, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock sharp. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

M. MAYBEE, Secretary. E. SMITH, Noble Grand.

CHARLES GREAM,

SOLICITOR Supreme Court, Notary Public and Conveyancer. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office at his residence St. Lawrence St. East, Madoc.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

Private money to loan at lowest rates.

LEONARD & O'BRIEN,

BARRISTERS. Office over the Telegraph Office, Belleville. Money to loan on farm and village properties at lowest rates.

CHAS. J. LEONARD. | S. O'BRIEN.

ALEX. A. McDONALD,

SOLICITOR of the Supreme Court, Conveyancer and Notary Public. Agent for the "National Investment Loaning Society," of Toronto. Office in the Victoria Block, Madoc. Branch office in the village of Tweed. 427

F. E. O'FLYNN,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c. HEAD OFFICE—Over Dominion Bank, Front St., Belleville.

BRANCH OFFICE—Over O'Flynn's Bank, Madoc, Mr. John W. Blair, manager. Office hours, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Mr. O'Flynn will be in his Madoc office every Monday afternoon and evening, and at any time by appointment.

DOUGALL & STEWART,

BARRISTER, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Conveyancers, &c. Money to loan on Farms.

O'FLYNN BLOCK, MADOC,

Ashley Block, Belleville.

A. R. DOUGALL, Q.C. | D. E. K. STEWART

Money to Loan.

COMPANY and private funds to loan at lowest rates. No commission.

D. E. K. STEWART, Solicitor, Madoc

507

JOHN DALE,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses

Office—Residence, Durham St., Madoc

A. F. WOOD,

Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second door south of Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

MAYNOOTH HOUSE,

(late P. Green's old stand, Maynooth.)

THIS HOUSE is situated in one of the best districts for hunting, fishing, &c., and has been all refitted. Furniture new. Bar always supplied with the best brand of wines, liquors, cigars, &c. Good stabling accommodation, and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. Parties travelling will consult their own interest by calling at the above hotel.

JAMES McCAW, Manager.

Maynooth, June 1st, 1887. 9 1y

C. Fraser Aylsworth, Jr.,

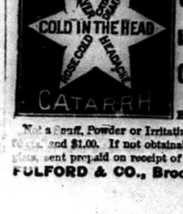
Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor, Civil Engineer, Draughtsman, &c.,

MADOC - P. O.

Orders by mail should state *plate* and *character* of Survey that the above Surveyor may consult as to *original monuments* and *former Surveys*, his extensive field notes of Sixty Years' Practice, of the late John Emerson, and also the field notes of C. F. Aylsworth, Sr., thereby saving *time* and *expense* and securing *correctness* of Surveys.

Residence at

454 C. F. AYLSWORTH'S



A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

A GREAT SECRET.

OR,

SHALL IT BE DONE.

CHAPTER XII.

As Peggy Beresford's little elfin face disappeared behind the hood of the *carriole*, Gerald instinctively reined in the fat old horse, which he had been at some pains to worry into abnormal speed. But Mr. Shaw, less susceptible, touched the lad's arm reprovingly.

"She had good reason for what she says, you may be sure. Drive fast. Perhaps her words were a message. At any rate I have no time to loose."

Gerald's face grew suddenly hot, and he whipped up the horse with great energy. This valiant attempt to cover an emotion which his companion had not even noticed was the more unnecessary as it was already dark—not with the darkness of night, but with the gloom of the cloudy close of a sunless day. There was no moon, but they could see the light-colored sandy road which lay for some distance straight before them, with flat bare fields on either side, and nothing but an occasional clump of leafless poplars or a tangle of dead bushes to break the monotonous stretch of uninteresting landscape between one group of cottages and the next. Gerald would have liked to talk, but the preoccupied manner of the elder man had to be respected, so he whistled softly to himself to while away the time until Mr. Shaw should think fit to break the silence. This the latter presently did upon the very subject which, in spite of the mysteries about his father and about the recent robbery that had filled his mind all day, was at the moment first in Gerald's thoughts.

"An odd little girl," Mr. Shaw said slowly.

"Odd! Who?" asked Gerald, knowing perfectly well who the odd little girl was.

"Miss Beresford. It isn't a woman, and it isn't a child, and it isn't a demon—at least, I don't think so; but it is a little of all three, and—I like it."

"Why do you say 'it'?" asked Gerald shyly, not liking to show that he was offended, though his whole heart was in arms.

"Because to say 'she' would be to do the queer little caricature of humanity great injustice."

"Caricature!" exclaimed Gerald indignantly. "Why, she's very pretty."

"Ye-es, in a way. But it is a wild weird sort of prettiness that made her, in my opinion, look ten times better when she dashed into the *salon* all over mud, with her hair half down behind and falling into her eyes in front, than when she walked soberly in, all washed and combed like Miss Brown or Miss Robinson, and tried her hardest to be exactly like any one else."

"Well, I thought so too," Gerald admitted with hesitation. "But I didn't expect you to say so, Mr. Shaw. I thought you liked girls to be what is called well-behaved, with their hair combed away in front, you know, and coiled into a little knob like a shell behind—like Miss Brown or Miss Robinson, in fact."

"So I do; in most respects the ordinary well-combed girl is infinitely Miss Beresford's superior. But you can admire a wild rose as well as a garden rose, though the one has a commercial value and the other hasn't. And while I admit I should be sorry for the persons to whom this young lady stood in the relation of wife, housekeeper, or mother, and I doubt whether she will ever be even tamed down into an agreeable hostess, yet she is shrewd and amusing *en tete ta etc*, and when left to herself she is picturesque. As she made that sensational entrance, though she looked half like a scarecrow, she looked half like a fancy picture of the north wind. I wonder what in the world that unlucky young Frenchman will do with her!"

"Unlucky! Victor!" stammered Gerald, amazed and incautious, "Why, he ought to be standing on his head with delight."

"If he indulged in such pranks as that he would be a better match for her, certainly," said Mr. Shaw imperturbably; "and their household would at least be lively. As it is, I can't help thinking they stand a poor chance of happiness, as far as one can see."

"If—if I thought that—" began Gerald, in a low husky voice.

But he did not say what he should do if he thought that; Mr. Shaw turned to look at him, but did not ask him to finish his sentence; and there was silence for some time, until they passed a man who was coming in the opposite direction. A lean and bent old man he was, dressed in the blue blouse of the working class; he was walking quickly, and did not glance up as the travellers passed. Gerald leaned out of the *carriole* to look after him; there was not light enough to see much, but the man's shuffling, halting gait was unmistakable.

"Why, it's old Monnier!" cried the young fellow. "He has been into Calais to-day, I suppose. Then Smith didn't find him at his cottage, so of course that's why he turned into the *cabaret*, as he's too fond of doing. I wish he had come with us; he's so jolly clever and so popular everywhere, that you would have travelled twice as comfortably if he had said a word or two to the guard and the station-master. He can nearly always manage a side of the carriage to himself, no matter how crowded the train is."

"That was not altogether an advantage last night," suggested Mr. Shaw, thoughtfully. "On the whole, I am glad Mr. Smith has not come."

"Don't you like him? Mr. Beresford thinks very highly of him."

"Yes, I could see that."

Something in Mr. Shaw's tone puzzled the young fellow, who looked curiously at him while he said, "Of course you didn't see enough of him to find out how clever he is; but I assure you in business he is Mr. Beresford's right hand."

"I should say he is more than that; he is Mr. Beresford's brain."

Gerald was too much amazed by this startlingly heterodox statement to have anything to say in refutation of it. He looked from his companion to the animal he was driving, and wondered by what strange chance such a shrewd man of business as Mr. Shaw had failed to be struck by Mr. Beresford's hitherto unquestioned superiority to everybody else.

"You don't like Mr. Beresford; I can see that, sir," he said, diffidently, after a silence.

"To be frank, I do not." The flood-gates were open at last, and the elder man turned toward the younger with almost a sigh of relief. "It is not a gracious task to have to speak against the man whose guest one has been within the hour, to another man who is his guest still. But since half-truths are dangerous, and you are by your position deeply interested in the character of this man, I will tell you my opinion: it is, that Mr. Beresford, philosopher and philanthropist, is nothing but a selfish hypocondriac, with just sense enough to get himself well served, and to know that the less he says and does himself, and the more he leaves to his clever clerk, the better it will be both for his interests and his reputation. The clerk knows this as well as the employer, and profits by it, no doubt; he probably has a good deal of business on his hands of which his paralytic employer knows nothing; but, rogue as I believe him to be, I confess I prefer his audacious knavery to the cold-blooded cynicism of the other."

"What do you know about Smith? What have you found out?" asked Gerald deeply interested. "You must know something to speak like that."

"Well, yes, I do. I learned by chance while in Paris that this trustworthy Mr. Smith is making private bargains of his own with one of his employer's clients."

"Impossible! Who was it with?"

"With M. de Breteuil."

"M. Louis de Breteuil? One of our best clients. I must tell Mr. Be—"

"You will do nothing of the kind—yet. You only know enough to bring yourself into disgrace with both of them; for Mr. Beresford would believe nothing against his confidential clerk without strong proof. And all I can tell you at present is, that I myself, when I accompanied Blair on his second call at M. de Breteuil's hotel, heard the open-faced little Smith say, as he and the millionaire passed me on the stairs, that 'a bargain made with an old paralytic didn't matter much, and would not interfere with their agreement.' And they both seemed to enjoy the joke immensely."

"I wish you hadn't told me. It has made me feel so jolly uncomfortable," said Gerald, after a pause.

"And a good thing too. I don't want you to be comfortable here; I don't want you to stay here. You must come back to your old friends in England, and we'll soon put mysteries and knaveries and elfin girl out of your head—"

"No, Mr. Shaw," Gerald broke in, very decidedly. "I'm awfully kind of you, and I know it seems beastly ungrateful of me to say no. But I do mean to stay in this country for more than one reason. The first is, of course, that I must discover how and by whom my father was murdered. The second—" The second reason was not so easily explained, for the young man stopped.

Mr. Shaw nodded disapprovingly. "Of course—the elfin girl!"

"It's not exactly that," said Gerald, apologetically. "At least, not—not in the way you mean. But, you see, the poor little thing has got no friends, and her father doesn't seem to care for her much, while—while she and I, you know, seem to get on very well together, not like—like spoons, you know—not a bit like that, but more like chums, you know. She isn't stiff, like other girls, at least not with me—I mean," he corrected himself hastily, "she's only stiff before strangers, you know."

"And how long is it since you were a stranger to her?"

"Well, of course—er—two days isn't really a long acquaintance; but then when people meet first in a rather uncommon fashion, without having anybody to introduce them to each other, why, I think they seem to know each other quicker."

"I have no doubt they do."

"I don't see the use of such a lot of fuss about formal introduction myself. It seems to set up a barrier at once between you and the person you're introduced to; just as if the introducer said, 'I know I am doing a risky thing in introducing to you such a bad character as this; but there—I'll hold myself responsible for his decent behavior.' If Mr. Beresford had formally presented me to his daughter, as M. Fournier did to Louise, I should have looked upon her as I do upon the Dresden figures in the cabinet in the drawing-room, pretty, silly things, too fragile to play with, and whose value I don't understand. But when you first meet a girl curled up in a chair like a kitten, with her head hanging down over one side, and her little feet stuck up in front of her on a level with her shoulders, you—you—er—why, you feel she isn't china. And—and that's how I feel about Peg—Miss Beresford."

"Well, I think its a great pity Peg—Miss Beresford, wasn't formally presented to you by her papa. It's a mistake in the long-run for a lad to see so few young women that he looks upon them as china; but when once he has got to look upon them in that light, it is better he should continue to do so, and, above all, that he should not want a Dresden figure for his own cabinet."

"But, Mr. Shaw, you're not a bachelor."

"No, my boy, but no right-minded martyr would wish to send others to the stake."

"And yesterday you said if I came to England you would find me a nice wife."

"Yes, but not the promised wife of another man. Gerald, take care what you're doing; for, if you interfere with Mr. Beresford's plans, you will find—"

He stopped, and peered out from the hood of the *carriole*. Gerald's glance followed in the same direction, but he saw nothing except a bit of straggling hedge that bordered the roadside for a little way, up to the rough wall of a dilapidated and deserted cottage some hundred yards in front of them.

"What was it?" The circumstances of the drive, the subject of their thoughts, were just gloomy enough for both men to feel a suspicious interest in every animate object about them.

"I thought I saw something running on the other side of those brambles."

"A rabbit, I expect; the ground all round here is honeycombed with their holes."

"It was a rabbit four feet high, then."

"A donkey, perhaps."

"Very likely."

Neither of the men made any attempt to resume the interrupted conversation. Both kept their eyes upon a turn of the road still some yards off, where the ruined cottage on the left hand, and a copse of small trees and bushes on the right, closed in the prospect. Gerald gave the old horse a smart cut with the whip, and, at the moment the animal began to quicken his pace, a low whistle was distinctly heard from the direction of the copse.

"Hullo!" said Gerald, softly, glancing at his companion, who gave a short nod to intimate that he heard, and swung over the front of the *carriole* for freedom of action in case of emergency. For, without exchanging a word on the subject, both men had prepared, during the last few minutes, for foul play of some sort. As the *carriole* was drawn rapidly into the shadow of the tangled branches, the younger man tightened his hold on the reins, glanced round at his friend, and their eyes met—for the last time.

"There is something wrong, I am sure of it. Shall we turn back?"

"No. It is too late. Drive on—fast."

Again Gerald drew the whip sharply over the horse's now steaming flanks. There was something in front of them, some dark object crouching by the side of the road, on the right hand, nearest the side where the young man sat. The latter had scarcely caught sight of it when the low whistle was heard again, and Gerald knew that the crouching object was a man. With his eyes steadily fixed upon that spot, he turned the whip in his hand to have the butt-end ready for defence, when suddenly he felt the shock of a heavy weight flung with force on to the front of the *carriole*, and a roaring furnace breath against his neck, while the gurgling sounds of a wild beast fell upon his ears, and Mr. Shaw's loud cry of "Help!"

He was only just in time, as he turned, to see his friend dragged down to the ground by the jaws of a great animal, whose long, white fangs, and red, bright eyes shone in the darkness. He was springing up to help him, when he felt the horse, which had been checked by the attack and by the fall of Mr. Shaw, stop short; the two-wheeled *carriole* fell back with a jerk, and just as Gerald was thrown backward over the seat into the interior of the vehicle he saw a man, whom even in that rapid glance he could see to be very tall and very slim, spring from the horse's head toward him. A moment later, as, half stunned by the violence with which his head, in falling, had struck against the back seat of the *carriole*, Gerald was trying to scramble up to the help of his friend, he felt a long, cold hand upon his throat, and looking up he saw quite plainly, even in the darkness, the face of his assailant. Only for a moment; as, with struggling breath and starting eyes he lay helpless, with a hand at his throat and a knee upon his chest, meeting, with horrible, involuntary steadiness, the steady gaze of the man whom he believed to be his murderer, noting on the instant every feature, freezing under the frigidity of the pitiless eyes, he felt himself suddenly blinded, then gagged, and lastly bound, still with the cries of his old friend ringing in his ears, still making frantic efforts to get free.

He knew that he had no hope of escape; knew that the long cold hands were quick and skilful, and that the infinite torture he was suffering as he lay blindfold, expecting every moment to feel the muzzle of a revolver against his temples, was the work of very few minutes; but the sense of his own danger was deadened by a strong conviction that he was only a secondary victim, that however it might fare with him, it would fare worse with Mr. Shaw. As well as he could, for the handkerchief which was tied tightly across his mouth, he made broken entreaties, gasping out such words as came first, in the agony of his heart.

"For God's sake—don't hurt him—don't hurt the other man! He—he is my best friend—he is goodness itself. If you are in want, he'll help you—I know he will, I swear it. For God's sake—don't—don't touch him, don't, I say—"

But the man never paused in his work, never spoke. Having bound Gerald's arms to his side, his feet to each other, he leapt down to the ground, as the young fellow knew from the tilting forward of the *carriole*. For a few seconds, whether there was silence or whether he was partly stunned by this last rough jerk, Gerald heard nothing. Then Mr. Shaw's voice, clear, loud, and strong, rang out in tones that the young man never forgot.

"I *know* you!"

Then followed a sharp crack of the whip, which the assailant had wrested from Gerald as he attacked him; and the *carriole* went jolting and jerking over the rough road at a speed it had never travelled before, the scared horse galloping on in the dark, while Gerald in vain tried to free his hands from the cord which bound them, and reassure the horse by the tones of his voice, which were, however, changed and muffled by the handkerchief tied across his mouth. The *carriole* had been dragged some hundred yards before Gerald heard any further sound but the thud of the galloping horse's hoofs and the creaking and bumping of the vehicle. Then above all these monotonous noises his straining ears caught a cry that froze his blood and checked his breath, and made his shuddering body cold and wet as he fell back again, inert and despairing, on to the floor of the carriage.

For the voice was that of Mr. Shaw, and the cry was "Murder!"

On went the *carriole*, rumbling and rocking; the old horse, his flesh still quivering from the unmerciful and unaccustomed lash, galloped along the well-known road toward Calais, with foam-covered bit and steaming flanks. The road was straight, flat, and little frequented; there was no obstacle to turn aside the frightened animal, no solitary foot passenger to stop him until he drew near to the turning on the right hand which led into the town of Calais. Here the canal runs alongside the road, separated from it by a wooden fence and a strip of rough ground. A group of loitering *gamins* shouted and yelled at the horse, attracting the attention of some workmen on the bridge over the canal, two of whom came running toward the corner, when in the dusk they descried the gray-covered top of the old *carriole*, as it came swaying and shaking toward them. As the *gamins* followed in a yelling, hooting flock, the horse, whose pace had grown slower from exhaustion, made a last frantic effort, and, dashing up to the corner with an instinctive attempt to make the accustomed turn, brought the off-side wheel in such sharp contact with the post and rails which fenced off the field by the canal from the road that the *carriole* was overturned and the shafts snapped like tinder, leaving the old horse free, but so effectually checked that he was easily caught by a lad, while a group of those who had witnessed the accident gathered round the fallen vehicle.

"Some one inside!" cried one man, as he peered under the partly shattered cover.

"He is hurt; he is still!" "He is dead!" cried different voices, as men and boys swarmed, pushing and peeping, about the overturned carriage.

Then a voice rose in authoritative tone above the rest: "Stand back, keep off the *gamins*. If the man is breathing still, he will not breath much longer if you crowd over him like herrings and keep off the air."

And two or three strong-armed workmen forced back the foremost of the growing crowd, while the man who had first spoken, aided by another in a blouse, opened the door of the *carriole* and gently drew out Gerald's prostrate and senseless body. At the first sight of the handkerchief with which he was gagged, now wet and blood-stained, and of the cords which bound his arms, murmurs and exclamations broke from the nearest onlookers; their cries were taken up by those behind, till the road was in an uproar; men, women, and children struggling, screaming, and running, some to get the best possible view of the backs of those persons who had been lucky enough or muscular enough to get close to the wrecked carriage, some to meet the police, who were hurrying to the spot.

"There has been a crime!" "It is a murder!" were the whispers, the cries that ran like wildfire from mouth to mouth, while those about the senseless man cut the cords which bound him, and did their best to revive the not yet extinct life within him. By this time he had been recognized, and his name was repeated with redoubled sympathy for him, with redoubled horror at the crime of which he had been the victim. For Gerald Staunton, and the gig, and the fat horse were well known in Calais and St. Pierre; and though he had few personal acquaintances outside the factory, his good-humored face and his evident disgust at the turn-out he drove had made him a familiar and popular feature of the neighborhood.

At the first sign he gave of returning consciousness, he was, on the suggestion of one of the workmen from the factory who happened to be among the throng, carried on an impromptu stretcher straight into the town of Calais, and to the house of M. Fournier, where the strange story caused the utmost consternation among the family, who were at dinner when the unconscious guest arrived.

He was taken up to Victor's own room, where motherly Madame Fournier tended him herself, while Louise, after being refused permission to see him, went into hysterics in the sitting-room. When the young man opened his eyes he at first remembered nothing, but stared silently at the green curtains of the bed on which he had been placed, and smiled at the kind face of the lady bending over him. It was not until he caught sight of Victor, who was standing behind his mother looking very grave and anxious that Gerald's face clouded with dull pain and perplexity. The young Frenchman could not restrain his eager solicitude: at this first gleam of intelligence in his friend's eyes he leaned over the bedside, and asked impetuously:

"Gerald, who was it attacked you?"

The young fellow suddenly sprang up on the bed, with fire in his eyes. "He has—been murdered?" he cried hoarsely.

Madame Fournier fell back in bewilderment and horror; Victor pressed past her, and supported the young fellow in his arms.

"Who—who has been murdered, Gerald?" he asked, in tones almost as hoarse as those of the injured man.

But Gerald's head sank wearily, and his eyes grew dull and gentle again. "Who!" he repeated, trying to rouse himself; "why—why, it was my father! No one will believe it, I know; but they did murder him. Can't you let me sleep now? I will tell you the whole story in the morning."

Victor laid him down, and turned to his frightened mother.

"Poor fellow! His head is not quite clear yet," he whispered.

He was retreating from the room, when his mother rushed toward him and seized his arm.

"Where are you going, Victor? What are you going to do?"

"I am going to ride to 'Les Bouleaux' to inquire into this."

"No no; you must not go to-night—while there are robbers, murderers about," said she excitedly, clinging to him.

He disengaged himself by a deft movement, and addressed her from the passage with a more dramatically valiant air than an Englishman would have thought necessary, but with earnestness and fire.

"What one man can dare another can, mother. I will not rest until I have done what I can to discover who committed this crime!"

Before she could utter one word more, he had shut the door and hurried down the stairs.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Dictionary of Modern Times.

Bank.—Anciently an establishment for the safe custody of money; but now used for the unsafest disposal of the same.

Manager.—He who manages to so dispose of it without the knowledge of the owners thereof.

Cashier.—So called (on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*; just as a locket is so called because it does not lock), because he cannot cash.

Director.—A vague term with a variety of meanings. Usually as indefinable as he is unfindable—when wanted.

Liquidator.—One who endeavors to gather up spilled milk or other liquids.

Creditors.—Those who cry over milk or other liquids thus spilled.

Stock.—Similar to space or time. The ignorant think it is infinite and exists everywhere. The wise know it exists only in the mind.

Broker.—He who has broken a bank.

Credit.—An extinct variety of an antediluvian bird of prey. The only proofs of its existence are the fossil remains of those it fed on.

Debit.—A voracious omnivorous animal, supposed to have caused the death and extinction of the bird of prey above mentioned.—*Grip.*

It is an ancient custom to put scents in clothes. John McCullough once bought a gold embroidered jacket from a Persian bazaar in Paris. It gave a lasting odor to every trunk in which he placed it. One day he looked it over and found a lump of musk and another of ambergris, stitched into the lining. It was a very old garment.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A HUNDRED YEARS.

A hundred years and it will be the same,
Beloved one,
As though you had never across my pathway came
And grew my sun.

A hundred years and it will matter not
We met to part,
Until all be over then—this earthly lot,
O loving heart!

But "then and there" is even so distant, dear—
So dim and far—
While "here and now" are ours, so quick, so urgent, clear
Frets at "ever after."

O years, roll swiftly in your onward flight
Till woe ch—ange
Till, with eternity's unchanging light,
Comes restful peace!

It is stated that the cable car system is about to be introduced in the ancient city of Rome. Many streets there have sidewalks of stone steps, but no waggon ever rattles over the pavements, and the only means of getting from one part of the city to another is by walking.

A fellow who got out of a Michigan gaol with a pair of shackles on his ankles made an Indiana woman believe that he was the victim of a private insane asylum, and she helped him get rid of the irons. While she was crying over his wrongs he stole her husband's watch off its hook.

A man has been found in New York who is a "fence" for dog-stealers, and he deals only in stolen dogs. He buys the stolen creatures for little or nothing, returns them if a reward is offered and sells them if it isn't. And they do say he makes a very neat little income out of his out of his odd business.

Mr. Pullman ventured all he had on his first sleeping car, because, he says, "if I had built an $8,000 car others would have said they could have improved on it. But when they saw the magnificence of the Pioneer and that it cost me $18,000, everyone gave up the idea of entering into competation with me."

A Hartford youngster goes to church where the concluding amen of the prayer is sung by the choir. The other night, after he had said his prayers, he produced a harmonica from his pillow and astonished his mother by blowing a blast where the amen came in, remarking, "That's the way we do in church."

Drinking Before Meals.

An acquaintance of the writer who has suffered sorely from dyspepsia for a number of years, and has tried most of the numerous remedies a host of kind friends have recommended for her relief, hands us the following article from the *Medical News* with the request that it be printed in the *Scientific American*. Our dyspeptic friend has found great relief in following the directions, and it is hoped others may be also benefited.

"In the morning the stomach contains a considerable quantity of mucus spread over and adherent to its walls. If food enters at this time the tenacious mucus will interfere, to some extent, with the direct contact between the food and the stomach necessary to provoke the secretion of gastric juice. A glass of water, taken before breakfast, passes through the stomach into the small intestines in continuous and uninterrupted flow. It partly distends the stomach, stretching and to some extent obliterating, the rugæ; it thins and washes out most of the tenacious mucus; it increases the fulness of the capillaries of the stomach, directly if the water is warm, and indirectly in a reactionary way if it is cold; it causes peristalsis of the alimentary tract, wakes up (so to speak), and gives it a morning exercise and washing. Care must be taken not to give cold water when the circulation, either local or general, is so feeble as to make reaction improbable. We should not risk it in advanced age, nor in the feeble, whether old or young, nor should it be given in local troubles, like chronic gastric catarrh. In these cases it is best to give warm or hot water. The addition of salt is very beneficial. Such a time-honored custom as drinking soup at the beginning of a meal could only have been so persistently adhered to because of its having been found by experience to be the most appropriate time. It does exactly what warm or hot water, with the addition of salt does, and more, in that it is nutritive and excites the flow of gastric juice."

The Little Seed.

A little seed lay in the carter's path;
A little shoot bowed in the strong wind's wrath:
A little shrub grew, by its roots held fast;
Then a stout tree braved all the winter's blast.

A little cough started—'twas only light;
A little chill shivered the hours of night;
A little pain came and began to grow,
Then consumption laid all his brave strength low.

Be wise in time. Check the little cough, cure the little chill, dispel the little pain, ere the little ailment becomes the strong, unconquerable giant of disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, taken in time, is a remedy for these ills.

A weeping rose tree in a garden at Koosteren, Holland, is so large that thirty performers lately gave a concert under its branches. It is 65 feet in circumference, and it has been estimated that it had 10,000 roses at the time of the performance.

"Just Hear That Child Cry!"

said Mrs. Smith to her sister, Mrs. Davis, as the sound of a child's shrieks came across the garden from a neighbor's house. "What kind of a woman have you for a neighbor? Does she abuse her children?" "No, indeed," replied Mrs. Davis. "She is one of the most tender mothers in existence. But you see she believes in the old-fashioned styles of doctoring. When a child needs physic, she fills a spoon with some nauseous dose, lays the little victim flat on her lap, holds his nose until he is forced to open his mouth for breath, when down goes the dreadful mess. Then comes the yells." "No wonder," said Mrs. Smith, "Why doesn't she use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets? They are effective without being harsh, and are as easy to take as sugar plums. I always give them to my children." "And so do I," said Mrs. Davis.

Quill toothpicks come from France. The largest factory in the world is near Paris, where there is an annual product of 20,000,000 quills. The factory was started to make quill pens, but when these went out of use it was turned into a toothpick mill.

The cleansing, antiseptic and healing qualities of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are unequalled.

FIGHT WITH A SLAVER.

An English Naval Officer Promoted for a Gallant Combat.

A few days ago the Lords of the Admiralty promoted Lieut. Fred F. Fegen, R. N., to be Commander, to mark their recognition of his gallant conduct is as brilliant and thorough a real sea-dog exploit as ever graced British naval annals. Last May Lieut. Fegen, R. N., was on board her Majesty's ship Undine, then stationed at Zanzibar, set out on board an ordinary pinnace with seven men, all told, to patrol that part of the East African coast and watch for Arab slavers. On the morning of May 30 the pinnace was lying snugly anchored within Fungal Gap, Pemba, an island to the North of Zanzibar. The crew of the pinnace comprised five blue-jackets, one marine, one interpreter and Fegen. At daylight the look out reported that a dhow was entering the gap. As far as could be ascertained she seemed a peaceable trader, making for port under crowded sail. Only a man or two could be seen on deck, and there was nothing to indicate the craft was

FULL OF SLAVES AND ARMED MEN.

The Lieutenant had a little dingy with him, and in this, as a matter of duty and precaution, he sent his coxswain, the marine, and the interpreter to hail the stranger and see that she was all right. Stoutly the little dingy was rowed towards the dhow to intercept her as she ran along.

When within 100 yards of the Arab the interpreter hailed them, but received no answer, nor could he see anybody on board, for the huge sail screened the crew. Plying their oars with more vigor, they made to board the strange craft, when instantly a score of swarthy faces rose above the gunnel and a volley from Snider rifles was poured into the dingy. Fegen shouted orders to his men to turn the 9-pound gun with which the pinnace was armed to bear on the dhow, whilst at the same moment one of his men opened fire on them with his Martini-Henry. The marine, from the dingy, had already got to work with his weapon and was evidently doing execution. The slaver holding the dingy as to insignificant, changed her course and bore down full upon the pinnace, clearly intending to run aboard her. Fegen and his four men had their anchor tripped in a trice, made sail, but there was no time to get under weigh when down upon them came the dhow. The Lieutenant called: "Prepare to resist boarders." "Stand to them, my lads," and, setting that example which in warfare, as any rate, is before all precept, jumped forward to meet the attack as the two vessels bumped together. With characteristic ferocity the slavers—some thirteen Arabs and seven bloodthirsty half-breed cutthroats—endeavored to spring aboard the pinnace.

FEGEN SHOT TWO DOWN WITH HIS REVOLVER

and ran a third through the body, when he in turn would have fallen under a fierce blow from an Arab's blade had not Pearson, an A. B., run the man through with his cutlass. As it was, Fegen received a severe wound on the right arm, but still the fight went on, for he could use his pistol with his left. Three of his men were out down, and were by this time lying seriously wounded in the bottom of the pinnace, whilst nine Arabs had already been slain by our sturdy tars. Still Fegen battled on, shooting, pushing and shoving with the help of his crew of now one man, both of them receiving fresh stabs and wounds. J. Guys and Fred Russell, leading seaman, had stood by him like steel, fighting with the courage and determination of those heroes who have immortalised our navy. Russel fought on heedless of his many wounds until he sank from sheer loss of blood. At length the dhow slipped past and sheered off, not to escape, however, for, wounded as all on the pinnace were, they fought and held on with the tenacity of bull-dogs. With those still in the dingy they maintained a fire on the dhow and followed her up. The slavers replied with their Sniders, and Fegen, seeing his men in the dingy exposed, held the pinnace to the wind to obtain the weather gauge and cover the "punt." The protracted fight attracted a number of Arabs to the shore, and they in turn began firing at the two, to them, hated British craft. A lucky shot from the Martinis

KILLED THE SLAVER'S HELMSMAN,

and the dhow broached to in shallow water and capsized. The remainder of the rascally crew plunged into the sea, which was about two fathoms deep at the spot, and swam for the shore, four or five only succeeding in reaching the land alive. Most of the penned slaves managed to scramble out and hang on to the dhow, their heads alone visible out of the water. Fegen got his men from the dingy on board the pinnace, and with a few shells from the 9-pounder drove away the belligerent Arabs on the shore. This done he sent the dingy to the rescue of the slaves, and succeeded in saving the lives of fifty-three unfortunate negroes. Unfortunately twelve had been drowned by the capsizing of the dhow, the number of slaves on board having been sixty-five. A sailor named Benjamin Stone, an A. B., was the only one killed outright on our side during the plucky little sea-fight. So far as known up to the present the wounded blue-jackets were all doing well.

Press On.

"When in Madeira," writes a traveler, "I set off one morning to reach the summit of a mountain, to gaze upon the distant scene, and enjoy the balmy air. I had a guide with me, and we had with difficulty ascended some two thousand feet, when a thick mist was seen descending upon us, quite obscuring the whole face of the heavens. I thought I had no hope left but at once to retrace our steps or be lost; but as the cloud came nearer, and darkness overshadowed me, my guide ran on before me, penetrating the mist, and calling to me, ever and anon, saying:

"'Press on, master—press on—there's light beyond!'

"I did press on. In a few minutes the mist was passed, and I gazed upon a scene of transcendent beauty. All was light and cloudless above, and beneath was the almost level mist, concealing the world below me, and glistening to the rays of the sun like a field of untrodden snow. There was nothing at that moment between me and the heavens."

Oh ye over whom the clouds are gathering, or who have sat beneath the shadows, be not dismayed if they rise before you. Press on—there is light beyond.—*The Worker.*

About Ice Houses.

I wish very much to ask about the construction of small ice houses for private use, especially what to do to my present building to make it a success for keeping ice. This building is set in a loose gravel bank, 10 feet deep in the bank, in the rear, and level with the ground line in front; the walls built of brick 10 feet up, or as high as the slope of the bank, and then 10 feet more of wood. There are double doors on the bank, which then open 10 feet above the floor. The ground below is loose gravel. I fill the house to the upper ground line. The brick wall is 16 inches thick, with one clear 4-inch air space, 8 inches brick inside and 4 out. The wooden wall on the top of brick work, 10 feet high, has an air space 12 inches wide, sheathed with close jointed inch boards both out and inside. Inside overhead is also sheathed the same, with flat roof, tinned, with 12-inch space between overhead sheathing, and lattice work on two sides, width of space between roof and overhead sheathing. There is a wide projecting roof, and the whole is thoroughly painted white, top and all, including brick wall not under ground. What do you use on top of the cement on the floor before putting in the ice, or do you put the ice on the cement, or how? Would you advise setting studding against the inner wall, making a space to fill with cement or clay, and how thick? Should I leave space between ice and wall when filling for straw or sawdust, which I have in abundance, or put ice close to base wall, and what over the top—fine straw or sawdust? I fill to upper level of the ground; put in and take out the same door. My ice melts fast on the bottom—one or two layers of 18 to 20 inches thick, 24 by 24 inch blocks, beautiful ice, disappear before we reach them. W. F. D.

[Answer by A. P. S., Rock Hall, Md.]

W. F. D. has the plan of a superior ice house, but the trouble is in his foundation of gravel, which being porous, offers a constant escape of the cold air around the ice, which by its increased specific gravity sinks into the gravel and displaces the warm air, which must rise and come in contact with the ice, and this quickly extracts the heat and melts the ice, reducing the temperature of the air, and as a natural result sinks and gives the air below, which had absorbed heat from the earth and become lighter, an upward motion, and thus keeps the ice surrounded with air above the freezing point. The great secret is to prevent this perpetual motion, and to do so, cement presents the best material; but it is important that the cement should be the best English or German. Much of the common cement is not as good as pure clay, such as is used for puddling. As the English cement is expensive and requires to be handled by one familiar with it, I would suggest a good bed of tough, impervious clay on the bed of gravel, with a 4 inch trap, such as is used in sinks or water-closets, which will always have water in it, and prevent the heavy air sinking with the water. A thousand feet of air at 80° is estimated to weigh 10 lbs., while the same bulk at 32°, or freezing point, will weigh between 12 and 13 lbs. Keep this air at rest around the ice, and the heat of summer out by a good non-conductor, and there is nothing to melt the ice. To make the brick wall perfectly tight as well as a better non-conductor, studding should be put up from the foundation of clay, say 2 by 6, with plank nailed on, and the 6 inches of space filled in with good clay, well rammed, after each board is put on, so as to close every escape for the air. The space spoken of between the two brick walls as an air chamber, is a good idea if it is as tight as a bottle, so that the air will remain stationary, as in the ice house, but as air is hard to keep, I would advise the filling of it with fine sand, if to be had, as sand, like clay, is a poor conductor of heat. The arrangements above the ice and roof I do not think can be improved. Ice does not melt much on top, as there is not that constant motion of the air. I have noticed that the fine ice left from the previous cutting on top was about in the same condition as left in the morning before. When filling, the ice can be placed against the wooden walls outside of the clay. On the bottom a bed of sawdust would act as a non-con-conductor from below; as it would always be too cold to permit the oxidation of the hydrogen, there would be no danger of any internal heat set free from the dust. The ice should be covered with straw for a foot or more. All who expect to keep ice should aim to keep the air motionless, and the *heat* of the outside air out. Anywhere that water will go, air will follow—hence the importance of the trap.

A Prize Baby.

On an Atlantic steamer bound for New York, a year or so ago, the usual entertainment for the benefit of a Liverpool charity was projected. There happened to be on board a good many "professionals," actors and singers, who all promised to take part, except one, who kept aloof, and stubbornly declined to assist. As he was the star most desired, every effort was made to change his mind, and the committee of arrangements at last applied to Mr. P. T. Barnum (who was, as usual, an inconspicuous passenger), and begged him to labor with the reluctant singer. Mr. Barnum undertook the mission, and after stating the case and making his appeal, somewhat to his surprise the man at once assented.

"I refused all these people," he said, "and I dislike exceedingly to take part in this sort of entertainment, but if you ask me, Mr. Barnum, I cannot decline. I am glad to do anything that will please you."

Mr. Barnum felt much complimented, but protested a little, when the man continued:

"You did me a great favor once, Mr. Barnum, and I have never forgotten it. You may not recall, but I am under great obligations to you."

"Why," hesitated the great showman, "I must confess that I don't recall—I don't remember any circumstances, and yet your face is familiar. I haven't forgot that. Where was it we met?"

"Oh! it was thirty years ago, Mr. Barnum I took the first prize in your first baby show. I've always felt grateful to you."

Many Spanish doubloons, to the value of $150,000, have been deposited in the assay office, New York. They will be melted into gold bars. Some are three hundred years old, and look quite fresh and new. It is believed they came from the West Indies, and were treasure recovered by an American expedition that went out some time ago to look for the wrecks of Spanish galleons lost during the eighteenth century.

Wasted Emotion.

Once upon a time I heard a brisk young woman say: "Now, don't pity me, I'd rather be kicked any day than pitied."

The person to whom she spoke was an elderly man and he said: "I don't believe you've ever been kicked, so how can you know which you prefer?"

The brisk young woman answered: "No, I've never been kicked, and I never expect to be; neither have I ever been, nor do I ever wish to be, pitied; that is, openly."

She settled her spotless cuffs so as to show the buttons to advantage, patted the knot of the ribbon in her hair, compressed her red lips and shot such a bright, determined glance from her blue-gray eyes, that the elderly man sat silently smiling at her. I'm sure he thought her anything else than a pitiable object. As I looked at the neatly dressed little little figure, and noted the cheerfully defiant expression of the childishly fair face, neither did I pity her, I had known her all her life. First, as a bright, wayward school-girl, next, as a rather wild young lady, and in due time as a dashing young matron, delighting in dressing, dancing, driving her mettlesome horses, and giving fine dinners. I had known her always prosperous; but as I saw her now I concluded I had never known the real woman.

Adversity had overtaken her and given her grim-visaged Poverty for a traveling companion, who promised to keep step with her for some time to come. But she defied misfortune by standing firmly on her individuality as the accessories of wealth were swept from her hold.

That is pity the woman who enjoys lace-making, and who decks herself with the labor of her hands. Let her be comfortable in her own way. We don't know what happy fancies she stitches into her work. If her ruling passion is to wear purple and fine linen and home-made lace, don't feel sorry that her mind has no greater compass. These things are pretty, and if she repeats in good faith, "resurgam" over her stitches, her pattern is her gospel and her needle is her bow of promise.

Don't pity the woman who goes without collar and cuffs. Though she might look much better with them, still, the trifling habit might destroy her individuality. You might miss something out of her character that millions of collars wouldn't pay for. There are a great many tremendously mean animals of the ape kind, both male and female, who wear immaculate collars and cuffs.

Her manner said to her friends: "Look! it is I who remain; my house is gone, my horses and carriage are gone, my dresses and jewels will go after them for aught I know; but, I am unhurt—don't pity me—sympathize, if you will, show your sympathy by remaining my friends, regardless of the fact that I shall live in a little house, and answer the bell myself when you come to call; maybe bringing the odor of the kitchen with me. But, for all that, don't pity me."

I, for one, never did pity her.

When I went to the little house and found her setting it in order, because, as she said, "I shall surely live and not die;" saw her arranging everything with deft, firm hands that created beauty and order as they went, saw her two little children in their gay bits of dresses, made, like the world, out of nothing, I felt there was nothing in her situation calling for pity.

The tide was out, with all the dancing, leaping, foam-crested, sunlit waves. Here was the bed-rock, the foundation; strong points of whose existence we were ignorant in time of high water.

Her one trait that over-topped all others was self respect. The quality that in prosperous times had been coquettish imperiousness, grew into the dignified demeanor that said, "I am what I am. I can not be despised."

Since then I have noticed many others who have met with reverses, and many who seem to plod along in a sort of lead-colored existence always. I hear it said: "I'm so sorry for him or her;" or "I do so pity this one or that one."

Then I have wanted to answer: "Don't pity men and women, they don't need it. Show pity to some strong man in blue overalls, whom you used to know in the "nobbiest" of business suits, and see how quickly he will freeze over. But show sympathy and friendship, ignoring his changed fortune and his great soul will look from his eyes to return your greeting. You'll see at once he's not hopeless, that the brightest things of life still remain for him.

Don't pity a woman who does her own work and often looks tired and discouraged.

Don't pity the farmer's wife, nor her equally hard-working sister in the village or city. They certainly have their dark hours—as, who has not? but there is always something for which one works and hopes. Always something for which in its worst trials, elastic humanity whispers "resurgam."

No, don't pity men and women. Pity babies who meet no welcome on their arrival into this world. They have a pitiable start in life.

Pity dumb animals whose right to existence is not recognised.

But don't stand up in the temple and thank God you are not like other people. Go close to your brother or sister who is so humble in attitude and you will find they too are waiting for their inheritance. We all stand together on Mount Pisgah and look for our promised land, but, each one sees his own purple mountains and vine-covered valleys. It is no more true that every heart knoweth its own bitterness than that

> "For us all some sweet hope lies
> Deeply hidden from human eyes."

When we look at our neighbors and see about them only thistles and duck-ponds, we may be sure, somewhere they have their clear, still waters and gardens of roses.

A portion of the city of Virginia, Nev., is said to be an animated mass of rising and falling earth. A map of a mine in the vicinity, made ten years ago, shows that two walls were then 354 feet apart. They are now 150 feet. A slope which is down on the map as having 16 sets of square timbers—112 feet—was found. The timbers for the 16 sets are all there, but so jammed that the 16-inch timbers are only four inches wide, and the entire slope is not more than 10 feet wide. And so it is all through the workings. The cause of the disturbances is said to be due to the removal of vast quantities of rock from the mines.

The late Meredith Featheringil, a Spanish soldier, leaves an estate of $1,000,000 to heirs in Kentucky.

HOUSEHOLD.

Cooking as a Fine Art.

No fair-minded person, looking at the subject through the clear medium of reason, would say there was anything dishonorable in cooking, and there is surely nothing that indicates moral perversity in the acts of sweeping, dusting and washing dishes. There is nothing in housework that vitiates the moral or weakens the physical system. And yet housework is the very employment that working girls shun as if it were pollution; the work which all native born American women regard as a disgrace.

If the skill required in doing a class of work may be taken as a standard of its respectability, then surely cooking is as respectable as telegraphing, or bookkeeping, or type-writing. Cooking is a chemical process, and the good cook should know as much of the constituents with which she deals, their chemical affinities, the proportions in which they should be mixed, and their reactions upon each other, as the chemist knows about his salts and acids in his laboratory. It takes well-nigh as much skill to manage a stove as it does to manage a chemist's retort. Cooking, rightly considered, is a mysterious alchemy, a field of occult science into which no untrained novice should thrust her awkward hands. Down with the uneducated cook! There is poison in her baking-pan and death beneath her pie-crust.

The good cook is the promoter of peace in families, the friend of virtue, the handmaiden of piety. How can the priest mount his pulpit stairs with right feeling towards God and man with his amateur cook's dyspeptic biscuit in his stomach? The poor cook is the one general enemy of mankind. Fed upon her handiwork, the poet's airy dreams dissipate in nightmares, the statesmen's schemes of statecraft degenerate into schoolboy fancies, and the hitherto victorious general marches his veteran army to defeat.

But, in all seriousness, cooking is an art that requires long practice and much natural aptitude. This is a fact that is recognized by menwhose business largely consists in cooking, and the cooks of the great hotels of the country are paid as much salary as our college presidents. And yet cooking seems to be the one accomplishment that women hate to learn.

Half a Century Ago.

The 10th of December years ago found Mackenzie and his fellow-leaders of the insurrection defeated, dispersed and hunted as criminal fugitives from village to village and from forest to forest. The vision of "The Republic of Upper Canada" was a vision no longer. It had been sadly dimmed and blurred by the disastrous miscarriage of the plan which had been so carefully matured in the conclave of leaders a few weeks before; it had been shattered and dissolved by the small thunder of the guns of the Canadian militia at Montgomery's tavern on the fatal 7th. Some one had blundered! Many untoward events had happened in the meantime, but the causes of the so easy and complete discomfiture of the patriot forces may be summed up in that one portentous sentence. The writer will not attempt to settle the vexed question as to who was the arch-blunderer. The simple fact seems to be that during Mackenzie's absence on his tour for organization Dr. Rolph became alarmed at the situation of affairs. Sir Francis Head had previously, as if to encourage the rebels, sent all the regular troops out of the Province. He still obstinately refused to believe that a rebellion was imminent. Possibly he was secretly desirous of provoking one in order that he might have the glory of quelling it and the gratification of a petty revenge in punishing its authors. At last, however, at the urgent solicitation of those better informed, or better disposed, he seems to have consented that some steps should be taken by way of preparation for defence. Amongst other movements a warrant was issued for Mackenzie's apprehension. Dr. Rolph probably "lost his head." On the evening of the 2nd or morning of the 3rd of December he despatched a messenger to find Mackenzie if possible and communicate to him his fears and suggestions. According to Mackenzie and his friends the message was in effect a peremptory changing of the date of attack from the 7th to the 4th in order still to take the Government by surprise. According to Dr. Rolph's apologists the message was merely a verbal recital of the facts and rumors, with a suggestion to the effect that if 300 men could be got together on the Monday it might be better to anticipate the plan of action and come upon the city unexpectedly on the Monday.

Be that as it may, the result was confusion worse confounded. Mackenzie's whereabouts was not known, but the message was conveyed to Lount through the mouths of three or four intermediate messengers. With characteristic intrepidity Lount collected as many as possible of his Lloydtown volunteers, less than a hundred in all, and set out for the city. The result is well known—the feeble, disorganized attempt to surprise the city; the panicky retreat to Montgomery's; Mackenzie's ride to the city; the treacherous shooting of Anderson, one of the rebel leaders, by Powell; the shooting of Col. Moodie by the rebels, as in his reckless and drunken frenzy he was trying to force his way past their pickets to the city; the gathering together of the militia, their march in overwhelming force to the attack on Thursday, the easy dispersion of the discouraged patriots, the flight of the leaders, the not very eager pursuit, the price put upon Mackenzie's head, etc.

Was not the attempted rebellion essentially wild? Undeniably it was. Was there the remotest chance of its success? Hardly, unless with help from across the border, which was not at all likely to be had, until, at least, success was assured. Had the patriots displayed cooler judgment, had they better kept their own counsels, had Dr. Rolph been less cautious, vacillating, not to say cowardly, the first step might have been easy enough. There seems to have been no good reason why Toronto should not have been taken, with the Governor and his officers, according to the preconcerted plan. So far the plot was feasible enough under better management. Toronto taken and the obnoxious Governor and certain others still more obnoxious tyrants of the family compact order placed under guard, or sent out of the country, there would have been great rejoicing and a general uprising. But the end could not have been doubtful. Great Britain and her regulars would have had, sooner or later, to be reckoned with. Untrained Canadian Volunteers, without arms, organization or money, and with a large sprinkling of redhot Tory loyalists in nearly every community, could have done little against the British troops which would undoubtedly, in those days, have been hurried to the scene of action. There was, of course, behind all, and perhaps dominating all, the contingency of active interference by the United States.

But was then the insurrection of fifty years ago, an utter and disastrous failure? By no means. Disastrous and deplorable enough it was in some of its consequences, especially in the cool-blooded murder, under forms of law, of some of the bravest and noblest of the patriots. But a failure, not at all. Let the constitutional freedom and large powers of self-government Canada enjoys to-day attest. These might have come in time without the rebellion, or they might not. The habit of submission to absolutism once ingrained, soon becomes inveterate in a people. The power of absolute rule once successfully established, is seldom voluntarily handed over by a Government. Certainly the rebellion of 1837 hastened the period of Canadian emancipation by a quarter of a century. It is always so. The cause of freedom must have its martyrs. It is easy to talk of constitutional means of redress, but the roots of constitutionalism have generally, even in British soil, been planted by insurrection and watered with patriotic blood.

The fine old building then used as a court house, (now occupied by the establishment of Chas. Stark, and the offices of Forest and Farm), was the scene of many tragedies then enacted. What a change these fifty years have wrought!

In the court-room, where the prisoners were tried and condemned to be hanged, and in the large hall where resounded the clank of weighty chains, is now heard the hum of machinery in the manufacture of gold and silver watch cases, jewellery, etc.

The cells that then imprisoned the patriots, are now filled with tons of munitions of war. From the windows of the office of this paper, from where was then witnessed the hanging of the brave and patriotic Lount and Matthews, is now seen the sightly police station on Court street. For many years we have enjoyed the liberties that these men gave their lives for, the gibbet has disappeared, and soon may we see the long-talked-of monument take its place.

Indian Explorers.

Among the engineers recently engaged in the Afghan boundary survey was an Indian named Iman Sharif, who has just been specially complimented and rewarded for his services. In regions south of Herat, where white experts cannot work unless protected by troops, this man surveyed and mapped a large tract, and "showed an admirable faculty for getting on with the natives." His work in this district, and in the region east of Herat, is pronounced by the survey authorities to be of unusual value. He is specially mentioned in the report of the Commission, and has received a handsome present from the British Government.

Few stories of travel possess so large an element of romantic interest as those of the native explorers who have been employed by the Indian Government for twenty years past to investigate the regions north of the Himalayas that are not accessible to white men. Disguised as merchants, mendicants, or monks, they have worked their way through vast stretches of country by means of various expedients, such as peddling small wares or reciting passages from Buddhist sacred books. They have mapped the larger part of southern Thibet, and the Pandit, A——k, in his four and a half years' wanderings, travelled over an immense territory that no white man except Marco Polo has visited.

The Thibetans regarded A——k the most famous of the explorers, as a very devout person. Everywhere he went they saw him telling the beads of his Buddhist rosary. This was his method of measuring distances. During all his long travels he dropped a bead at every hundred paces. In the prayer barrel that hung from his neck were the few scientific instruments he could carry and the little books in which he kept his records. In Lhassa, where the Dalai Lama, the visible incarnation of Buddha, lives, A——k spent a year. Only three or four disguised white men have ever seen the splendid temples of this sacred city of the Buddhists, and since Huc and Gabet spent ten weeks there forty-one years ago, we have learned little of it except through the Indian explorers.

These men, two of whom have received the gold medals of the Paris and Royal Geographical Societies, are seldom known to the world by their names until after their services as explorers can no longer be utilized. It is only by concealing their identity as servants of the Indian Government that they can be made useful in the lands they visit. None of them are highly educated. Few of the wealthy, educated Indians would care to undergo the hardships they experience. A—k, in the last part of his journey, travelled as a beggar and in rags, and he served for months in Thibet as a herder of sheep before he could resume his work. These men are chosen for their intelligence, tact, and physical endurance. They are taught little more than the elements of science, so that they can make the requisite observations and measurements, keep their field books, and describe the physical features and peoples of the places they pass through.

Beautiful thoughts are the flowers of the mind.

Never contract a friendship with a man that is not better than yourself.

Our neighbours are now proposing the reduction of the postal rate from two cents to one. If this reduction is effected [illegible] not be able to continue on a three [illegible] American letters delivered here [illegible] and Canadian letters delivered [illegible] be a decidedly unpleasant [illegible] It may induce some persons [illegible] postal business to proj[illegible] dence from the Amer[illegible]

The native ivory d[illegible] good hands at obtai[illegible] goods, and some o[illegible] that they are n[illegible] trading. They c[illegible] cleverly as Lanc[illegible] pouring lead int[illegible] weight is greatl[illegible] possibility of di[illegible] the ivory has p[illegible] to the cutle[illegible] Then the wo[illegible] against the le[illegible] steel teeth.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, JANUARY 12, 1888.

Subscribers to the REVIEW *who fail in getting their papers, will confer a favor on the proprietor by communicating the same to this office.*

FROM THE CAPITAL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, Jan. 10.—The Fisheries Commission reassembled yesterday at Washington. Many do not know what this fisheries business really means and an explanation in few words will be of value. In the first place the value of the product of Dominion fisheries is, something over $18,000,000, and our fish export trade totals about $7,000,000. The number of boats employed is 13,300 and the number of fishermen 26,780. That the industry is of vast importance these figures show. By the treaty of 1818 the Americans were granted the privilege of fishing along with British subjects on certain coasts of Newfoundland, Labrador and the Magdalen Islands. In the seventh article the United States renounced for ever any right to take, dry, or cure fish within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays or harbors of British America not included in the limits mentioned above. In Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick the Americans reserved to themselves only the privilege of landing for the purposes of shelter, wood and water and for no other purpose whatever. This treaty therefore protected what are called our inshore fisheries. Repeated misunderstandings led to negotiations which resulted in the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 opening the fisheries of both countries on an equal footing in consideration of certain commercial advantages granted to Canada by the U. S. The latter power however abrogated the treaty in 1866 altho' it had worked well. The next step was the Washington Treaty of 1871 which accorded equal fishing privileges, without regard to the three mile limit. In part compensation the American market was opened free to Canadian fish and fish oil, and the Halifax Commission awarded $5,500,000 additional compensation to Canada. The fisheries clauses of this treaty were abrogated by the United States in 1885 and things relapsed into a system of seizures and forfeits. This is the state of things at present and provided no new arrangement is agreed upon by the Commission now sitting at Washington it is thought they may at least define the bearings of the renunciation made by the United States in 1818. What the three mile limit really comprises seems to have been all along the chief bone of contention.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

As Lord Lansdowne was appointed Governor-General 18 August, 1883, his term will expire this summer. It is the opinion here that all statements about his successor are premature. Lansdowne is the fifth who has held the office. He lives a quiet life, being seldom seen outside his official quarters except at the theatre or at church, for His Excellency attends both places. He spends nearly every evening however at Rideau Hall, as vice-regal etiquette precludes him from accepting invitations to private houses.

SOME PHASES OF SOCIAL LIFE.

Speaking of the theatre leads me to say that nowhere else in America can such fashionable looking audiences be found as in Ottawa. A profusion of bare shoulders, backs and other portions of the anatomy appear in all their charms, and the escorts are invariably in full dress. The civil service dude however frequently appears alone, he and his collar. He is arrayed in the very best his confiding tailor will give him credit for. Indeed there are two or three society pets who pay nothing for their clothes, the advertisement they give the tailor being considered cheaper than a newspaper advertisement. The place where the Ottawa dude works is known here as the House of Refuge; to outsiders as the Government buildings. He never marries—cawn't afford it you know,—and thinks more of the favor of a married lady than of a maiden however fair. He breakfasts at half-past nine and is compelled to work as late as four. More of him anon.

ELECTION MATTERS.

Election trials have yet to be held in East Simcoe, Glengarry and Centre [illegible]llington. The petition against Cas[illegible] (Liberal) in L'Islet has been dis[illegible]he six months ground. Mr. [illegible] been unseated for Hal[illegible]rner may possibly be [illegible]ndidate. Turner is [illegible]ous of representing [illegible]be county man as [illegible] Mr. Waldie's [illegible]nderson was 9. [illegible]be elected for [illegible] Commons in place of Mr. Shakespeare, appointed postmaster. By the way the election of Mr. Humphries to the B. C. Legislature brings to mind that his successor Mr. Stenhouse has gone to join the Mormons. The Ontario bye elections in Dundas and E. Northumberland are fixed for Feb. 1st. In Dundas Dr. Chamberlain's (Liberal) majority was 25, and in Northumberland Dr. Willoughby's (Con.) was 51. Mr. Whitney will again oppose Dr. Chamberlain but Mr. Clarke takes the place of Mr. Ferris in Northumberland. The Conservatives of Carleton meet to-morrow to choose a candidate in place of Sir John. Warden Dawson (Con.) Ex-Sheriff Powell (Ind. Con.) and Mayor Stewart of Ottawa are the names most prominent. The fight will be to get control of the Convention as nomination means election.

RAILWAY REFERENCES.

The Brockville, Westport and Sault Ste Marie R'y has just been completed to Farmersville, County of Leeds. It is proposed to extend the Grand Trunk Midland east to Ottawa and for that company to build the line on through Russell and Prescott connecting with Montreal. Most of those interviewed in Ottawa favor a bonus. The Ontario, Manitoba and Western R'y Co. will apply this session for a charter to build a line from Port Arthur to Winnipeg. A British Columbia Railway asks for power to connect with American railways by ferry across the Strait of Fuca. The Dominion Government having discontinued the mail service by steamer between Victoria and San Francisco there is a big row in prospect as it is claimed this service was one of the terms of union.

THE NEW SENATOR.

Hon. John Robson, Provincial Secretary of British Columbia, has been called to the Federal Senate. He was born and educated at Perth, Ont., and is almost 64. He married a daughter of Capt. John Longworth. In British Columbia he is called a Liberal.

DO YOU DRINK COFFEE?

Dominion Analyst McFarlane is prosecuting his researches into the food and drink sold to us with vigor. He has just finished his exposure of the poor quality of the milk sold in the cities, and informed me that he is having samples of coffee collected from the various grocers sent in to him.

POSTAGE ON NEWSPAPERS.

On the best authority I can state that the Postmaster-General has no idea of re-imposing postage on bona fide newspapers. He is trying to correct abuses though. For instance a prominent gun dealer in Toronto issues a sporting paper with the sole purpose of advertising his weapons through the mails free of postage. The law was not intended to be taken advantage of in this way but it is in a large number of cases.

OUR CANAL SYSTEM.

The Trent Valley Canal commission, consisting of Judge Weller, Frank Turner and Mr. Kennedy, of Montreal, with Dr. Oliver, of Barrie, as Secretary, is said to be about to take evidence respecting that portion between Peterboro and Trenton. This canal is designed to connect by a short cut the upper great lakes with the Bay of Quinte. I may mention that up to the present the amount expended on Canadian canals is $50,000,000.

DIVORCE CASES.

We are to have another divorce case before the Senate, that of Eleanor Hart of Montreal against her husband for adultery and cruelty. This makes the sixth application and the manner in which six or eight Senators will struggle with the cases will be a further argument for those who advocate the establishment of a divorce court. Each succeeding year a larger number of Senators decline to sit on the divorce committee. They don't like the job.

HUDSON BAY NAVIGATION.

The Hudson's Bay Railway Co. has offered to furnish a vessel for another expedition this summer if the Government will pay the other expenses of the trip. The intention is that the vessel should winter in the Bay so as to see when the ice forms and when it breaks up in the spring.

GENERAL NOTES.

The gross debt of the Dominion at the end of the year was $274,710,702. Assets $47,391,000.

A repeal Scott Act contest takes place in Westmoreland, N.B., Feb. 16. This will be the third vote; 1879 majority for it 783; 1883 majority for it 73.

The revenue of the P. O. Dept. had an increase of $134,000, and the deficit is $854,000.

The Government will appoint a commissioner to the Argentine Republic.

It is worthy of note that no woman has yet been convicted of a penitentiary offence in Manitoba or British Columbia. There are about 1200 convicts in all the penitentiaries.

Because of the scarcity of white ash the Government is asked to place that lumber on the free list in the interest of the manufacturers of axe handles and forks.

The Marchioness of Lansdowne gives skating and tobogganing parties every Saturday.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

—The United States Courts have decided that doctors may advertise.

—The meeting of Parliament on the 31st has been postponed, but no date has yet been fixed.

—The next session of the Supreme Court will probably open at Ottawa on the 21st of February.

—Fifty years ago the Scriptures were circulated in 136 languages; now they are circulated in 280.

—The Birmingham Canal burst last week near Dudley, and hundreds of families are now homeless.

—The members of the Trent Valley Canal Commission have been instructed to begin work as speedily as possible.

—Mr. Gauvreau, inspector of Dominion Government works in the North West fell dead on the street in Ottawa last week.

—A strong feeling prevails in England that the Canadian ocean mail service should not fall behind the New York service.

—A second bulletin on the milk question, showing the results of tests of milk sold by dairymen to the public in the leading cities of the Dominion, has been issued by the Inland Revenue Department. Ottawa ranks the highest in the quality of the milk. Toronto being the lowest.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale the North-West quarter of Lot 14, in the 9th con. of the Township of Madoc. Fifty acres. Apply to

MRS. A. LOVE,
40 3w Cobourg, Ont.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to the public not to purchase or negotiate in any way for a certain note given by me in favor of A. T. Leggett, of L'Amable, as I have not received value therefor.

W. H. MAGUIRE.
L'Amable, Jan. 11th, 1888. 40 3w

MAIL CONTRACT

TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, 17th February, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between

MADOC AND BELLEVILLE,

from the 1st April next.

Conveyance to be made in a public or other vehicle.

The Mails to leave Madoc daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 a.m., and to arrive at Belleville at 12.15 p.m. To leave Belleville daily, Sundays excepted, at 1.30 p.m., or after arrival of Mails by Grand Trunk day train from the west, and to arrive at Madoc within five and one quarter hours afterwards, exchanging Mails at Ivanhoe, West Huntingdon, Halloway and Foxboro passing each way.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Madoc and Belleville, and also at this office.

GILBERT GRIFFIN,
P. O. Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,
Kingston, 30th Dec., 1887. 40 3w

CELEBRATED FEATHERBONE CORSETS.

Ladies

Increase your comfort by wearing the Featherbone Corset. For sale only at

JOHN ROBERTSON,
MADOC.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

Martyrs to Headache

Seek relief in vain, until they begin to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then they regret the years of suffering they might have escaped had they tried this remedy earlier. The trouble was constitutional not local; and, until Ayer's Sarsaparilla did its effective work as an Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were compelled to suffer.

The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time, subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches, and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Lizzie W. DeVean, 262 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykins, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

42 YEARS.!

Steadfastly for forty-two years the *Weekly Witness* has held to principles which have stood the tests of time, ridicule, and of opposition, fair and unfair, and the *Witness* to-day speaks to sixty where in 1846 it spoke to one. Its growth has been both rapid and steady. Its publishers, desirous of still further increasing its circulation, have this year gone to large expense to secure a reproduction of **The Latest Masterpiece** of Davidson Knowles (who was selected by Queen Victoria to paint the scene at Princess Beatrice's wedding), entitled

Suffer the Little Children to Come Unto Me.

It depicts the memorable scene with startling realism, reproducing in oils all the richness of **Oriental Coloring.** The picture, executed by the greatest art firm in England, would bring $1.50 if sold, but is reserved **exclusively for Subscribers** to the **Witness.**

The price of the *Weekly Witness* and picture is $1.25; the paper alone, $1.00.

In 1860 the *Daily Witness* was launched, and, like the weekly, to advocate the same principles regardless of cost. The picture "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me," and the *Daily Witness*, $3.25 a year; the paper alone, $3.00.

The *Northern Messenger* still continues to be the favorite in the home circle and Sabbath school, and commencing with January first with new type, finer paper and other improvements, will be more attractive than ever. Prizes of books are given to friends who canvas for it. Annual subscription, 30c., with reductions to clubs.

Sample copies of the different publications mailed on application. Agents wanted in every town and village.

J. DOUGALL & SON,
30 Publishers, Montreal.

NO CURE NO PAY!

A Fair and Square Offer to Invalids to try The New Method Treatment

By which our success in curing chronic diseases and deformities has been so uniform, that we will now guarantee to treat bad or reputed incurable cases, for a stipulated price until cured, and in case of failure to refund all the money paid us under such written guarantee. It will cost you nothing to investigate this offer, as consultation at the offices or by letter is free. Take no chance—pay no money to a doctor, unless he has confidence enough in his skill to guarantee a cure. No matter what the name or nature of your disease may be, call on or write to us, giving age, sex, complexion and symptoms. Send stamps to prepay postage on the NEW METHOD CURE books.

Part I, contains 225 pages, over 200 illustrations, symptoms of diseases and reports of over 30,000 cures; Prescriptions for the cure of acute diseases by Allopathic, Homœopathic and Eclectic remedies; Hygienic instructions for every lady, gentlemen and family. Will be mailed on receipt of 20 two-cent stamps, or 40 cents in silver.

Part II, private information for men and boys, young or old, mailed sealed in plain envelope on receipt of 6 two-cent stamps, or 10 cents in silver.

Part III, information and instructions for ladies, married or single, with colored illustrations, symptoms, advice and reports of cures; mailed to ladies only, sealed in plain envelope on receipt of 8 two-cent stamps or 16 cents in silver. The three books will be mailed for 30 two-cent stamps, or 50 cents in silver, or will be given free at

The Offices of The Drs. of K Burgess, either at 159 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich. or 41 161 Elm St., Cincinnati, O. All letters must be addressed to Dr. J. C. Kennedy, Box 1 Detroit, Mich.

We have cured invalids in all parts of the world through correspondence; remedies and instructions being sent by Mail or Express.

1888.

See our

REMNANT

Tables.

JOHN DALE & SON.

WHAT ABOUT OVERCOATS?

Have You bought Your Overcoat Yet?

We have some immense bargains to offer. Step in and see them.

LADIES' JACKETS AND ULSTERS

at prices to suit the times.

Our sales in the above goods have been larger than any year we have been in business, which is proof conclusive that we are doing them right.

FANCY GLASSWARE.

Make your selections now for the holidays. We have the largest stock in town to select from.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
Post Office Block.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

CHURCH SERVICES.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Divine worship and preaching every Sabbath at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sabbath School and Pastor's Bible Class at 2.30 p.m.; Young People's Prayer Meeting, Tuesday, and General Prayer Meeting, Thursday evenings, at 7.30.
O. R. LAMBLY, M.A., Pastor.

ST. PETER'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sabbath School at 9.30 a.m.; Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening at 8.
D. WISHART, Pastor.

ST. JOHN'S THE BAPTIST (Church of England) Mattins and Evensong every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.; Evensong on Wednesdays, at 7.30 p. m., with an address.
T. AUSTIN SMITH, Pastor.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.—Mass, each Sunday at 9.30 a. m., except every third Sunday, when Mass is at 11 o'clock; Vespers and Benediction, each 4th Sunday at 5 o'clock.
THOMAS DAVIS, Pastor.

Vick's Floral Guide.

A silver lining to every cloud! With the short dull days of early winter come the cherry holidays and Vick's beautiful annual, and lo! spring already appears not far distant. We can almost see the greening grass and the blooming flowers. In the way of Outalogue, Vick's Floral Guide is unequalled in artistic appearance, and the edition of each year that appears simply perfect, is surpassed the next. New and beautiful engravings, and three colored plates of flowers, vegetables, and grain, are features for the issue for 1888. Its lavender tinted cover, with original designs of most pleasing effects, will ensure it a prominent place in the household and library. It is in itself a treatise on horticulture, and is adapted to the wants of all who are interested in the garden or house plants. It describes the rarest flowers and the choicest vegetables. If you want to know anything about the garden, see Vick's Floral Guide, price only 10 cents, including a Certificate good for 10 cents worth of seeds. Published by James Vick, Seedsman, Rochester N. Y.

Thos. Ritchie, of Belleville, left for England last Thursday.

The Herringtons of Huntingdon have had another family jar.

The Grand Junction Railway Station at Ashburnham was burned last week.

The fines and fees of the Belleville Police Court during last year amotunted to $919.

Friday last was the anniversary of the burning of Bridge street Church, Belleville.

Revs. Crossley and Hunter will commence evangelistic services in Belleville shortly.

Thos. Wray, shipping clerk for Jas. Wallace, Belleville, was arrested for arson on Thursday.

Capt. Nellie, the popular Salvation lassie, will again be in Belleville on the 14th, 15th and 16th.

An unoccupied house and barn, belonging to James A. McCreadie, 8th con. Thurlow, was destroyed by fire last week.

J. K. McCargar, of Belleville, was elected President of the Eastern Dairymen's Association, held at Peterboro last week.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

MADOC MARKETS.

Fall Wheat	$0 75 to $0 80
Spring Wheat	75 to 80
Barley	55 to 70
Rye	50 to 55
Oats	40 to 42
Peas	60 to 70
Buckwheat	45 to 50
Flour per 100 lbs	2 25 to 2 25
Butter per pound	20 to 20
Eggs per dozen	18 to 20
Lard per pound	10 to 10
Potatoes per bag	75 to 80
Hay per ton	12 00 to 15 00

SMITH & BRYSON

Wholesale and Retail,

TRENTON, - ONTARIO

$1.50 per bushel for Dried Apples.

$1.50 per bushel for Beans.

One pound 50c. Tea for 25c., and a 25c. present thrown in.

1 lb. good Coffee for 30c., and a piece of Silverware with each purchase.

ALL KINDS of GROCERIES Sold Retail at Wholesale Prices.

An immense stock of Crockery and Fancy Glassware being sold at about 50c. on the Dollar, as we are clearing it all out.

Ladies' Jerseys, Children's Ulsters, Ladies' Walking Jackets, Ulsters and Dolmans, reduced to cost, to clear while it is still early in the season, and people are requiring that class of goods.

About 1,000 pieces of good serviceable Dress Goods at 5 cents per yard, worth 12½ cents.

Ribbons of all shades, worth 15 cents per yard, we are selling at 4 cents.

Millinery of all Kinds Reduced to Cost

and less, as we are bound to clear it all out while the goods are yet in demand.

Ready-made Clothing, a very large stock in both Men's and boys', at about half the usual price.

Men's and Boys' Overcoats in great variety, and being sold for less than the cost of the cloth, to clear.

We have an immense stock of Tweeds and Overcoatings, which we manufacture to order in first-class style, at about half the usual prices. All Tweeds bought and not made up by us cut free.

We are selling a magnificent Corset for 25c., that can't be bought in any other store for less than 50c.

Having decided to go out of the FUR business at once and forever, we intend to sacrifice our present stock of about $10,000 worth of Furs, and give the public a benefit.

Look at the Prices:

Ladies' Astrachan Coats at $18.00, worth $25.00. Others at $20.00 and $22.50, worth 30.00 and $35.00.

Men's Coon Coats from $22.00 to $27.50, worth from 30.00 to $45.00. Goat Robes at $4.75, worth $8.00; others at $6.00 and $7.50, worth $9.00 and $12.00.

Good Persian Lamb Caps at $2.00, worth $4.50; others at $4.00 and $6.00, worth $7.50 and $9.00. South Sea Seal Caps, $4.00, worth $8.00; others at $6.00 and $8.00, worth 10.00 and $12.00.

Good Imitation Persian Lamb Caps for 50c., sold elsewhere for $1.25. Good Muffs from 75c. each upwards.

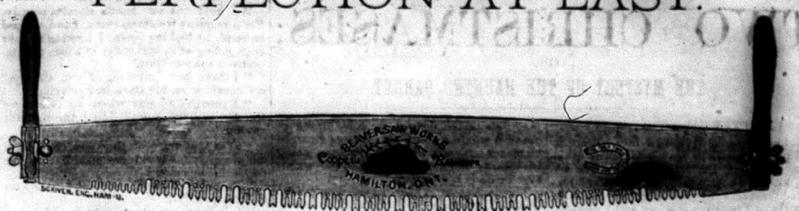
Don't buy anything in the shape of Fur Goods without seeing our stock and getting our prices, as we will sell them at less than half the price that you can buy them for at any other store in Trenton.

We have a stock of about $100,000, and we are bound to cut prices so as to force the goods on the public as long as they have a dollar to spare. We owe our customers an apology for not increasing our staff of salesmen in proportion to the increase of our business, and consequently they have had to wait longer to get served in some instances than was pleasant for them or ourselves, but as we are now constantly increasing our help we hope in future to have all customers served promptly and in every way to their entire satisfaction.

SMITH & BRYSON

Trenton, - Ont.

PERFECTION AT LAST.



The only machine, Taper Ground Cross Cut Saw in the Market is the Cooper's Runner. It is of silver Steel, Taper back. Each saw is of the same gauge, 13 gauge face and 18 gauge back, and fully warranted. Call and see for yourselves at - - **M. W. CONNOR & Co.'s.**

New Goods at THE 4 BIG

Mrs. Wright's Block. **Durham Street.**

MADOC, - ONT.

The following goods taken into Stock last week, and will be sold at Mill Prices for this month.

20 Pieces Grey Cotton at	4c worth	5c.
20 do do	5c "	6c.
20 do do	7c "	8c.
20 do do	8c "	9c.
20 do do	9c "	10c.
20 Pieces Shirting—fast colors—at	12½ "	15.
10 do Cottonade at	20 "	25.
20 do Lilac Prints—fast—at	10 "	12½
20 Dozen Linen Towels at	10 "	12½

All the above Goods were bought away down in Price as Cottons are advancing, so you are getting a rare chance if you buy your Spring Cottons now at

Big Bargains in Dress Goods.

THE 4 BIG Madoc.

ESTRAY.

CAME on the premises of the undersigned, lot 3, in 14 concession, Huntingdon one two year old Steer. Owner requested to prove property, pay charges and take him away. JOHN REYNOLDS.
Madoc, Dec. 26th, 1887. 38-3w

Adams'

CARRIAGE WORKS

Something New for the Winter,

And at such prices Everybody can buy.

Farmers

Look to YOUR INTEREST

and see Adams' Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, CHEBOYGANS,

right down fine.

MILK WAGONS A SPECIALTY

Don't forget the place,

MULLETT'S CORNERS, MADOC.

36-3m

DON'T FORGET

The table. Of course we know you will not, but we thought we would remind you that we have

A DAINTY STOCK

of choice Groceries, which should claim your attention at this time. We have many

New Delicacies

which will satisfy the taste of the most critical epicure. And we have a

NICE FRESH STOCK

of Staple Goods which we are selling at prices that leave only a very small margin of profit.

Choice Teas,
Aromatic Coffee.

All kinds of this season's

CANNED GOODS

and a fine stock of all the requisites for a Christmas Pudding. If low prices for standard goods will please you, send your orders.

GRAY & McGREGOR,
MADOC.

STAR GROCERY.

The Place to Buy Your Groceries.

GOODS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

now arriving daily.

SPECIAL DRIVES IN TEA.

Goods always fresh and new, and prices right. To every purchaser of

FIVE DOLLARS worth of GOODS

from now to the end of the year, we will give 1 LB. OF TEA, guaranteed worth fifty cents.

Call and get those bargains, as they will only be offered during the holidays

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

Wholesale and Retail.

CHURCH & TODD.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR

MILLINERY.

GREATEST SALE of the SEASON

Having done an immense business during the past season enables me to sell the balance of my stock of Silks, Satins, Plushes, Velvets, Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Feathers, Flowers, Coatings, Ulsterings, Tuques, &c., at the very lowest figure to make room for Spring Goods.

My display of Millinery and Fancy Goods discounts anything ever seen in Madoc.

New Goods, Latest Styles, Prices Right. Don't fail to see them before ordering.

We actually keep the largest stock of

Trimmed Hats & Bonnets

in Town.

A splendid variety of Holiday Notions now on hand.

MISS L. ELLIOTT.

Wilson Block, Madoc.

J. R. IRISH, L. D. S.

The only Licensed Dentist that visits MADOC, arrives at the WINDSOR HOUSE every Tuesday at one o'clock and stops until the next morning.

Vitalized air used if previously engaged. Can furnish better material and work and for a less fee than if remaining in the place the whole time. Mr. Irish visits Marmora 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of every month.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL.

THE BEST Hotel in the town. This Hotel has been lately refitted and repainted. We can give increased accommodation to the traveling public. First class sample rooms. Choice liquors and cigars. Excellent attention paid to guests. Good stabling and attentive hostlers. We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage, as you will find this second to no hotel in the county.
ROBT. SIMMONS, Prop.
Madoc, Aug. 14th, 1887. 19-1y

CHEAP MONEY.

The Subscriber has Private and Company Funds for Investment on

FARM AND VILLAGE PROPERTY
—at the—
LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST.

5, 5½ and 6 Per Cent.,
according to the description of the loans.
ALEX. A. McDONALD,
Solicitor, Madoc.
August, 10th, 1887. 19-tf

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC - ONT

NOTICE.

AT THE next meeting of the Municipal Council of the Township of Wollaston a by-law will be brought forward to open and establish a road running as follows:

Commencing at the centre of the line on the south side of lot No. 12, in the 15th con. of the Township of Wollaston, thence running a north westerly course across lots 12, 13, 14, 15, all in the 15th concession, until it strikes the side line between lots 15 and 16 in the 15th concession.

A. HERBERT WANE,
Tp. Clerk.
The Ridge, Dec. 19th, 1887. 37 4w

TWO CHRISTMASES;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF THE HAUNTED GARRET.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

I knew Hugh Tresillian too well not to feel perfectly safe in his hands. Any other man placed in the like position might ask me, knowing that when I refused him I forfeited Grayacre by the terms of the will. But Hugh Tresillian is a just and honorable gentleman—he would never be capable of such a mean and cowardly act. That he will ever ask me to marry him in earnest is out of the question—he knows I do not care for him as well as I know that he cares for Leslie Creed.

But who instigated the change in my uncle's will? At whose suggestion were those absurd conditions made? Whoever the meddler was, he has overreached himself. Instinctively I turn from Hugh to look at my aunt Wilks.

I guessed it was her work before I looked at her—I know it now. Her eyes refuse to meet mine, the hard unnatural colour has spread all over her face. Whether Hugh also accuses her of complicity or not I do not know; I do not think he looks at her, or at any one but me. He seems much more put out by the whole affair than I am—more startled by the extraordinary proviso, more astounded by the position in which it has placed him, less satisfied with my easy solution of the difficulty. But I judge only from the expression of his face. He says nothing—never opens his lips throughout the entire proceedings except to answer my two questions. But his stern face has grown white under all its sunburn, and his voice, in answering those two questions, was more unsteady than my own.

"This will, of course, renders the other null and void," Mr. Winder observes, speaking to my aunt. "There must be a power of administration taken out—Miss Ludlow will have some legal forms to go through; but we are her trustees as before—it can be done quite privately—nobody will think of instituting any inquiries about a thing which does not concern them—nobody need know anything about it except the four people present in this room, unless"—and he looks from Hugh to me with a comical smile on his chubby round face—"unless Mr. Tresillian and his cousin refuse to play into each other's hands."

"I am not afraid of that," I say confidently. "Grayacre is my own as much as it ever was—just as much as if you threw that will into the fire."

"Of course—just as much," Mr. Winder agrees, still looking at Hugh.

"Uncle Daniel was so wise and practical always—I cannot think he knew what he was doing when he made such an extraordinary arrangement," I go on, sitting up in my chair, with my hands folded in my lap, composedly regarding the attorney. "I dare say I could upset the whole thing by a plea of undue influence, if I could not prove that the poor old man was not in his right mind when he got you to draw up that document."

"Mr. Tresillian's mind never wandered up to the hour of his death," aunt Wilks observes, staring into the fire. "He was as sane as I am when he sent for me to witness his signature to that will."

"But," I go on, calmly ignoring her—I forgive her, for Laurie's sake, for attempting to rob me of my inheritance, but I cannot forget it just in a minute—"I am not going to institute any proceedings of the kind. Mr. Hugh Tresillian and I understand each other—we are both quite satisfied to let things remain as they are. And you will take the necessary steps to validate the will, Mr. Winder, as soon as possible?"

"We shall do so without loss of time."

"If I wanted any proof of my uncle's having been in a manner forced to make that unjust and foolish condition," I add, rising from my chair, "it would be in the fact of his remorse for having made it acting so powerfully upon him as to give him strength to rise from his bed—where he had lain helplessly for six months—in order to put it where his poor feeble mind imagined it would never be found."

"It would look as if he regretted having made it," Mr. Winder allows, "if—if he was not wandering a little——"

"But we have just heard that he did not wander at all."

"It certainly looks suspicious," Mr. Curtis remarks, as I wish them good morning and walk out of the room.

I do not see Hugh again until dinner-time; I believe he spends the interval walking about the snowy fields—my fields, which look so strange yet so familiar in their spotless shrouding, spread smoothly on the long slopes, rounding up to the bare black hedges, covering the low walls, lying deep on hay-rick and corn-stack—dazzling white in the cool sunshine—so white that even my white collie Dolly looks dingy as she stands by the barn door, and my ducks and geese quite yellow and dirty as they waddle down the snowy slope to the pond.

The two old Misses Jones dine with us—they have dined at Grayacre on Christmas Day for the last thirty years. Aunt Wilks has quite recovered her equanimity, and I feel too much relieved by the turn affairs have taken to harbour any spite against her, even if I could forget that she was Laurie's mother, or ignore the fact that what she did she did for Hugh's sake, probably never supposing the conditions would be disagreeable to me if Hugh cared to make himself agreeable—if he did not there was no harm done.

We dine in the oak parlor at four o'clock, and after dinner we all—that is, the Misses Jones and Hugh Tresillian and myself—go down to the school-house to help Anne Carmichael to pour out tea for all the poor in the village, who have a feast and Christmas-tree. When this is over, we go up to the Rectory and spend the remainder of the evening there.

We amuse ourselves with crackers after tea, before we go into the drawing-room to sing Christmas carols. Hugh takes one from the dish next to him, where it has been lying among the oranges, and offers one end of it to me. I pull it, laughing, but the cowfit and motto remain with my cousin. He opens the slip of paper and reads it, then hands it to me.

"Some nonsense!" I laugh, holding it to the light.

"When thou shalt love
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me."

CHAPTER IV.

The business which has been chiefly instrumental in bringing my cousin to England detains him longer than he first supposed it would; and I am glad of it, since he makes Grayacre his head-quarters, going backwards and forwards to London whenever he finds it necessary.

The days seem to have passed very quickly since Christmas; it is February now, and for the last two weeks the weather has been like June, the soft warm air filling one with dreams of summer, though the sunny blue haze veils only bare boughs yet and snowdrops are still to be found in the wood. But the robins sing, the thrushes hop about the furrows, the young lambs bleat in the pastures, the air is redolent with opening buds, of freshly turned mould, of moss and the young green tassels of the larches—indeed the whole atmosphere breathes of summer possibilities in a way which is to me as sweet as, if not sweetest than, summer itself.

I go about my farm as usual—yet not quite as usual either, for something in the sweet spring air seems to fill me with untiring vigour and buoyancy, with a gladness such as I do not remember to have felt since Laurie and I used to roam the meadows and climb the hills together. I am up and out of doors at six o'clock in the morning, going about with old Michael Foote the steward, or overlooking the corn-sowing, or the work in the garden. Sometimes after breakfast I walk as far as the moor or the Oak Spinney with Hugh when he is bound on some shooting expedition, or ride with him to the village or the Rectory, or even farther afield. But generally we spend the day independently of each other, meeting only at breakfast and spending the evening together; and by degrees we have both learned to look forward to the evenings so spent as the pleasantest hours of the twenty-four. Not that Hugh and I ever dream of caring more for each other than brother and sister, or, perhaps I should say cousins who like each other frankly and honestly with a calm Platonic affection, which though it fills us with no intoxicating delight, yet adds materially to our enjoyment of life and of the sweet spring weather. As for falling in love with each other, Hugh knows that my heart is buried in his brother's grave, and I know that he hears from his cousin Leslie by every mail. What aunt Wilks knows or thinks I cannot tell. She sits in her own room very much, with one of the younger maids waiting upon her. Hugh seems as devoted to her as ever. He was always fond and proud of his mother.

The windows at Grayacre stand wide open all day long. In the flower-borders the crocuses are up, purple and white and yellow; there are narcissuses down by the pond, the hedge at the end of the garden is white with blackthorn-blossoms, the long fields grow greener every day, the sweet-briar is in full leaf. I find primroses on the sunny side of the hedgerows and all along the lane. But just now my work takes me to the village principally, or rather to the new cottage hospital at the farther end of the village—the pretty red-brick building which I have built and endowed with my poor mother's money, as she always wished I should. It is finished and furnished, and most of the beds are full, for there has been a good deal of sickness in the neighborhood lately—not sickness of any infectious kind, but a sort of low fever for which Doctor Murray blames the low-lying marshes down by the river and the reedy swamps and "inches."

One day near the end of February I leave the hospital earlier than usual, having promised to meet Hugh at our old trysting place at the foot of the moor fields. It is a summer-like afternoon, with a soft gray mist lying low on the meadows and veiling the further woodland, while a glory of sunshine falls on the nearer slopes and throws my shadow far across the mossy turf, as I stroll deliberately in the direction of the fir wood.

No shade of sentiment flickers about the path that my cousin and I tread together, nor am I conscious of any of that intensity in the atmosphere which is supposed to surround a man and woman when they begin to care for each other. Still I am glad when I see the brown figure coming to meet me, far down in the hollow, with Rover and Dash at his heels. I shall feel lonely when he goes back to Canada; I shall miss the companionship which has made the winter seem so short and put new gladness into the spring.

We meet in the hollow, where the path winds among the flags and rushes, not very far from where the river steals across the gray moor.

"Punctual for once, Mistress Joan," he smiles under his dark moustache. "I did not hope to meet you nearer than the fir wood."

Dash is carrying a rabbit; I stoop to pat his curly head.

"I said I would come as far as the moor field."

"Somebody came with you as far as the rise!"

"Doctor Nesbitt came with me. He left me to walk across the fields to Cecil."

"How does he manage to have so much time to walk about with you?"

"He very seldom walks with me."

"Seldom!" my cousin repeats, with a savage little flash. "I don't know what you call 'seldom.' It seems to me that he walks with you every day!"

"Do you think it such an extraordinary thing that a young man should care to walk with me."

"On the contrary, I should think it an extraordinary thing if he did not."

"Then why do you make a row about it!"

"I am not making a row about it. I don't like Nesbitt. He is a puppy and a flirt."

"He knows better than to flirt with me!"—throwing up my head.

"If I thought he did not——"

"Pray do not trouble to take up my cudgels, Mr. Tresillian. I am quite well able to take care of myself."

There is glow for glow on our faces as we stand opposite to each other in the middle of the lush green field.

"Joan, would you quarrel with me for the sake of that young fool?"

"Would you quarrel with me because I allowed him to walk with me for a quarter of a mile?"

"Nothing would make me quarrel with you."

"Nor me with you."

We hold out our hands simultaneously. For a moment we stand there, hand clasping in hand, he looking down, I looking up, the dogs gazing at us curiously, at a loss to comprehend the situation.

"I have been thinking of you all day," my cousin says, his stern face relaxing.

"I thought of you when we came over the rise and saw you plodding through the swamp."

"Was that the first time you thought of me since you wished me good-bye in the porch this morning?"

"It could not have been since I came here to meet you!"

"I believe you have thought of me a hundred times since!"

"Well, and if I did? I do not care for any one else."

"But me?"

"I am not in love,"

"And I am."

"I knew it," I laugh, looking at him. "You said so at Christmas, though you have denied it since!"

"I denied that I cared for Leslie Creed—"

"And I did not believe you. People always deny that sort of thing."

"Do they?"

"I think so. Nobody has a right to ask—at least only one person has a right to ask such a question."

"You have a right to ask me any question you please, Joan."

"Oh, a cousin's right!"

"I am going to ask you a question now," he says deliberately, as we cross the rise and walk slowly into the solemn depths of the wood—"not on the strength of my cousin's right, but as a lover. Joan, will you marry me?"

At first I think he is only speaking in jest. He knows I will never marry him or any other man, and I believe him to be engaged to Leslie Creed.

"I would not jest on such a serious matter, Hugh."

"Nor would I, Joan."

"You are jesting now."

"I never was more in earnest."

"Why," I say, not yet comprehending the situation, "you know I do not care for you, cousin."

"I think you do care for me, Joan."

"I care for you as a cousin."

"No more than that?"

"Certainly, no more than that."

"Will you marry me, Joan?"

His persistance in the joke annoys me.

"If you say that again, I shall quarrel with you."

"I shall say it till you answer me, 'Yes' or 'No.' You shall not play with me any longer, Joan Ludlow."

"I play with you!" echo, the smile on my face gradually darkening into a frown.

"What do you mean, Hugh Tresillian?"

"I mean that if you do not care for me you have been playing fast and loose with me all these months."

"I am at a loss to understand you."

"You are at no loss to understand me. You know I love you."

"I do not believe it."

"You do believe it. You know I have loved you since the first day I saw your face."

Looking at him, into the passionate eyes, my heart beats fast.

Hugh Tresillian, how dare you speak those words to me?"

"Because they are true."

"They are not true. You love Leslie Creed."

"I have never loved any woman but you, and never shall, as long as I draw the breath of life."

Is this the end of all our friendly intercourse, of the pleasant Platonic affection on the calm tenor of which I was priding myself a little ago?

"I wish you had kept it to yourself, or gone away!" I exclaim petulshly, turning away my face. He has spoilt all our friendly relations towards each other by these few foolish passionate words.

"I could not keep it to myself; but I can go away if—if you send me away, Joan."

"You have left me no alternative."

"Except to marry me."

"I shall never marry you—you know that."

"Then why, in heaven's name," he exclaims, in a sudden fury of indignation, "did you lead me to think you would?"

"I never led you to think it. You might have heard me say a thousand times that such a thing could never be."

"And yet you let me be with you—you looked at me—you smiled! Joan Ludlow, did you think that I was made of stone, and not warm flesh and blood? Did you think that a man could live under the same roof with you, see you every day as I have seen you, without falling madly in love with you? For, if you did, you made the greatest mistake you ever made in your life!"

I do not answer him, for the good reason that I do not know what to say. His vehemence frightens me—the idea that he loves me is so novel that it takes away my breath. It makes me happy, in a tumultuous kind of way, to think that this brave, broad-shouldered cousin loves me so much; but it is a happiness that has a good deal of pain in it, a good deal of vague regret. It is so useless—so worse than useless unless—But my thoughts will go no further than that "unless."

"I will make you love me, Joan, if you will only give me the chance."

It seems like the answer to my thought. Could I love him? Fool that I am to ask myself such a question!

"I am sorry all this has happened, cousin Hugh; for, though I am fond of you as a cousin, I could never love you well enough to marry you."

"Then you refuse?"

Something in his look or tone, I know not what, or whether he intends it, brings a sudden thought into my mind.

"Hugh," I exclaim passionately, all the blood in my body rushing back to my heart—"Hugh Tresillian, do you know what you have done?"

"I have asked you to marry me."

"But only in jest—say it was only in jest!" I cry seizing him by the arm. "Say you were not in earnest, Hugh, for Heaven's sake—say you never meant me to take it seriously, and I shall pray for you all the days of my life!"

"I meant it quite seriously," he reiterates sullenly.

"And do you know," I say, dropping his arm and standing before him—"do you know the consequences to me?"

"I know what you mean."

"And yet you deliberately presist in putting that question to me?"

"I do persist in it."

"You have robbed me of Grayacre!" I say, in a lower tone, staring at him in the dim green light of the pine wood. "You have asked me to marry you, knowing that I lose Grayacre if I refuse!"

"You have not refused me yet."

"It is not I you want, but Grayacre! You never loved me—you never wanted to marry me—you asked me because you knew I should say 'No!'"

"You wrong me, Joan Ludlow."

"You are a liar and a robber!" I cry, beside myself with passion. "You laid your plans deliberately to deprive me of my inheritance—you told me you would never do it, but you have done it!"

"I told you I would never do it, because I would never have asked you unless I thought you cared for me."

"I do not care for you—I hate you! You came here and eat at my hearth and ate of my bread, and now you turn round and rob me! What do you call yourself, Hugh Tresillian?"

"I do not want Grayacre—curse it! I am only fool enough and mad enough to want you!"

"It is a lie!"

"If it is, I am not worthy of you," he says more quietly. "If it is not, Joan Ludlow, you are not worthy of me."

"Oh, no, I am not worthy of you!" I cry passionately. "And yet—and yet—you dared just now to ask me to be your wife?"

"And I ask you again."

"And I——"

"Stop, Joan? I will not take your answer now."

"You shall take it! I know what I am doing. If I refuse you, I lose Grayacre, and I do refuse you. Grayacre is mine now——"

"And you may keep it!"

"But it will be yours in a minute——"

"Wait, Joan? Let there be no question of Grayacre at all. Will you marry me? I ask you for the third time."

"No—no—no!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Accomplished Swindler.

Thirty years in the livery business gives a man a varied experience and a knowledge of men as well as horses.

I was standing in the door of my stable one afternoon just at the close of the civil war, when a medium-sized, hunch-backed man walked up and inquired if he could be accommodated with a first-class rig for a few days, saying that he wished to investigate an extensive tract of mineral land in that and the adjoining country in the interest of a large syndicate in the east. I exercised the usual precaution of asking his name, where he was from, and if he could give me references. He readily answered my two first queries, but stated that he was a stranger in the place, but had letters, and produced a half dozen introductory epistles from many gentlemen of national reputation. One was from our congressman, whose hand writing I knew, and another was from the governor of our state. It struck me that his credentials were strongly worded, but my desire to please so good a customer, and one associating with the elite of the land, induced my willing acceptance, and I ordered out the finest double team we had. In fact, it was the only pair in the stable that pleased him, and, as he seemed to have plenty of money and proposed paying an exorbitant price, I saw no reason why Mr. Albaugh should not have the pleasure of riding behind my $800 bays. As he took the lines preparatory to starting he turned, with the air of a man who has forgotten something, and inquired if I wished a deposit, stating that he might not return before the third day. I replied in the negative, wished him a prosperous trip and bade him good day.

I watched them disappear with a feeling of pride—proud to be the possessor of an out-fit pleasing to a man of such fastidious tastes, and proud to know that my name was so well known with those occupying seats so high in public life.

The third day came, and the fourth, and still no return of my team. Leaving my business in the care of an employer, I started in pursuit. At the railroad station I received a dispatch from a party inquiring if I had lost a pair of horses; if so to await further particulars. I wired that I had, and demanded information about them. The next train brought the author of the message, who was the exact image of the man who had hired my team, excepting the hunch-back. The man who drove my team away was in this particular very much deformed, while this one was straight of build and differently dressed. This similarity was easily accounted for. The man who hired my horses was his twin brother, and an accident in childhood had occasioned the deformity and affected his mind. At times he imagined himself the possessor of property; and, during these periods of mental aberration would accaden his friends much trouble and anxiety. One of these spells had seized him after leaving my stable, and he concluded to drive to his home in Cincinnati. While en route to that point the horses had taken fright at a moving train and run away. The buggy was dashed to pieces. Albaugh was badly injured and death caused, as the undertaker's certificate testified. One of the horses was killed and the other so crippled that it had to be killed. This was all told in such an earnest, plausible manner that it carried conviction, and when he begged to know how much money would settle the unfortunate affair, I was more than ever persuaded of the genuineness of the man's story.

I answered that one thousand dollars would not have tempted me to part with them.

"Under the circumstances," said he, "will you take that? I am sorry for you, but could you know what a life that brother has led me, and the money his kleptomania has cost me, your heart would pity me, I know."

And to tell the truth, I did pity him. He had turned from the burial of his brother to pay for his brother's folly, and his crushed spirits showed the anguish of his feelings.

So I took the fellow's hand after receiving the $1,000, and thanked him for the gentlemanly manner in which he had tried to right his brother's wrong, and we parted.

A few years later, I was attending the fair at Louisville, and admiring the beauty and speed of the fine horses exhibited on the track, when my attention was directed to a splendid pair of bays driven by a colored groom; they looked so like the pair I had lost that I took advantage of the first opportunity to critically examine them, and from certain peculiar marks soon satisfied myself they were the identical pair of horses the oily hunch-back had three years before driven from my stable.

Finding the owner, I inquired of him how he came to find such beautiful matches, and so like a familiar pair that I once owned.

"I bought them in Cincinnati," said he, "from an importer of blooded stock; this was a picked pair from his importation which he had reserved for his special use; but urgent business called him to Europe, and not caring to leave them in hired hands necessitated his selling."

"I bought the pair for $2,900, and have many times been offered more than double that money, but $6,000 would not tempt me. They have beauty and speed, and are to-day the fastest double team in the State."

"Could you describe the man from whom you bought them?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, "the man from whom I purchased was medium sized, apparently forty years of age, with hair quite gray—prematurely, I should think—and in general appearance clerical. One would not have taken him for a stockman. He was well informed and one of the most agreeable conversationalists I ever met."

I explained my part in the history of the horses and how I lost them. He ignored my belief that they were the same horses, but I brought forward such overwhelming evidence in proof of my ownership that he agreed to surrender.

I paid him $1000, the amount which I received from the rogue, feeling that he was the more injured of the two, and received back my team, mutually agreeing to spend another thousand, if necessary, in bringing to justice our thief; for we were persuaded that the hunch-back, the twin brother and the clerical-looking person were one and the same individual.

A minute description was given to detectives in the various large cities of our country; police reports were carefully read, but nothing from our man could be discovered. Finally, believing that he had been picked up under some assumed name and imprisoned, I had almost allowed the matter to fade from my mind, when one winter, my health failing me, I heeded the advice of my physician and went to Florida. In St. Augustine I took board at a sort of select hotel, patronized principally by northern families wintering there for health and pleasure, and all of them representatives of wealth. Among the guests at the dinner table my first evening there, was a young lady of rare beauty and engaging manners to whom I was introduced as Miss Effie McKnight, the only daughter of a widow from Baltimore.

Our landlady turned to the daughter and said: "Miss Effie, I have pleasing news for you. Count Vah Earl has written, engaging rooms, saying we may expect him in a day or two."

At this announcement the count became the topic of conversation, and I saw in the pleased smile which flitted across Miss Effie's face that the count's coming interested her particularly; and in the two days preceding his arrival, I noted the eager interest she took in everything pertaining to him.

I have often thought that the pursuit of any coveted object up to the very eve of its possession is the most blissful state of human existence; there is nothing in the possessing of that object that even approaches the dreamy, hopeful, happy longing for the time to come when the cherished idol of our hearts will be ours to hold in contentment.

But this aside, Count Van Earl, I learned, had not only an immense fortune, but was heir prospective to an extensive landed estate in England and Wales. He was an Oxford graduate and had taken an extra course in Edinburg. His travels had taken in every point of the compass, and he talked like a book about the beauties of Siberian wilds and the splendor of Oriental skies; he had touched the mould and dust of ancient tombs, and walked with the Turk among his modern graves; in fact, this titled scion of nobility was so promising an acquisition to our select circle that it was not surprising to see an extra display of silver on the table for the greeting of the count.

I remember well the morning of his arrival. My room opened fronting the hall, and as he ascended the broad stairway in company with his valet, I had a fair view of his face. It was the face of my notorious swindler and thief; a face that once seen could hardly be forgotten, especially when the force of circumstances had photographed it on the memory, as in my case.

Now here was a dilemma. This man was society's pet and the affianced husband of a beautiful and aristocratic lady, and I a stranger. But I resolved to act, and act at once. So leaving the house I sought and obtained an interview with a well known detective who carried the seal of authority, and acquainted him of the facts. Together we returned to the house, and walked boldly to the "count's" door. The officer introduced himself by giving his name, but not his business, and said:

"Here is an old acquaintance who desires an interview."

"How do you do, Mr. Albaugh," said he "glad to see you."

"What do you mean, sir," said he, "coming into a gentleman's room in this rude way? I am Count Van Earl, sir; here is my card."

"And here is mine," I answered. "You remember that team you hired at my stable for a three days' drive. I recovered it three years afterward and now I want you, Capt. Bowen, to take charge of this man;" and the detective obeyed.

The rogue wilted at once and begged to be shielded from exposure. The affair had been so quietly worked that when I went down and asked that dinner be sent to the count's room and explained the reason, it fell like a bomb.

Miss Effie at first spurned the idea of his guilt; but the detective's shrewd questioning secured such a confession as to condemn him even in the mind of his affianced, and she refused to see him again.

That night he was quietly removed, but while in the care of a deputy officer, who was guarding him, he managed to escape, and was never again seen or heard of by me. He was, without doubt, the most accomplished scoundrel on sea or land, and if living to-day is sailing under brilliant colors somewhere.

The music of the Chinese theatre at San Francisco has made the following impression on a local journalist:—"Imagine yourself in a kettle manufactory of four hundred hands, all busily engaged in hammering. Suppose you have on the right a rivet work in full activity and a quartz mill on the left. Add six hundred drunken men in front, supplied with every kind of instrument, and four thousand infuriated cats on the roof. You may form some faint idea of the performances of a Chinese orchestra."

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

HOME.

Extremely cold weather prevails throughout the North-West.

Brantford capitalists have reasonable hopes of the success of their natural gas experiment.

An immense quantity of snow is reported on the Eastern section of the Canadian Pacific railway.

The Simcoe grand jury believes that the usefulness of grand juries in the administration of justice is gone.

No one can visit Toronto without remarking the splendid appearance of its policemen, says the Montreal *Star*.

There are now seven petitions for the repeal of the Canada Temperance Act before the Minister of Justice.

The Halifax branch of the Imperial Federation League is to discuss the following problem:—"Shall there be a Pan Britannic customs union including Great Britain, the colonies and India?"

The Labor Commission has discovered that some manufacturers pay as low as twenty-seven cents a dozen for the making of cotton shirts and as low as $1.20 per dozen for waistcoats.

The Manitoba Government has arrived at a settlement of the Red River Valley claim with Messrs. Ryan & Helney. Ninety thousand dollars will be taken in bonds, and a claim for $150,000 will be referred to arbitration.

The new Premier of Manitoba is an Ontario man. The Premier of British Columbia is also a native of the pivot province. Despite the pressure upon our supply of premiers, we have still a large assortment of political talent on hand.

American experts are prospecting for natural gas in the Ottawa Valley. The indications are said to be excellent and if the hopes of the projectors are realized a tremendous impetus will be given to the iron trade of that district.

The cultivation of lobsters on the British Columbia coast is to be followed by the encouragement of oysters. The North-West now draws all its oysters from Baltimore; but it is claimed that if the British Columbia oyster were assisted—he has already a little protection from the tariff—he would control the Western market.

Manitoba grass-fed beef was a feature of the Toronto Christmas market. The cattle, of which one car-load was sent from Winnipeg, arrived in such good condition that Mr. John Hallam, referring to them in a letter to Winnipeg, says; "If this let be a fair sample of the beef raised in Manitoba and the North-West our Ontario farmers will need to look to their laurels."

UNITED STATES.

Norvin Green says that Jay Gould could settle up and have $60,000,000

It costs the United States $2,000,000 a year to carry on the war of 1812 even at this late date.

The town of Wakefield, Mich., was almost entirely destroyed on Christmas night by fire, which originated by a pet monkey upsetting a lamp.

George W. Childs, the Philadelphia editor and philanthropist, possesses a table service worth $50,000, a clock that cost $6,000 and 20,000 valuable autographs.

Prohibition without a prohibition law is enforced in a place called Anjola, Indiana. The license commissioners simply decline to issue licenses, and there the matter ends.

Wisconsin court has decided that a husband may open his wife's letters. That is all very well, so far as it goes, but what this country wants is a law to protect a husband who forgets to mail his wife's letters.

A man in a Western town hanged himself to a bedpost by his suspenders. The coroner's jury, which was composed of mothers, decided that "The deceased came to his death by coming home drunk and mistaking himself for his pants."

C. H. Wilkins and Edward Somers, of San Antonio, Canyon, Col., were recently treed by a mountain lion at midnight, and kept in the tree until morning. Then a party of friends came along, saw the predicament of the two men and shot the lion.

Jay Gould is reported to have said recently that the speculators have make a plaything of his health for years, and that he could shake Wall street to its foundations by simply standing on the steps of the Stock Exchange building, striking his forehead with his hand and giving a groan or two.

A sick Buffalonian, who appears to have felt as great an opposition to cremation as to the ordinary forms of disposing of deceased persons, left in his will explicit directions for an undertaking of his own. He willed his body to the medical college, with instructions to carefully preserve his skeleton.

The present Congress may increase the number of States in the Union from thirty-eight to forty-two by the admission of Montana, Washington, Dakota, and Utah Territories. The Democrats don't want them to come in in time to vote for President in 1888, as one or two are sure to elect Republican delegates.

Every man in the United States will soon be in the receipt of a pension. The taxpayers are already paying in pensions as much as it costs to maintain the German army, and now it is proposed to pension "dependent relatives of deceased soldiers and sailors." This should cover everybody; at least everybody who has a vote.

Rev. Dr. McGlynn, whose ex-communication by Archbishop Corrigan, of New York; on account of his Henry George principle, caused such a sensation, received a handsome Christmas box from his old parishioners of St. Stephen's church, New York. It was a cheque for $1,200 and an accompanying address stated that Dr. McGlynn had still the devotion unchanged and unchangeable, of his old flock.

At Findlay, O., on Monday, a natural gas explosion occurred in the dwelling house of James Lunday. In the house were James Lunday, his wife and three children. Mrs. Lunday attempted to light the gas in the stove, when it exploded, blowing out the east end of the house and the family with it. Mr. Lunday's hair was burned and Mrs. Lunday's hair and clothing also. Towards evening Mrs. Lunday died a raving maniac. One child is now dying of its injuries. Mr. Lunday is now a maniac from his injuries and the loss of his wife, and the two remaining children are in great agony from burns.

New York Advocate: During the last five years the postal regulation of this country have been so radically changed that the revenue derived from the service has been decreased one-half, if not two thirds. Many features of great convenience to the public have been introduced, and to defray these and a half million dollars was anticipated. To the surprise of the authorities, however, the deficiency is, comparatively speaking, slight, and the department will soon be on a paying basis. Our people enjoy greater postal privileges than any other; and that the service has been made profitable, while these advantages have been secured, is a clear evidence of the great prosperity with which God has blessed our land.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor died in New York on Monday, to the immense regret of everybody, especially of the poor and distressed. Her private income of over $100,000 she expended in unostentatious charities. During the past 10 years she had provided homes in the country for 1,413 homeless children at an expense of over $21,000. In hundreds of ways this woman of tender heart and great wealth sought out and relieved the wants of the needy. Standing at the head of the wealthiest and most cultivated class in the city, a splendid linguist, a woman of the finest education and most charming disposition, her peerless achievements were her magnificent charities, and now that she has gone all classes call her blessed.

The folly of the claim that our drouths are due to drainage, is well shown by an Iowa correspondent of the *American Bee Journal*, who says that while Iowa has an annual rainfall of thirty-five inches all the water contained in all the lakes, ponds, sloughs, rivers and creeks, if spread over the state, would not make an inch in depth. Local evaporation from water surfaces can out no figure in the average rainfall of Iowa, and still less in Southern Dakota and Western Kansas and Nebraska, which, while offering scarcely any water surface for evaporation, have this year had rainfall in excess of sections offering quite a percentage of water surface. The ideas of these anti-drainage theorists, if adopted, would arrest one of the most important methods to the farmer for improving his farms and guarding against the injurious effects of excessive moisture or its opposite. Fortunately the fallacy of these theories has been so fully shown that no harm is likely to result from their somewhat wide publication.

Chicago has wholly lost its reputation as a divorce centre. Detroit has won the record for speed, while New York seems to be entitled to stand at the top of the list so far as numbers are concerned, although its laws on the subject are more stringent than those of any other State. The New York *Sun* recently investigated the matter, the result being the discovery of a most scandalous state of affairs. The number of real and fradulent divorces obtained in that city in one year is estimated at 1,500. Very many of these are illegal, being secured from regular divorce-mongers. "The cheapest piece of paper," we are told, "that purports to be a divorce costs $25, and the most elaborate kind, with a full set of witnesses, a referee and a genuine seal, is promised for $750, to be paid in instalments as the steps were taken, or for less if the sum was paid in a lump." The time varies from twenty-four hours to three months, the latter period being required to secure an "ironclad" divorce. It is about time for the United States to adopt one divorce law for the whole country, and to see that it is strictly enforced.

FOREIGN.

The offerings for the Papal jubilee mass amount to $200,000.

The Shah of Persia has more than $100,000,000 worth of jewellery.

The German Crown Prince has definitely rejected the regency proposal.

The British mission to Abyssinia failed to induce King John to sue for peace with the Italians.

Guatemala revolutionaries have been defeated in a bloody battle and the rising stamped out.

It is rumored that Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt has purchased a large estate that belonged to the Earl of Buckingham.

The Queen's jubilee gift to the Pope consists of a golden ewer and basin, which his Holiness intends to use in celebrating Jubilee mass.

It will please the author of "Ten Acres Enough" to learn that an acre of ground not far from Charing Cross is now in the market at $1,120,000.

In the capitals of European countries the talk is still of war. It is thought on all hands that the pot cannot keep boiling for ever without something happening.

The doors of all the great Russian universities, with the exception of the University of Moscow, have been closed by order of the Czar, on account of the riotous conduct of the students.

A short time ago the Ameer of Afghanistan seized thirteen men of the Mungal tribe at Logar and had them killed at Chawan, in Cabul. They were shaved and a circle of mud was made on their heads, in which oil was put and burnt.

Once more Lord Randolph Churchill's stock shows an upward tendency. He is looked upon as the fighting man of the Tory party, although since his retirement from the cabinet he has shown a disposition, Achilles-like, to sulk in his tent.

The Channel tunnel project keeps bobbing up with great persistency. Every now and then it is bowled out by the British parliament, but its projectors are not to be disheartened, and Sir Edward Watkin declares that the tunnel is bound to come. The Channel tunnel is simply a hole in the ground between England and France. The Channel is the choppiest place on earth, and is never likely to be anything else.

A Startling Discovery.

A startling and important discovery was made when, after long and patient experiments, the combination of NERVILINE was reached. A grand victory, indeed, for the suffering have an ever ready, prompt, efficient, and cheap remedy at hand. Do you know that for 10 cents you can buy a trial bottle of Polson's Nerviline and test its great power over pain ot every description? Polson's Nerviline cures chills, pain in the stomach, side, and back, rheumatism; in fact all pain. Sold by druggists and country dealers.

The Irish Schoolmaster.

The Irish schoolmaster, as Mr. Holmie has depicted him, was a frequent figure in the Ireland of fifty, and even thirty years ago. With the introduction of national schools his quaint and pleasant personality passed away, and, alas! he has left no successor. He was invariably a bachelor—if not vowed to celibacy, perhaps terrified by his daily experiences from attempting matrimony, with its possible results, or perhaps, to take the kinder view, his pupils supplied for him the family life, and his vocation was one which admitted of no rivalship.

His kept alight the lamp of learning in a very modest fashion, unlike his successors, with their debased Gothic grey stone schoolhouses; the national school in an Irish village usually sharing with the constabulary barrack the distinction of a gaunt and pretentious ugliness. His instruments, too, how different! A dog's-eared Latin grammar, a Greek lexicon in a similar sad case, a "Reading Made Easy," or, as the Irish peasant prefers to call it, a "Readamedaisy" (this is phonetic spelling, of course, for I go only upon auricular evidence); these and little more sufficed. In summer his academy was at the back of a blooming hedge, facing the south wind and sheltered by an overhanging hawthorne. In winter the school had the shelter of some such modest cabin as Mr. Holmie show us, where, round a turf fire on a grateless hearth, the boys squatted, warming their spirits at the flame of knowledge, and bringing their shins to a high degree of mottledness by the aid of the actual fire.

Sprung from the people, the Irish schoolmaster was of the people, only overtopping them in their estimation, and yet more in his own, by the majesty of conscious learning. To their hearthstones at night his welcome was a warm one; two places of honor were there, one for him, the other for the wandering minstrel. It was a time of widest hospitality, a time when the slightly leer of strabismus had always an extra handful of meal dropped in "for the man coming over the hill." Our schoolmaster was affable despite his attainments; he would read the paper aloud with much stately pomposity, expounding as he went, would listen amiably to and praise the fiddler's music, and the boys' and girls' songs, and the old people's stories, and would himself chant, in a high cracked voice, lays wherein classical and mythological persons of ancient Greece and Rome figured oddly side by side with moderns, for your hedge schoolmaster was above all things a classicist. Nor was his learning aught to be despised. At a time when education was to the lower Irish a forbidden fruit, and Maynooth but a vision of the future, who shall say how many lips athirst for knowledge drank and found refreshment at the humble fountain? The Irish as a people hanker after learning, and value its possession greatly. It is recorded that at an earlier period still, the hedge schoolmaster's academy was often the church-yard, the inscriptions on the gravestones serving for books, and a piece of chalk and the stones for a pencil and slate. The Munster peasant, then, though ignorant of English, could often read Latin like a citizen of old Rome, and was able to converse in the tongue of Cicero and Virgil with any kindly and intellectual English tourist whom chance might send his way.

It is interesting to find how many of the hedge schoolmasters were also poets. The native Irish poets of the last century were nearly always recruited from this profession and very often poetry is of a high order. This is not surprising, perhaps, because the schoolmaster was an abstract kind of being, living apart from his fellow-creatures, and with seldom the companionship of even the kindly domestic animals. English or anything else modern he despised; hence the English spoken by him and taught to his scholars was of a very inflated kind, its merit being estimated by the number of its syllables. He left this inheritance to the peasantry of yesterday and to-day.

TOBING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture: intense itching and stinging; most at night: worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

They have found a bumblebee in Borneo, with a stinger an inch long.

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Watson's cough drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. See that the letters R. & T.W. are stamped on each drop.

India will send to England this year about 82,000,000 pounds of tea.

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The opium habit, dipsomania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over-exertion of the brain, and loss of nerve strength, from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause not mentioned above, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for the Science of Treatise, in book form, of *Diseases of Man*. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M. V. Lamont, 27 Wellington street East, Toronto Ont.

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CHEMALINE HAIR RENEWER restores grey and faded hair to its natural color and prevents falling out.

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Over a hundred years have passed since the close of the revolutionary war, yet on the pension rolls of the United States Government are the names of 38 widows of soldiers of the revolution.

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A. P. 279

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for us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty. Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U.S.

P. W. GRAHAM & CO., 238 Yonge St., Toronto, dealers in all kinds Band and Orchestra Instruments, both New and second-Hand. Vocal and Instrumental Music, Music Books, etc. Instruction Books for every Instrument. Agents for Carl Fischer's Band & Orchestra Music. Send for Catalogues.

$1,000 CHALLENGE.

That all New York papers Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict challenge all writing machines to a test of speed with the Remington Standard Typewriter. For particulars apply to

GEO. BENGOUGH,

Canadian Agent. 26 King St. E., Toronto.

SAUSAGE CASINGS.

BEST IMPORTED ENGLISH SHEEPS, also Small American Hogs Casings. Quality guaranteed. In lots to suit purchasers. Write for prices.

Jas. Park & Son.

—THE—

Toronto Silver Plate Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE HIGHEST GRADE OF

SILVER PLATED WARES.

TRADE MARK.

ALL GOODS GUARANTEED.

TORONTO.

CANADA PERMANENT

LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY

INCORPORATED A.D. 1855.

Subscribed Capital,	$3,500,000
Paid-up Capital,	2,500,000
Reserve Fund,	1,100,000
Total Assets,	9,001,611

Office:—Coy's Bldgs, Toronto St., Toronto.

STRAIGHT LOANS, OR CREDIT FONCIER PLAN.

The Company has a large amount of money to lend on Real Estate securities at the lowest current rate of interest repayable either in one sum or by instalments as may be desired by the borrower. Applications may be made direct to the undersigned by letter or otherwise, or to the local representatives of the Company throughout Ontario. As the Company always has funds on hand no delay need be expected. Expenses reduced to minimum.

Mortgages and Municipal Debentures Purchased.

J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director.

YOUNG MEN

Desiring to obtain a Business Education, or become proficient in Shorthand and Typewriting, should attend the

BRITISH AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

Arcade, Yonge street, Toronto.

For Circulars, etc., address C. O'DEA, Secretary

LADIES' Dress and mantle cutting by this new and improved

TAILORS' SQUARE.

Satisfaction guaranteed to teach ladies the full art of cutting all garments worn by ladies and children. PROF SMITH, 1565 Queen St W., Toronto. Agents wanted.

BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

A Beautiful Imported Birthday Card sent to any baby whose mother will send us the names of two or more other babies, and their parents' addresses. Also a handsome Rose mond Dye Sample Card to the mother any much valuable information.

Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal.

NEW & SECOND-HAND MACHINERY

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

H. W. PETRIE.

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PATENTS For Sale—Illustrated Descriptive Circulars free. R. Cassidy, Toronto

IF you have invented anything useful, patent it and make money. Write for Hanson's Guide to Patents, to A. Hanson, Patent Attorney and publisher of "The Patent Review," Ottawa, Ont. 10 yrs. experience.

DOBELL'S COUGH, Cold and Consumption—An old and well established remedy. Invented by A. J. Dobell, Chemist to the Queen. Dobell's Inflammatory Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout and Lumbago, who was cured himself by it after being three years on crutches. The remedy will be supplied to any part of Canada on receipt of price. Druggists overcharging who order it. Send for circulars. Price of 8 oz. bottles, Liniment $1.00, Pills 25c. A. J. DOBELL'S CHEMISTRY, Petrolia, Ont.

CHINIQUY'S FIFTY YEARS.

In the Church of Rome—10th edition—cheaper by price, 832 pages. Agents, Ladies or Gentlemen, to sell this WITH, Vaccination and Trades book. Liberal terms. Address, A. G. WATSON, TORONTO WEEKLY TRACT DEPOSITORY, TORONTO.

TOBOGGANS, SNOWSHOES, MOCCASINS,

Wholesale and Retail.

Discounts to Clubs and Dealers. Send for Catalogue.

A.T. LANE, CARNIVAL HOUSE, MONTREAL.

Nervous Debility.

DR. GRAY'S Specific has been used for the past fifteen years, with great success, in the cure of Nervous Debility, and all diseases arising from excesses, over-worked brain, loss of vitality, ringing in the ears, palpitation, etc. For sale by all druggists. Price $1 per box, or 6 boxes for $5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Pamphlet on application.

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Toronto.

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MANITOBA.

Farmers going to Manitoba will find it to their advantage to call upon or write to W. B. Gillett, 523 Main Street, Winnipeg, who has improved farms for sale.

Information cheerfully furnished without charge. Money advanced to bona fide settlers at low rates of interest upon persons property to assist them in starting.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland; also from Baltimore, via Halifax and St. John's, N.F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter to and from Halifax, Portland, Boston and Philadelphia; and during summer between Glasgow and Montreal weekly; Glasgow and Boston weekly, and Glasgow and Philadelphia fortnightly.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shaw & Co., St. John's, N.F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N.B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; Wm. Brooks, Philadelphia; H. A. Allen Portland; Boston Montreal.

MAY APPLE BLOOD SYRUP

THE greatest discovery of the age for Regulating the bowels and Curing all Blood Liver and Kidney Complaints. A perfect Blood Purifier. A cure in Hamilton who have been benefitted by its use; Mrs. M. Keenan 198 Robert St. cured of Dyspepsia of 2 yrs. standing; Robt. Cornell, 24 south street, daughter cured of Multiple fits after years suffering; female Ritrol, 55 Walnut street, cured of Weakness and Lung Trouble; John Wood, 30 Catherine st., cured of Liver Complaint and Biliousness, used only 3 fifty-cent bottles; Mrs. J. Seal, 6 Augusta Pl., troubled for years with Nervous Prostration, two small bottles gave her great relief. Sold at 50c. & $1. F. F. DALLEY & CO., Proprietors.

STANDARD CHOPPING MILLS.

USES BEST FRENCH BURR MILL STONES.

FINEST GRINDER BUTTER WORKS OR REMOVABLE PLATES AS IN HORSE MILLS

STONES WILL LAST A LIFE TIME

FEED MILL, ELEVATORS AND SCREEN

20 INCH STANDARD CHOPPER

Have also Root Cutting, Seed Sowing and Cob Grinder, for circular.

WATEROUS E.W. Co. BRANTFORD, CANADA.

BARNUM WIRE and IRON WORKS,

WINDSOR, ONT.

We are offering special inducements to purchasers of Iron Fence for delivery this fall.

We Guarantee the Best and Cheapest Fences made in the Dominion.

IRON FENCES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. - Send for Catalogue.

FARMERS & THRESHERS,

USE ONLY YOUR MACHINERY ONLY THE WELL-KNOWN

CAPITOL CYLINDER, HURON BAND MACHINE, OIL TEMPER CYLINDERS, GLOBE ENGINE

Peerless Oil

NINE GOLD MEDALS Have been awarded it during the last four years. Try also PEERLESS AXLE GREASE for your Wagons and Horse Power.

Manufactured at QUEEN CITY OILWORKS by

SAMUEL ROGERS & CO. TORONTO.

A SENSATION!

Opinion of a Fashionable Woman of the World.

"Do you expect to win in your dress reform movement," was asked of Mrs. Annie Jeannes-Miller, 19 E. 14th St., New York, editor of *Dress*.

"I hope to!"

"Why do you object to the present style?"

"It is ungraceful, deforming and injurious."

"Do ladies generally support the reform?"

"Yes, very generally. My correspondence is very heavy. Next to Mrs. Cleveland's mine is said to be the largest daily mail of any woman's in the United States, and from not only every state in the Union but from almost every country of Europe."

"Is the magazine, *Dress* succeeding?"

"Very handsomely, indeed. *Dress* has been published less than a year, and I am gratified with reports from all over the world of the acceptance by ladies in the very highest rank, of the reform which *Dress* advocates."

Mrs. Miller is a comely woman in appearance, and is very enthusiastic in her dress reform agitation. As the New York *Graphic* says: "She herself is young and attractive, with a figure so harmoniously developed as to suggest strength, power and beauty."

The reform which she is urging with so much eloquence and grace seems to be the coming one. Mrs. Jeannes-Miller has the advantage of high social position, being of the same family with the late Wendell Phillips, and the poet, Oliver Weddell Holmes.

"It is in the fashionable world, of course, where all the styles are determined, and where *the change must begin*," she says.

"How do you endure so much work and keep so well?"

"I dress myself according to my own ideas, and furthermore, I give myself the best of care and treatment. Six years ago, I was nearly exhausted from my work of lecturing, writing, etc."

"Indeed, you do not look it now!"

"No! I am not now. I am now a perfectly well woman and intend to remain so. You see I understand the laws of life too well to be or remain ill, but strange as it may seem for one to say who is opposed to medicines on general principals, if I find myself tired or feeling ill I fly to the one single remedy which I do endorse, and that is Warner's safe cure, which gives new energy and vitality to all my powers. It is indeed what I sometimes call my 'stand by.' I have many opportunities to recommend it, and embrace them gladly, because I know that it is thoroughly reliable, and for women *especially effective*. Indeed, I often find myself recommending it to my friends as warmly as I do my magazine, or indeed my improved garments, and this I would not do did I not personally know of its virtues!"

Mrs. Miller insists that all women can and must be beautiful, and will be so if they follow her style of dress and self treatment.

"Will you not state, briefly, in jest what your reform consists?"

"Oh, with pleasure! I propose a jersey fitting garment to be worn next to the body, making of woman a vision of loveliness!

II. "Over this I put a cotton or linen garment, of one piece, without bands or binding, covering the entire body also.

III. "In place of the petticoats I propose one complete body covering garment called 'leglettes.'

IV. "We abandon the corset entirely as totally unfit for use, in its common form, and we substitute therefor a supple supporting waist, and then we make the outside gown as beautiful as artistic skill and common sense can design."

Mrs. Miller's words of counsel, which every woman should heed, will undoubtedly give to the women of America some new ideas upon a subject so very near to each of them.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—Bilious affections, which all their concomitant annoyances induced by atmospheric changes, or too liberal diet, should be checked at once, or serious consequences may ensue. When any one finds his ideas less clear than usual, his eyesight dimmed, and his head dizzy, accompanied by a disinclination for all exertion, physical or mental, he may be quite sure that he is in immediate need of some alterative medicine. Let him at once send for a box of Holloway's Pills, a mild course of which will remove the symptoms, and speedily renew his usual healthful feeling. If the bowels be irritable, Holloway's Ointment should be diligently rubbed over the stomach and liver every night and morning.

—The doctors are wavering in their opinion as to whether the Crown Prince is really afflicted with a cancer.

Rev. Eli Woodcock says: I have been severely troubled with catarrh for 15 years. On the recommendation of a friend I tried Nasal Balm. I have used part of a small bottle, which has given me great relief.

—An American vessel was wrecked near Waterford, Ireland, on the 4th, and her crew of 25 men lost.

John Gamble, wood chopper, was struck by a falling tree at Opinican recently, and his scalp peeled off to the neck. He is seriously injured.

C. P. R. Collision.

A terrible collision occurred between two freight trains on the Canadian Pacific Railway on Friday on the high trestle between Peninsula and Stewart, near Schreiber, at which point is a big curve. The trestle and both trains went down, falling 120 feet. Eight men were on the train, seven of whom were killed; the other escaped by jumping into a tree. The cause of the accident was in the carelessness of the operators in not properly executing crossing orders. The jury at the inquest on the victims of the collision found conductor Cochrane, his engineer and operator Lawson responsible. The three were arrested and [illegible] Arthur goal.

Flood in China.

LONDON, Eng., Jan. 6th.—Late details of the floods make the story one of the most terrible in history. What was a beautiful, populous district of ten thousand square miles, is now a rolling sea. At least three million people are homeless and absolutely destitute of the barest necessities of life. It is thought that the loss of life will reach 750,000. Court and business circles in Pekin, Canton and other centres are doing all in human power to cope with the disasters. In the districts of Ching Chow and Chen Chow no less than 3,000 large villages are stated to have been engulfed in a very few moments. Scarcely any of their ill fated people had time to save themselves.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Stop that cough, by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral—the best specific for all throat and lung diseases. It will allay inflamation, aid respiration, and strengthen the vocal organs. Ayer's Almanacs are free to all. Ask for one.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Hon. C. Edwards Lester,

Late U. S. Consul to Italy, author of "The Glory and Shame of England," "America's Advancement," etc., etc., etc., writes as follows:—

New York, August 1, 1886.
122 E. 27th st.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.,

Gentlemen:—A sense of gratitude and the desire to render a service to the public impel me to make the following statements:

My college career, at New Haven, was interrupted by a severe cold which so enfeebled me that, for ten years, I had a hard struggle for life. Hemorrhage from the bronchial passages was the result of almost every fresh exposure. For years I was under treatment of the ablest practitioners without avail. At last I learned of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

which I used (moderately and in small doses) at the first recurrence of a cold or any chest difficulty, and from which I invariably found relief. This was over 25 years ago. With all sorts of exposure, in all sorts of climates, I have never, to this day, had any cold nor any affection of the throat or lungs which did not yield to AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL within 24 hours.

Of course I have never allowed myself to be without this remedy in all my voyages and travels. Under my own observation, it has given relief to vast numbers of persons; while in acute cases of pulmonary inflammation, such as croup and diphtheria in children, life has been preserved through its effects. I recommend its use in light but frequent doses. Properly administered, in accordance with your directions, it is

A Priceless Blessing

in any house. I speak earnestly because I feel earnestly. I have known many cases apparently confirmed bronchitis [illegible] cough, with loss of voice, particularly among clergymen and other public speakers, perfectly cured by this medicine. Faithfully yours,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine

BLACKSMITHING.

MESSRS. John Brown & Son beg to announce to their many customers and the public generally that they have purchased the Blacksmith stand formerly occupied by Mr. C. Thrasher, where they are prepared to do all kinds custom work and general Blacksmithing. Horse shoeing a specialty. Also agents for all kinds of Farm Implements manufactured by G. & J. Brown, Belleville.

486. JOHN BROWN & SON.

TEA! TEA!!

10 lbs. First-Class TEA for $1.

GROCERIES & CONFECTIONERY

of all kinds

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

FreSh MEAT and FISH

always on hand at bottom figures.

OYSTERS.

The best brand of Oysters supplied in quantities or by the glass. Give me a call.

ANDY. PALMER.

REMOVED.

The Singer Sewing Machine Office

has removed next to

D. R. BOWEN'S BAKERY

opposite Post Office, where all parties wishing to purchase a

First-class SEWING MACHINE

can do so, as I have a fine stock now on hand; also an assortment of

NEEDLES and OIL

for all kinds of machines.

REPAIRING done on shortest notice.

J. A. HAWLEY,
Agent.

Madoc, Oct. 27th, 1887. 30 3m

Note Lost.

NOTICE is hereby given to the public not to purchase or negotiate a note made by George McCarney in favor of Mrs. Margaret Johnson, or bearer, for $24, dated February 5th, 1887, and due in three years, as the said note has been stolen from me, and payment thereof has been stopped.

MRS. MARGARET JOHNSON.

Huntingdon, Dec. 28th, 1887. 38 3w

JUST ARRIVED.

A large assortment of

LADIES' SLIPPERS

and

OXFORD SHOES.

Also a large assortment of

RUBBERS

AND

OVERSHOES.

(The Goodyear make.)

The best in the World. Cheap for Cash.

T. ROBERTS,

Weiss' Block.

F. LAZARUS'
IMPROVED SPECTACLES

Preserve your Sight

By wearing the only

FRANK LAZARUS

(Late of the firm of Lazarus & Morris)

Renowned Spectacles & EyeGlasses

These Sectacles and Eye Glasses have been used for the past 35 years, and given in ever instance unbounded satisfaction. They are the best in the world. They never tire, and last many years without change. For sale by

R. R. CASEMENT & Co., Hardware, Madoc, and DR. TUTTLE, Tweed.

Frank Lazarus, Manufacturer, 38 Maryland Road, Harrow Road London, England. (Late Lazarus & Morris, Hartford, Conn.)

No connection with any other firm in the Dominion of Canada. 47

25,000 LBs. WOOL WANTED

—AT THE—

MARMORA WOOLLEN MILLS.

Custom Carding and Spinning done on shortest notice.

Parties having 60 pounds and upwards of wool can have their own wool spun into yarn.

Tweeds, Fullcloths, Shirtings and yarns kept on hand, to exchange for wool.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial.

D. MITCHELL.

Marmora, May 7th, 1887. 6-3m

ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM.

Registered Percheron Horses and French Coach Horses. Herds of Percheron, Importers and Breeders of Percherons and French Coach Horses, Island Home Stock Farm, Grosse Isle, Wayne County, Mich. We offer a very large stud of horses to select from. We guarantee our stock, make prices reasonable and sell on easy terms. Visitors always welcome. Lapeer is 40 miles from Detroit, on D. G. R. & W. R. R. Address Bateman & Parsons, Detroit, Mich.

RICHLY Rewarded are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

Only one week and then

CHRISTMAS,

And DON'T YOU FORGET IT.

WILSON'S

Book, Drug and Fancy Goods Store

is the place to get the biggest value for your money in all kinds of

Christmas Presents.

Cards in new and great variety,
Plush Goods,
Musical Instruments,
Dressing Cases,
Picture Frames,
Sea Shells,
Satchels,
Pocket Books,
Perfumery,
Toilet Goods, all kinds,
Books in great variety.

Money wanted. Goods must be sold. Call and see them.

CHARLES G. WILSON

DURHAM ST., MADOC.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. Is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is 33 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

THE GLOBE

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND THE LEADING NEWSPAPER OF CANADA

DAILY GLOBE, Morning Edition,		**$5.00 per annum.**
" " 12 o'clock "		3.00 " "
" " 3 " "		3.00 " "
WEEKLY GLOBE,		1.00 " "
SATURDAY DAILY GLOBE,		1.00 " "

The different editions of The Globe can be procured from all News Dealers throughout Canada.

--- THE GLOBE SPECIAL FAST TRAIN ---

between Toronto and London, which has been running daily since 3rd March last, will be continued throughout 1888. This train arrives at London at 6.40 a.m., making connection with all the early trains from that point, securing for The Globe a delivery throughout Western Ontario hours in advance of all Toronto papers.

--- TO ADVERTISERS ---

As an advertising medium, The Globe has no equal in Canada. Its circulation, which appears at head of its editorial columns daily, is far in advance of all other Canadian papers, and it is the intention of the management to always keep The Globe in its proud position as the LEADING NEWSPAPER OF CANADA, both in point of circulation and influence.

THE GLOBE PRINTING CO.

TORONTO

Estate late Colin Russel

BUILDING LOTS for sale, in the northern part of the Village of Madoc, at reasonable prices and favorable terms. Garden plots to rent.

For particulars apply to Messrs. DOUGALL & STEWART, Solicitors, &c., O'Flynn Block, Madoc, or to

COLIN RUSSEL,
Agent for Mrs Sarah Russel,
535 Rideau St., Ottawa.

BANKING HOUSE

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

(NOT INCORPORATED.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, MADOC.

OPEN FROM 10 A. M., TO 4 P. M.

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

Transacted. Drafts issued to all points in the Dominion and the United States.

LOWEST RATES

charged for collection.

Interest Allowed on Deposits

at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, June, 1887. 10 ly

PHOTOGRAPHS.

PORTRAITS IN ALL THE STYLES.

BABIES TAKEN INSTANTANEOUSLY,

thus insuring a good portrait in almost every case.

By the use of the dry plates, finer work can be made in dark days than was possible by the old process. But we do not want anyone to depend on that, and defer coming till near sunset. The nearer the sun is to the zenith the better the light, and good results more certain. A dark day at noon is better than a bright day at 5 p. m.

BOOTS of all kinds on hand, and made to order on the premises.

D. MORRICE.

Madoc, April 21, 1887. 31y

TO FARMERS.

THE undersigned desires to announce to the farmers of Madoc, and surrounding country that he has leased the

Farmers' Warehouse,

formerly occupied by Thomas Cross, Esq., and that he will be prepared to pay the

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE

for all kinds of grain.

J. D. BREEZE.

Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1887. 21-3m

1873. -ESTABLISHED IN- 1887.

E. L. WEISS,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER

Is prepared for the holiday trade in

JEWELRY, WATCHES, CLOCKS, SPECTACLES, BRONZES, VIOLINS, JEWEL CASES, ETC.

Take a look through his establishment.

He verily intends to retire from business if he clears $100,000 this season.

Weiss Block, Madoc, Ont.

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

SYLVENUS F. WEAVER, Publisher. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.00 if paid Strictly in Advance.

VOL. XI., No. 4. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, January 19, 1888. POSTAGE PREPAID.

THE

TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA.

(MADOC BRANCH.)

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

Done. Drafts on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain issued.

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of one Dollar and upwards received and Interest allowed on the same at the rate of

4 per cent. per Annum.

No notice of withdrawal of Deposits required.

The bank will be open every Saturday evening from 6.30 to 9 o'clock.

J. H. McCLELLAN, MANAGER.

Victoria Block, Durham Street.

Madoc, May 23rd, 1887. 8 1ly

OUR CLUBBING LIST.

We have made arrangements for the following very liberal clubbing rates in connection with the REVIEW, based on the fact that the regular price of the REVIEW is $1.00 a year in advance:—

	Regular Price Singly.	Reduced Price for Both.
The Cottage Hearth	$1 50	$1 75
The Independent	3 00	3 75
St. Nicholas	3 00	3 75
The Century Magazine	4 00	4 75
Weekly Spectator	1 00	1 75
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 35
Grip	2 00	2 75
Weekly News (including premium)	1 00	1 00
Farm and Fireside	1 00	1 65
Daily Mail	5 00	5 50
Weekly Mail	1 00	1 00
Daily Empire	5 00	5 50
Weekly Empire	1 00	1 75
Toronto World	3 00	3 00
Canadian Agriculturist	1 00	1 75
Daily Globe	5 00	5 50
Weekly Globe	1 00	1 00
Harper's Magazine	4 00	4 50
" Weekly	4 00	4 75
" Bazar	4 00	4 75
" Young People	2 00	2 75
Illustrated London News (American edition)	4 00	4 50
The Pleasant Weekly	2 00	2 50
40 pieces music included	2 50	3 00
Saturday Night	3 00	3 75
Daily Witness	3 00	3 75
Weekly Witness	1 00	1 00
(No colors with pictures)		
Wide Awake	2 40	2 75
Young Folks Journal	1 00	1 65
Puck	1 00	1 85
Life of Men and Women	1 00	1 85
Peterboro	1 00	1 85
Rochester Observer	4 00	4 75
Canadian Live Stock and Farm Journal	1 00	1 75
North's Musical Journal with Premium	1 00	1 90
without Premium		1 75

—Thomas Roberts, of the Madoc Boot and Shoe Store, is offering great bargains in rubbers and boots and shoes. Go and secure some of the low prices offered just now, before it is too late. See his new advt.

New Sign.

Our enterprising grocer, the celebrated tea man—W W Hudgins—has hung out a handsome and serviceable sign in front of his store.

Official Test.

The official test of the Water Works, Belleville, will be made on Saturday, 21st inst., at 2 p.m. The public are cordially invited to be present.

Sledging.

Sleighing throughout the country is good, but it is reported that there is scarcely enough snow in the woods for the sleighs to clear the rocks and stones which lie so thickly on the ground.

Another Resident Gone.

As we are about to arrange the forms for the press, we learn, with deep regret, of the sudden death of Mr. Charles Groam, Clerk of this village. We will refer to the decease of our respected citizen in our next issue.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

New Ads. This Week.

County L O Meeting—J White,
Note Lost—Wm Feenie, jr,
Notice—Eli J Lumb,
Notice—J R Ketcheson,
Look Out—Church & Todd,
Corsets—O'Flynn & O'Hara,
Reduced Prices—T Roberts,
20 Deg below Zero—J Dale & Son.

Latest Local News.

Clearing sale at T. Roberts'.

For first class Groceries try D W Wright.

Boy wanted—to learn blacksmithing trade. Apply to J. J. WHITE.

Goods delivered to all parts of the village at D W Wright's.

Pure Tea cheaper than ever at W W Hudgins'. Give him a call.

The Firemen's Band will discourse sweet music at the Roller Rink every Monday evening.

The bottom knocked clean out of Crockery and Glassware at D W Wright's.

CHOPPERS WANTED.—The undersigned wants a large quantity of Cord Wood chopped. Good timber close to village apply to FRED. ROLLINS.

Who is W W Hudgins? He is the fellow who sells the finest line of Crockery and the best Tea in Madoc. Go and see him.

MADOC TANNERY.—The tannery is in full operation and they are paying the highest cash price for all kinds of Beef Hides.

We don't brag about our Teas, they speak for themselves. Tea from 10 cents upwards at D W Wright's.

J. R. Irish, Dentist, arrives every Tuesday on noon train. Best kits of artificial teeth furnished. See advertisement.

If you want bargains in Boots and Shoes call and see D W Wright.

—Read the new advts.

—See J. Dale & Son's advt.

—Sleighing was never better.

—Now is the time to lay in a stock of ice.

—County Council meets on Tuesday next.

—See Church & Todd's new advt. next week.

—Chambers & Moon have hung out a new sign.

—Village Council proceedings crowded out of this issue.

—The Village Council met on Monday for organization.

—Considerable changes in the weather are being experienced.

—There was a heavy snow storm in this section on Tuesday.

—The minutes of the Township Council will appear in next issue.

—Our Toronto Letter is crowded out of this issue. Will appear next week.

—The County Orange Meeting will be held in Madoc on Tuesday, February 7th.

—It wonderfully softens the pain of making a mistake to be the first to find it out.

—Mr. Wm. Feenie, jr., gives notice of a note lost from his possession, in this issue.

—We now write 1888, and who is alive that wrote 1777, or who will write 1999?

—Three funerals in this village within one week—Lillie O'Flynn, Willie Kerr and John Bailey.

—A man was brought to the village from the lumber shanties in the north with his leg broken, last week.

—John Smith, of Marmora, whom we reported badly injured in Coe's cedar swamp last week, has since died.

—We acknowledge with thanks a beautiful calendar for 1888, from the Canada Printing Ink Company, Toronto.

—The Reeve of Madoc village handsomely entertained the Council to oysters at the Continental on Monday evening.

—An exchange says that one of the greatest causes of trouble in this world is the habit people have of talking faster than they think.

—The *Intelligencer* Deseronto correspondent says: "We have secured a Mr. Cole for Principal of our school, and he bids fair to bring Deseronto Public School to the front."

—As the Rev. Mr. Lambly, will be absent next Sabbath preaching anniversary Sermons in the Lodge-Room church. The Rev. Mr. Puffer will occupy his pulpit in the morning and Rev. Mr. Leitch in the evening.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Civic Dinner.

Our worthy Reeve C. F. Aylsworth, Esq., entertained, according to custom, the members of the Village Council, with a number of friends, at a sumptuous oyster supper at the Continental Hotel, on Wednesday evening last. It is needless to say that "mine host" of the Continental supplied good oysters and plenty of them, and administered to the comfort of the party in good style. Among those present we observed Messrs. E. D. O'Flynn, A. A. McDonald, J. H. McClellan, Thos. Cross, Dr. Loomis, F. Rollins, R. O'Hara, J. Whytock, J. Caverly, R. R. Casement, S. Bernard and others.

The chairman having made a few remarks of welcome to those assembled, referred in fitting terms to the many pleasant reminiscences of the past year and of the good feeling always existing between himself and the members of the Village Council which, in a great degree, contributed to render the performance of their several duties pleasant and satisfactory.

Mr. A. A. McDonald being called upon proposed the health of the chairman in a neat and appropriate speech, referring to the excellence of our Chief Magistrate and his efficient administration of the affairs of the village; the many public improvements and still the very reasonable rate of taxation existing in the village, and expressed the hope that our village would be honored with its representative the Reeve being made Warden for the County for the year 1888.

Dr. Loomis also spoke of the efficiency of administration of the chairman as Reeve of the village, and referred to the removal of the mill dam as a good project so far as the sanitary condition of the village is concerned.

Messrs. Thos. Cross, J. H. McClellan, R. R. Casement and others made short but effective addresses on the present prosperity and excellent future prospects of the village, and their good opinion of the Reeve.

Mr. E. D. O'Flynn delivered a very interesting address, giving many useful items of statistical information of the early settlement of Madoc and the surrounding country and traced in pleasing words the progress of the place and its future, and paid a tribute of praise to the chairman.

A few remarks from the Chairman, thanking the guests, brought the happy occasion to a termination.

Burglars.

There are constant reports of daring burglaries having been committed throughout the country. Our merchants and business men should, and are, keeping in constant preparation for a warm reception of these unprincipled rascals should they ever turn up in Madoc again.

Lacrosse.

The *Intelligencer* says:—Madoc, Hastings, Stirling, Tweed, Peterborough and Norwood lacrosse clubs are healthy, and kicking even during the cold winter months. These clubs, particularly the Madoc club, are hard to beat. An organization in Belleville would have plenty of good material at hand to try conclusions with. Now is the time to agitate organization.

Obituary.

The friends of Mrs. Wm. Forsyth, of Minneapolis, Minn., eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Scott, an old resident of Madoc, will regret to learn of her somewhat sudden death, which took place on January 10th. She had been ill for some time, but no fears were entertained of a fatal termination, until a short time before her death. She was in the 44th year of her age.

Officers Elected.

At the annual meeting of L. O. District No. 5, North Hastings, held at Maynooth, on January 10th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:—

Bro. J B Cleak—District M.
A Creighton—D M.
A Kenington—Chap.
D Card—R Sec.
M Wilcox—F Sec.
D Adrian—Treas.
D Fuller—D of C.

Congratulations.

The following resolution, congratulating Mr. Clarke, of Toronto, on his accession to the Mayorship of the City, was passed by the Orangemen of this district:—

Whereas, by the election of Mr. E. F. Clarke to the Civic Chair of the City of Toronto, an honor has been conferred upon a prominent member of the Loyal Orange Association of British America, an honor well merited by a character of such sterling worth and of which the Brotherhood may well feel proud;

Therefore be it resolved, that the hearty congratulations of Loyal Orange District Lodge No. 4, North Hastings, in lodge assembled, be extended to our esteemed Brother Clarke on his accession to the dignified and honorable position of Mayor of the City of Toronto.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Theatrical Performance at L'Amable.

January 6th a theatrical performance was given by the dramatic amateurs of L'Amable, consisting of 20 actors. The cheese factory at L'Amable was fitted up for the occasion, and a good stage erected and an audience of over 200 were present.

The first play was "A Scrap of Paper," and most of the actors in this piece were tyros, those who appeared "for the first time on any stage," among whom were Messrs. W. Power and J. McLean, and Mrs. E. Bowers, and the Misses S. Long, E. Power and N. Spurr, who acquitted themselves remarkably well. In this piece Mr. J. Spurr's acting was exceedingly good, and his numerous "asides" were given with much point and quiet humor, as were also his endeavors to conceal the ubiquitous "scrap of paper." He was well seconded by Messrs. M. McLean and G. Gould, and Miss M. Tait's acting was ladylike and graceful.

The next piece was "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." Mr. J. C. Jarman played the part of Joe Morgan, the drunkard, and his acting was powerful, first as the drunkard, and then in his delirium, and finally in his reformation. He was most ably seconded by Mrs. J. C. Jarman, who acted Mrs. Morgan. Little Miss Nettie Jarman played the part of the child in a pleasing manner. Mr. H. J. Jarman played Simon Slade remarkably well, and his make-up, first as the jovial landlord and afterwards as the dilapidated and broken down sot, was excellent. Mr. Bloomaine was well acted by Mr. D. N. Cornell, who is quite an acquisition. Mr. Mark Spurr made his mark as Sample Swichell and astonished his friends by his acting, for he is only a novice. The rest of the characters were well filled by Messrs. J. Tait, J. Spurr, C. Long, and the Misses S. Long and N. Spurr.

The whole concluded with "The Two Bonnycastles," a witty farce which kept the audience constantly laughing. Mr. J. C. Jarman, as Bonnycastle, proved himself a first class comedian, and his points were given with great humor. Mr. M. McLean played the fictitious Bonnycastle well, and his scene with Mrs. Bonnycastle was laughable. Mr. Cornell made an excellent Smuggins. Mrs. J. C. Jarman's Mrs. Bonnycastle was extremely good and full of quiet humor. The part of Helen was nicely acted by Miss M. Jarman, and the waiting maid was played by Miss E. McLean.

The whole entertainment was most successful and it is to be hoped that the L'Amable company will give an other performance before the winter is over.

SYLVANUS.

Hastings Road, Faraday, Jan. 14th, 1888.

Another Sudden Death.

We are called upon again this week to chronicle another very sudden death—the victim this time being one who had long crossed the middle line of life and who had for many years been a resident of Madoc. We refer to the death of Mr. John Bailey, which took place at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Cottom, on Friday morning last. He was apparently in good health, and on the morning of his death came very early to the village, and on his way home stopped at Mrs. Cottom's, complaining of illness, but before medical aid could be summoned, passed to the world of spirits. The funeral took place on Sunday, and was very largely attended—Rev. Mr. Wishart conducting the services. The bereaved widow and family have the sincere sympathy of a large circle of friends. Mr. Bailey was 67 years of age.

Personal.

Mr. Crozier Moore left on Monday for Ottawa, where he takes a collegiate course.

Mr. Wm. Wood expects completing his studies at Montreal in May, after which he purposes taking a three-years' course in Germany.

Rev. F. B. Stratton, of Tamworth, gave us a call on Tuesday.

Mr. James Smith, of Tamworth, the vigilant License Inspector of Lennox and Addington, gave us a call on Tuesday. Since his appointment he has secured 35 convictions, and he has warrants in his hand for several others. He says the law is bound to be enforced.

Rev. Mr. Young, of Tweed, called on us yesterday.

Everybody's Attention!

Cut out our clubbing list and paste it where it can be readily referred to; it will only appear in one more issue. Extremely low rates are offered for some of the best publications. Make your choice at once.

Joe Morgan, hatter and furrier, of Belleville, has assigned. Other failures are expected

When the eyes become weak or the lids inflamed and sore, a disordered system or a scrofulous condition of the blood is indicated, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best remedy. It invigorates and vitalizes the blood and expels all impurities.

MADOC LODGE No. 179 I.O.O.F

MEETS every Monday evening, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock sharp. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

M. MAYBEE, Secretary. E. SMITH, Noble Grand.

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SOLICITOR Supreme Court, Notary Public and Conveyancer. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office at his residence St. Lawrence St. East, Madoc.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

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F. E. O'FLYNN,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c. HEAD OFFICE—Over Dominion Bank, Front St., Belleville.

BRANCH OFFICE—Over O'Flynn's Bank, Madoc, Mr. John W. Blair, manager.

Office hours, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Mr. O'Flynn will be in his Madoc office every Monday afternoon and evening, and at any time by appointment.

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MAYNOOTH HOUSE,

(late P. Green's old stand, Maynooth.)

THIS HOUSE is situated in one of the best districts for hunting, fishing, &c., and has been all refitted. Furniture new. Bar always supplied with the best brand of wines, liquors, cigars, &c. Good stabling accommodation, and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. Parties travelling will consult their own interest by calling at the above hotel.

JAMES McCAW, Manager.

Maynooth, June 1st, 1887. 9 1y

C. Fraser Aylsworth, Jr.,

Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor, Civil Engineer, Draughtsman, &c.,

MADOC - P. O.

Orders by mail should state *place* and *character* of Survey that the above Surveyor may consult as to *original monuments* and *former Surveys*, his extensive field notes of Sixty Years' Practice, of the late John Emerson, and also the field notes of C. F. Aylsworth, Sr., thereby saving *time* and *expense* and securing *correctness* of Surveys.

Residence at

454 C. F. AYLSWORTH'S

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50c. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

A GREAT SECRET;

OR,

SHALL IT BE DONE.

CHAPTER XIII.

Victor Fournier rode to "Les Bouleaux" as fast as his English horse, which had long been the envy of the less fortunate Gerald, could carry him. He was sincerely anxious to find out who it was that had used Gerald so ill, curious as to what had become of Mr. Shaw, and just sufficiently interested in the queer little English girl whom he was to marry to feel glad that her father's house was to be the scene of his inquiries.

Delphine opened the door, and showed the ingenuous surprise of a rustic servant at sight of him. He had fastened his horse to the garden-paling on the opposite side of the courtyard to save time, and he now stepped quickly, and without speaking, into the hall, whip in hand.

"Monsieur desires to see Mr. Beresford?" inquired Delphine, looking at him curiously, as she began to cross the hall toward the *salon*.

"Wait a minute," said he, stopping her. He did not wish to give unnecessary alarm and he thought the girl might be able to afford him some of the information he wanted.

"Is Mr. Staunton at home?" he asked tentatively.

"No sir. He has gone to Calais with the English gentleman who came last night.

"Mr. Shaw? Are you certain of this?"

"Yes, sir. I myself saw them drive off in the *carriole*; I was standing at the door here with Mr. Beresford, and Miss M'Leod, and *la petite demoiselle*, who ran out after them to tell them to drive fast, by her father's desire."

"To drive fast! Mr. Beresford said they were to drive fast?" cried Victor excitedly, seizing the girl's strong arm, and peering with intent eyes into her face. "Were they late, or was he afraid of something? Speak out, can't you?"

But the girl began to call upon the saints and to implore the Virgin to protect them all, with irrelevant devotion which made the young man stamp his foot impatiently.

At last she exclaimed in a loud guttural whisper: "The wolf! I know it is the wolf! Oh, what has he done?"

"Be quiet a moment," said Victor authoritatively. Then having decided that the best person to ask for was the clever English clerk, he went on, "Where is Mr. Smith?"

"He is in bed, sir. He went out this afternoon soon after you and M. and Madame Fournier had left; he returned a little while before Mr. Shaw and M. Gerald went away, but he had been drinking; so Mr. Beresford, who met him on the stairs, told him to go to bed," answered Delphine, aching with curiosity and alarm, but constrained by Victor's commanding manner to confine herself to replies.

"And Mr. Beresford? Is he in bed yet?"

"No, sir. When the gentleman had gone he and Miss M'Leod went back to the *salon*, where he has been ever since, playing chess with M. le Cure."

Victor paused a moment, considering what he should do. Then he glanced at the door, and saying, "I will go in," he followed Delphine, who burst open the door with alacrity, and clattered over the polished floor of the first *salon*, which was empty, to the entrance of the second.

"M. Victor Fournier!" she announced in a loud hoarse voice, shaking with excitement; and then she drew back to allow the gentleman to pass her, and watched the effect of his entrance without ceremony from the doorway.

Every one looked up in surprise. Mr. Beresford, with a pawn in his hand peered up from the chessboard under the green shade he wore to protect his eyes from the glare of the lamp; the Cure, his opponent, who was sitting opposite, with his back to the door, turned and examined Victor over his spectacles. Peggy and Miss M'Leod, who were sitting near the fire, the former nursing her chin, the latter knitting, both uttered exclamations of alarm, and listened to his vehement words spellbound with horror.

"M. Beresford—ladies—*mon pere*," he burst out in fiery haste, his eyes travelling rapidly from one to the other. "I have bad news—I do not deny it—you can see it in my face. I fear—I know—that a crime has been committed." Miss M'Leod screamed, and Peggy started up and leaned against the mantelpiece. "Gerald has been here—and Mr. Shaw—" He paused, but no one could speak to tell him to continue.

At last Mr. Beresford signed to him to go on, with a trembling hand.

"Mr. Shaw is missing."

Not the charitable Cure, not either of the tender-hearted ladies, was it whom these tidings utterly overwhelmed. It was the philosopher, the cynic, Mr. Beresford, who sank back in a heap into his chair, muttering low cries of horror, crushed and appalled by the awful news.

"I warned him, I did warn him, my God, I did!" they heard him mutter hoarsely to himself, as he bent his gray head upon his hands and shook with anguish which astonished all the rest, even at that moment of general consternation.

Victor crossed the small room to him, and reverently touched the old man's clutching quivering fingers.

"Don't give way like that, Mr. Beresford. It may be all right. We don't know anything yet. It was only a wild guess of mine; it was stupid and mad of me to tell you. Mr. Shaw may—must have got out of the *carriole* before it reached Calais. He will probably have turned up safe and sound by this time, and—"

But, raising his head, the old gentleman interrupted him in tones that no one present ever forgot.

"No, no. He will never turn up. He has been murdered."

Peggy sprang forward, in the midst of the awful hush which followed these words, and clung to Victor's sleeve.

"O, tell me, tell me," she begged, in a voice so broken that the young man could scarcely understand her; "Gerald—Gerald, is he—murdered—too?"

Victor shuddered.

"No, he is quite safe in my father's house, mademoiselle. And so, I hope, in spite of Mr. Beresford's fears, is Mr. Shaw also by this time."

He turned and saw that the master of "Les Bouleaux" had risen from his chair, and was standing, supported by his faithful housekeeper, who was unmistakably in tears, shaking as with palsy as he tried to cross the room toward the door.

"Where are you going, sir?" asked Miss M'Leod timidly through her tears.

"I—I must go upstairs. I—I must see Smith," said he, in a voice that sounded strange and broken.

"But he is asleep, and he was not sober when he went to bed. He won't be able to help you," she persisted, her tone growing rancorous at once.

"He knows something—he guesses something," murmured the old man, as the others made way for him; "he said something about Monnier when he came in, and I met him and told him to go to bed. I must see him at once."

The two went up-stairs as fast as Mr. Beresford's infirmity would allow, and after knocking some moments at the door of the spare room where Mr. Smith was sleeping at last a drowsy voice called, "Come in!" and the housekeeper left her employer to go in, and returned to the salon below, where Peggy was sitting, rigid and dumb with horror and distress, on a low chair by the fire. Victor was watching her with curious eyes which saw more than the pale little face before him, and the good Cure, with professional instincts, was improving the occasion by an unheeded homily on the ways of Heaven.

The young man started forward on the entrance of the housekeeper.

"They are up-stairs together—Mr. Beresford and Mr. Smith?" asked he hastily.

"Yes, they are in Mr. Smith's room. You must not go—you must not intrude—" she added in alarm, as Victor passed her.

"I must and will know all they know—all they can suggest," said he resolutely.

And without waiting to hear more objections, he left the room, went upstairs, and, turning to the right, walked along the corridor until he came to a door on his right hand which stood ajar, and through which the weak flame of a candle threw a line of light before his feet. He could hear two voices, the one firm and hard, the other alternately piteous and angry. The former was that of Mr. Beresford, who having partially recovered his own self-control, was trying to induce the clerk to do the same.

"Come, be a man, Smith, be a man," he was saying as Victor drew near the door. "I've been a good master to you—not too strict in the matter of perquisites, not too hard upon occasional excess. Pull yourself together for once. My very honor is concerned in this awful business—Mr. Shaw was my own guest. For God's sake leave off snivelling your wits away; dress yourself, go back with young Victor—"

"May I come in?" asked the young man, who had now reached the door, and who was losing patience with the half-audible sipay objections of the clerk Smith, whose cleverness when sober was only equalled by his imbecility when drunk.

He gave almost a howl as Victor's voice startled him. Mr. Beresford, more collected, though even his nerves were not proof against a start at the interruption, said, "Come in."

Victor entered, grave, handsome, earnest. He glanced from the stupid-looking bullet-headed Smith, who was sitting in his night-shirt on the edge of the bed, childishly sobbing and wiping his eyes with a crochet mat, to Mr. Beresford, who, while scarcely less affected than the other, had by this time got enough command of himself to bear the horrible catastrophe with dignity as well as grief.

"Victor," said the latter, turning to the young man, "you're a good fellow, a brave fellow, to have come back along this road in the face of what might have been danger for you too. But you shall not go back alone; since this coward will not stir, I will go back with you myself, old and infirm as I am, and, with Heaven's help, we may find Mr. Shaw breathing yet."

With a sudden jerk, more like a mechanical toy just wound up than like a man stung into heroic resolution, Mr. Smith bounded off the bed and began to dress, complaining piteously and vaguely that "it was just like his luck." Victor gave Mr. Beresford his arm, and they left the unhappy clerk to shake and snivel himself into his clothes as quickly as he could. Outside the door the young man said suddenly:

"You talk of hope, Mr. Beresford, but I can see that you feel none. You have some theory about this horrible affair?"

"Yes, I have; but I warn you that, instead of explaining, it makes the outrage more mysterious. Whether poor Mr. Shaw has been killed or not I do not know; but I believe he has been attacked and robbed by the thieves who have haunted the department this winter. It's a very terrible thing, this; it points to there being a regularly organized gang in the neighborhood, to whom no one is sacred; and if they attack people in carriages, Heaven only knows whether before long they may not try their hands on us in our own homes!"

For the selfish fears which checked the current of the older, colder blood, Victor had little sympathy; he willingly made over his companion to the cares of old Pierre, who, more helpless than ever in his horror at the story Delphine had brought into the kitchen, gave a trembling and untrustworthy arm for his master's support. The young man had scarcely reached the bottom of the stairs when Smith, still maudlin, but rather more coherent, overtook him, and linked his arm, for sympathy and steadiness, within that of the young Frenchman.

"If we must go corpse-hunting along that beastly road, let us have the priest with us, if it's only for company," muttered the clerk, directing his companion's steps toward the *salon*.

Smith had been brought up a Roman Catholic, and although he had impulsively professed a variety of creeds since that, and had never been particular to a dogma or two, he still occasionally carried his sins and his remorse to the confessional, and took spiritual guidance when nothing better offered.

The Cure, though not physically fearless, was far too good a man to shrink from any call which might be taken for that of duty, and he at once consented to accompany them on their search for any trace of Mr. Shaw. Victor turned back and slipped into the inter *salon* for a farewell word to Miss Beresford, whom he still found sitting looking blankly and forlornly into the dying fire. He was very much in love with Mademoiselle de Lorcy, and an officer's daughter with the manners of an officer's son ran this lady a good second in his admiration; but his heart was a gallery where room could always be made for a new picture, and the young English girl who was to be his wife, with her piquant face and odd freedom of manner, might on sufferance be accorded a place there. The faithful Miss M'Leod had gone up-stairs, dutifully to worry her employer. Victor had mastered the interesting fact that English girls were allowed a great deal of liberty with their *fiances*; why should he not take advantage of these circumstances to administer to the fragile-looking little lady the kiss of consolation?

There is something so dignified in sorrow quietly borne, that Victor instinctively bowed low to her as she raised her sad eyes on his entrance. He had not much time to waste over his consolation, however, and he came slowly and respectfully towards her as she spoke.

"Pardon, mademoiselle; I am intruding, I am afraid. I came to say good-bye."

Like a child she smiled up at him and held out her hand.

"Thank you; it is kind of you to remember me at a time like this."

"It is impossible not to remember mademoiselle at all times."

"You are going back, to—to—"

"To look for—Mr. Shaw; I hope we may find him safe."

"Indeed, I hope so too. And then—" She hesitated again.

"Then I shall return to my father's house, and shall see how poor Gerald is getting on."

Her face quivered. She was standing up now, looking away from him with a subdued constrained expression which he pardonably took for the most bewitching modesty.

"Is he much hurt?" she asked, still looking away.

"I hope not, I think not. He was stunned by the jolting of the cart; he will soon be all right. We'll take good care of him."

"You are very good—all of you. I am sure you will."

She looked at him gratefully, and the young man thought her tear-stained eyes were very beautiful, and wondered why his sister Louise couldn't manage to look as well when she had been crying. No opportunity could be better than this. Her face looked delightfully innocent and inviting, and her forlorn expression and attitude were not to be resisted.

"Poor little lady! You are in need of comfort too. Let me console you."

He bent his head with an unmistakable intention; but, to his astonishment, before his lips could touch her face, she moved suddenly back, all the seductive limpness gone from her attitude, and most plainly expressed indignation in her face. The young Frenchman's dismay did not last long.

"Why is mademoiselle so severe with me, when she has done me the honor to accept me for her affianced husband?" he asked plaintively.

"That was my father's doing, M. Fournier," she answered promptly.

"But mademoiselle consented to the arrangement?"

After a pause—"Ye-es."

"The ladies of your country are not usually so chary of their kisses to the man they honor with their choice."

"But there is no honor and no choice in this case, M. Fournier; and as we have begun the 'arrangement' in the fashion of your country, we will go through with it in the same fashion. M. Durand is coming back for you. Good-night."

She gave him her hand to touch and drop very coolly; and Victor went away understanding much more clearly than before why English girls are allowed so much liberty in their engagements.

"She is a man in petticoats," he said to himself, only half disdainfully, as he left the house with the priest and Mr. Smith.

But she was not; she was only the ordinary little feminine fool fond of the strong man, and therefore endowed with the stock-in-trade strength of mind in her dealings with the right one. She went to bed unhappy about the fate of Mr. Shaw, unhappy about her engagement with Victor, but most of all unhappy because Gerald—good, kind old Gerald, whom a week before she had never seen, but whom circumstances had already hoisted into the place of honor in her young girl's imagination—was lying ill three miles away, and she could not tell when she should see him again.

In the mean time the three searchers had trudged together along the Calais road, and discovered, to their great relief, that they had been forestalled in their explorations. Distant cries and shouts were heard along the road soon after they had left the poplar avenue; and when, following the direction whence the noises came, they reached the spot between the copse and the deserted cottage were the attack had been made, they found that a party of police, sent out at the suggestion of the elder M. Fournier, who knew that Mr. Shaw was to be driven into Calais by young Staunton, had already reached it, and that a discovery had just been made which put a fatal end to all doubts about the occurrence.

For, following the marks of blood which were found in the middle of the road where the *carriole* had been stopped, which appeared also from time to time on the untidy garden-path of the deserted cottage, the police had found inside the ruined building the dead body of Mr. Shaw, with the marks of fangs at his throat, and a bullet-wound in his breast. His pocket-book, purse, watch, chain, and scarf-pin were gone, so that there could be no doubt in the mind of any one that the object of the murder was robbery. A stretcher had been hastily formed of two boards, the body of the dead man placed upon it, and the solemn procession back to Calais began. Victor, hastening ahead of his two companions, was the first to learn these details, the first to see this sight; then he stepped back again to inform the Cure and Mr. Smith of the discovery.

The clerk, on learning it, was seized with such convulsions of horror and fright that it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to continue the walk toward Calais, where Victor had made up his mind to confront him with Gerald that night. The English clerk, though clever, had the reputation of being rather a slippery fish, and his conduct this evening had raised in the mind of his employer's son the suspicion that his drinking that afternoon, and subsequent hurrying off to bed, might have been the result of remorse, and of a wish to be out of the way of any unpleasant occurrences of which he might have got wind. So the young Frenchman was inexorable, and poor Smith had to drag his trembling and unwilling limbs toward the town, taking good care, however, to keep a considerable distance between him and the terrible freight the police were bearing in the same direction.

In turn the canal was reached, the bridge crossed, the moat and the gloomy ramparts passed, and the quiet streets of old Calais traversed, until at last, with Victor and the priest still walking one on either hand, the clerk stood before the *porte-cochere* of M. Fournier's house. Victor rang the bell, and the *concierge* opened the little door within one half of the large one, and admitted them. As they stood just inside—Smith behind the others, as he was not in a mood to assert his personality—Victor asked: "Have you heard how M. Staunton is?"

"No better, I fear, monsieur. This lady has been unable to see him," answered the *concierge*, indicating a tall, handsomely-dressed lady, who was at that moment crossing the courtyard toward the lodge from the front door of the house.

Victor hastened toward her eagerly, crying: "Ah, Madame de Lancry! What an unexpected pleasure!"

The old Cure glanced at her without interest: rich women dressed like modistes' pictures he had, through long absence from the world in which they live, ceased to regard as the possessors of souls.

But on Smith the sight of the lady, the first sound of her voice, as she begged Victor to excuse her abruptness now, as she was anxious to get back to her husband, acted like a spell. He craned his bullet head forward with one fearful stare, then, turning sharply, he slipped through the open door, and seeing a *facre* standing there, jumped into it, hoarsely promising the driver a napoleon if he could drive him to the station in five minutes.

"I've taken her own cab, I believe," said Smith to himself, in feverish, tremulous exultation, as the enterprising driver drove off at what he considered a good pace, sacrificing his engagements to his avarice. "Now if I can only get a train to Boulogne and catch the night boat to London, I'm out of the way of the whole boiling till I've had time to think a bit."

But luck was against him. When he got to the station, he found he had twenty minutes to wait, so he went into the buffet for a *petit verre*. He had scarcely the glass to his lip when the lady whose cab he had so unceremoniously taken entered the room, which was almost empty, and walked straight up to him. He did not attempt to escape her this time; he knew it was of no use.

"I thought I should find you here," she said simply, but with a certain unpleasant suggestion in her tones of an intention to "have it out with him."

"Yes—er—I—glad to see you, Madeline," said he, without much spontaneity.

"I wish to speak to you. Will you come into my sitting-room for a few minutes? I am staying here."

"Certainly, with—with pleasure. But, I say—er—Madeline, I suppose you don't want to—to have me go back, or to—make it up?" said he, following submissively but coyly.

"Not exactly."

"Then aren't you—afraid of—people guessing the—the—well, in fact, that you are—were—as a matter of fact—my wife?"

"Not in the least," said she contemptuously, as she opened the door of her sitting-room, and he followed her in.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Filial Honor.

Young people sometimes knew so very much more than their elders! at least, according to their own estimate of their knowledge. They pride themselves on advanced methods of thought, and freedom from "old fogy notions," but possibly they will find, on reaching middle age, that years do bring their own peculiar teachings, which youth is not yet capable of receiving. Said an overworked mother once in a moment of bitterness:

"I'm afraid I don't enjoy my children as much as I did when they were little. Then they were merely clinging, affectionate creatures; they never judged what I did, or doubted that I was the most remarkable woman in the world. Now they seem so much wiser than I, that it appears to be natural for them to find fault with me.

"Nothing I do is considered very praiseworthy. In fact, I am almost always in the wrong. If I try to join in their conversation, they evidently think 'mother's opinions aren't worth much; she hasn't had the latest advantages.'

"It's true I haven't. I've been too busy to become a very cultivated woman, but it seems to me affection, taken by itself, ought to count for something in this world."

Yet her children did love her; they only omitted to "honor" her in daily life. The next day after her death her son stood beside her coffin, looking at the worn, placid face, and said, through his tears,—

"I never could understand why mother wasn't happier. She had every comfort in her later years, but she always looked worn and discouraged."

Had he been of clearer vision, he need not have sought far for the reason. It is usually our own warmth or lack of tenderness which makes the faces about us bright or gloomy—a truth to be remembered before it is forever too late.

The Truth of the Matter.

Old Mrs. Penurious is seated in her own elegant room when she receives and reads the following note:

"Dear Mrs. Penurious—We thank you so much for the beautiful present you so kindly sent us on our wedding day. Although simple and beautiful in itself we value it most for the kindly, generous and thoughtful spirit in which it was sent and shall ever treasure it as a precious memento of your regard for us.

"Very gratefully yours,

"MR. AND MRS. J. DEWITT MONTAGUE."

In the privacy of their own home Mrs. J. DeWitt Montague is saying to her husband: "What in the world are we going to do with that abominable picture old Mrs. Penurious sent us? I honestly believe it's an old one she's had in some back room. I wouldn't have it even in a back room. Stingy old thing! I might have known she'd palm some such thing off on us if we invited her. The picture shall go to the attic."

Beet-Root Sugar.

Claus Spreckels, the "ex-Sugar King" of the Sandwich Islands, who is now giving his attention to the encouragement of beet-sugar culture in Northern California, says that the beet-sugar industry can be established in almost every State in the Union, and that it will give a net profit of from $50 to $75 an acre to the farmers.

He Muzzled.

"Must I put some muzzle on my dog?" he asked at police headquarters yesterday.

"Well, no; not now."

"Dot's how I belief it vhas myself. Can I do somethings mit a boy?"

"What for?"

"Vhall, a few days ago a boy comes by my place. My big dog vhas outt doors. Dot boy haf a dog vhoudt so high. My dog chaws him oop in two minutes. Dot boy comes in and says if I dean' put some muzzle on my dog he haf him shot."

"I see."

"I puts dot muzzle on. To-day my dog vhas outt doors. Dot boy comes along mit his shmall dog. When he sees dot muzzle he cries out: 'Seek him, Tiger!' and dot shmall dog licks my big dog until he can't shtand oop no more. Vhas dot some conspiracy or what? Do I haf some false pretenses on dot boy, or vhill he walk aroundt and tell everybody dot it vhas a big shoke on Snyder?"

Woman's Modesty.

Many women are prevented by feelings of delicacy from consulting a physician in those disorders arising from functional derangement of her peculiarly delicate organism, and the most serious results are often caused by this neglect. To such persons Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is an especial boon, as it offers a sure and safe cure for all those distressing disorders to which women are peculiarly subject, while it saves a modest girl or woman from the embarrassment of a personal consultation with a physician. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

Failure in a good cause may yet be honorable; whilst success in a bad cause can only be infamous.

Jack and Jill each took a pill,
Old-fashioned kind—full of power;
Jack's went down—but with a frown—
Jill died from "cause unknown."

Smiles will supersede many frowns, and many discomforts will be unknown, when Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets entirely supersede, as they bid fair to do, the arge and less efficient pill of our forefathers. Every day they gain new laurels! Most popular when most ills abound!

The worth of a state, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it.

Symptoms of Catarrh.

Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms you are suffering from Nasal Catarrh. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. Five hundred dollars reward is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. Remedy sold by druggists, at only 50 cents.

Without elevation of character capacity is worthless and worldly success is naught.

People who are subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the Stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

Two venerable citizens of Chillicothe, Mo., died recently, Isaiah Austin, who was 96 years of age, and Zanty McKinney, who was 90.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC CURES in one minute.

At the donation day ceremonies at the Philadelphia Home for Aged and Infirm Colored Persons, John Gibson opened the celebration with prayer, although he is 107 years of age.

CHRISTADORO'S HAIR RESTORER restores gray and faded hair to its natural color and prevents falling out.

It is the fundamental law of the world in which we live that truth shall grow.

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels get out of order, use Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Safe, effectual, and their attendant evils, take at once a dose of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine. All Druggists, 50 cents.

The spendthrift's habit has had a baleful effect on modern life. * * * No man can gauge the value, at this present critical time, of young men who have learnt resolutely to "live within" society such as ours, if "I can't afford it."

A Cure for Intemperance.

The opium habit, chloromania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration, caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over-exertion of the brain, and loss of nerve strength, from any cause whatever. Man—young, old or middle aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or from indiscretion, can be restored your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of *Diseases of Man*. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address H. V. Lubon & Co., 186 Yonge Street, Toronto Ont.

Nothing creditable can be accomplished without application and diligence.

Cost No More.

Watson's cough drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. See that the letters R. & T.W. are stamped on each drop.

Trifles make perfection; but perfection is no trifle.

TURNING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; worst at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

A. P. 280.

CANCER, TUMORS, ULCERS, ETC. CURED, without the knife. No cure, no pay. Send stamp for pamphlet. W. L. SMITH, M.D., 124 Queen E., Toronto.

GOOD AGENTS WANTED over the entire Dominion. Address, C.C.C., Dr. FERRIER, 97 Church Street, Toronto.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S GREAT SPEECH.

At the Toronto [illegible] Annual

Mr. Chamberlain's [illegible] was received with prolonged [illegible] and waving of handkerchiefs, the audience standing. He said:—Mr. President, gentlemen,—I thank you most sincerely for the kindness with which you have received me and for the assurance which this kindness gives of your sympathy and support. (Hear, hear.) I am very glad to be here among you, and to have the honour of meeting so many of the prominent representatives of that activity and enterprise which have done so much for the prosperity of the Dominion, and which have made the Queen City of Canada a great centre of commercial life and enterprise. (Hear, hear.) Mr. President, you said very truly that the subject to which you have called me to respond is a far-reaching one. It is the commercial interests of the Empire—not of a part alone. (Hear, hear.) I am glad that the Board of Trade of Toronto think me worthy of responding to so large a subject. (Cheers.) It proves to me, at all events, that you have not been prejudiced by anything you may have heard to my disadvantage. (Cheers.) I read this morning in one of your most influential journals an appeal which was addressed to me personally, and in which it was said that I had declared that the interests of Canada must be subordinated to those of Manchester. In other articles in the same paper I have seen it alleged that I came over to represent British exporters. That is a most unfortunate misapprehension of the facts. (Cheers and laughter.) I am here as the representative of Great Britain—(hear, hear)—acting on behalf of her colony of Canada—(cheers)—whose interests she is bound in honour to defend. (Renewed cheers.) If I had used any language like that which has been imputed to me I should have been unworthy of the position which I hold. (Hear, hear.) I can assure you that, except as far as the interests of Birmingham and Manchester are identical with yours, you may trust me to lay them aside on the present occasion. (Cheers.) I regret these mistakes on the part of the influential organs of public opinion, not so much on any personal grounds as because they tend to discredit and to embarrass the negotiators who are engaged in your business, because to that extent they may damage your case. (Cheers.) But I have referred to this matter for another reason—because I want to point out to you that we bear a little too much about antagonism of interests. (Hear, hear.) Our interests, yours, and those of the Mother Country, and I will go further and say those of the United States, all lie in the same direction. (Hear, hear.) What the plenipotentiaries have to do is to show that there is not divergence, but identity of interests, and if it does not exist we have to create it. (Cheers.) We have to deal with these points in such a spirit as shall show that we desire to reach a friendly agreement which will be mutually beneficial and satisfactory. (Applause.) I speak to-night under considerable difficulty. I confess that at first I hesitated to accept your hospitable invitation, because I was afraid it would not be possible for me to make an adequate response to your kindness. Since the commission I have undertaken imposes restrictions upon me which I am bound faithfully to observe, I am not free to discuss some of those questions which have probably the greatest interest for all of us. I am sure you will make every necessary allowance, and will not expect from me any premature disclosure of confidential negotiations, or a full discussion of matters of controversial policy. (Applause.) Although I am afraid I cannot promise you the communication of any State secret, yet there are some general considerations which affect important matters, and which I propose, with your permission, to lay before you. (Applause.) In the first place, as to the spirit in which a commission of this kind should be undertaken. As I passed through England and the United States, and again when I crossed the boundary of the Dominion, there was one idea impressing itself upon my mind at every step, indelibly written upon the face of two vast countries, and that was the greatness and importance of the distinction for the Anglo-Saxon race—(cheers)—that proud, persistent, self-asserting and resolute stock which no change of climate or condition can alter, and which is infallibly bound to be the predominant force in the future history and civilisation of the world. (Cheers.) It is said that patriotism begins at home. I am an Englishman. (Applause.) I am proud of the Old Country from which I come. I am not unmindful of the glorious traditions attached to it, of these institutions moulded by slow centuries of noble endeavour, but I should think our patriotism was warped and stunted indeed if it did not embrace the Greater Britain beyond the seas—(cheers)—the young and vigorous nation carrying everywhere throughout the globe a knowledge of the English tongue and English love of liberty and law. (Cheers.) With these feelings I refused to speak or to think of the United States as a foreign nation. (Applause.) They are our flesh and blood. Still less am I inclined to make any distinction between these interests of Englishmen at home and Englishmen in Canada and Australia. (Cheers.) What is the fact in regard to these peoples, the older and the younger nations? Our past is theirs. Their future is ours. You cannot if you would

BREAK THE INVISIBLE BOND

which binds us together. (Cheers.) Their forefathers are our forefathers. They worshipped at our shrines. They sleep in our churchyards. They helped to make our institutions, our literature and our laws. These things are their heritage as much as ours. If you stood up to deny it your speech and countenance, your manner of life and institutions would all combine to betray you. (Cheers.) I urge upon you our common origin, our relation ship, because, while these things confer privileges, they also entail obligations. We are all branches of one family. It behooves us to do all in our power to promote the good feeling and affection that ought to characterise the intercourse between those peoples. Differences there must arise, petty conflicts of interests and of rights; but if we approach them in the proper spirit, mutual respect and consideration, I don't believe that any controversy can or will arise amongst any members of the English-speaking race which will not be capable of pacific, friendly and honourable adjustment. (Cheers.) I am glad to tell you that this spirit has animated one and all of the plenipotentiaries who has recently been engaged in conference at Washington, and it is upon the existence of that spirit that I base my hope and my belief that we shall find an arrangement of this controversy which will be satisfactory to every man who desires sincerely to promote the unity of the English-speaking peoples. (Cheers.) I don't think it necessary that I should urge upon you your special interest in good neighbourhood with that Great Republic which for thousands of miles is separated from you only by an invisible line. (Hear, hear.)—The great interests with which we are entrusted, important as they are, are really insignificant beside the importance of maintaining these good relations—(hear, hear)—and to secure these good relations, to maintain and to confirm them, all that is necessary is that we should approach the difficulty in the spirit that I have indicated, that we should deal with it as among friends who are anxious to come

TO A SATISFACTORY ARRANGEMENT,

and not as between adversaries struggling for petty points and other extremist rights, and counting every concession as though it were a loss and sacrifice to the others. (Cheer.) Another general observation I will venture to make, and it is one in which I anticipate general assent. Anything which can increase and develop commercial relations between the two countries is not only a good thing in itself but it tends to bring about this good feeling which I desire. (Here, here.) It appears to me that the prospects of improved relations with the United States have never looked more hopeful (applause)—and I think these will come, independent of bargain or negotiations. What is passing in the United States at this moment leads me to believe that circumstances at no distant date will force the Government of that country to remodel its tariff in a more liberal spirit. Whatever party is in power, in my opinion, it is certain that in a few years the tariff will be diminished or altered so that it will occase to be a wall of commercial exclusion between the United States and the rest of the nations of the world. (Applause.) If this change comes about, as I predict—although I know how dangerous it is to attempt to prophecy—what influence will it have upon your tariff on this side of the line? It is quite true that you are not burdened—and not likely to be at an early date—by a surplus of 120 millions—(laughter)—but I trust it is only the United States which is likely to suffer from this plethoric condition. (laughter). There are other considerations which may not tend in a similar direction. What is the most urgent need of Canada at this moment? It is the development, the early and practical development of your illimitable resources of your country, which has just been opened up by your magnificent railway. You want to get upon the land at the earliest possible time an industrious and active population, who will

WORK YOUR MINES AND FIELDS.

A tariff unnecessarily high—understand, I do not presume to offer any opinion upon your tariff—(laughter)—I merely make the general observation; I do not say whether your tariff is or is not unnecessarily high, that depends upon how you feel it—(laughter and applause)—but I say that a tariff which is unnecessarily high must have a tendency to shackle precisely the agricultural industry you wish to foster, and divert from it labour which will go into other industries stimulated by its operation. I am ready to sympathize with the inheritors of a new country in their reproduction of any idea that their country shall be one in which their industries shall be monotonously confined to a single occupation. I see the need for various pursuits and occupations, but in the case of Canada any anxiety on this score is surely premature. The first object is to get the population to own the land. When you have multiplied the industrious producers, you will find you have secured a vast population of consumers, and that a variety of industries will spring up and prosper whether there be any tariff or not. (Applause.) Gentlemen, you will see from what I have ventured to say that I am in favour of the widest possible Commercial Union—(hear, hear)—and intercourse, not only with the United States but with all the world. (Cheers.) That is the true, unrestricted reciprocity. (Hear, hear.) It is a very restricted reciprocity, indeed, which would make you dependent for your financial freedom upon the government of another state, and, perhaps, pave the way for the surrender of something which is still more important—I mean your political freedom. (Cheers) Some people, it appears, who have adopted a well known saying of Mark Twain, appear to think that as upon this continent the lion must lie down with the lamb, it would be better if the lamb consented at once to lie down inside the lion. (Laughter.) I confess that I don't entertain that opinion—(hear, hear)—and I don't think it worth while, even if it were proper, to discuss to-night the various proposals more or less disguised, more or less insidious, for your painless extinction and possible absorption. (Cheers.) I have not discovered in the course of my stay in the United States any general desire on the part

OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE,

who have a good stock of territory of their own, to increase it and increase their responsibility at the same time—(hear, hear)—and any such arrangement as that which I have been considering, if it comes about at all, must come about after full discussion and with good-will on both sides. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, when you become tired of the mild sovereignty of the Queen, when you cease to be proud of the institutions you yourselves have trained with due regard to your local needs and requirements, and when the slender tie which still binds you to the Mother Country, and which, like the electric cable, exerts no force or pressure, yet still maintains unity of sympathy and of interest—when that becomes an intolerable strain to you, then it will be time for us to consider necessary measures of relief. (Cheers.) In the meantime I cannot but think that, in the working out of the great problem of federal government which seems to have been left in charge of the English people, we shall the quicker teach the perfection of our free institutions by diversity of methods, and that these will be more fertile and sturdy than if modelled upon a general view of a single and stereotyped form. Rest assured, if you desire to remain an integral part of the vast Empire of the Queen, your interests will be maintained, your rights will be respected with all the influence which that Empire can wield. (Cheers.) Your fellow-subjects throughout the world will rejoice in your prosperity and take pride in your ceaseless activity and look forward with confidence to the steady development of your illimitable resources. It is only a short time in the history of nations since Confederation. Less than a generation has passed away, and yet a new Canada has been revealed to us. (Applause.) Not the ice-bound desolation which imperfect information formerly pictured, but a vast stretch of fertile territory which assures homes for a teeming population of God-fearing and industrious men and women at no distant date. (Cheers.) With this determination to maintain, as I hope they will—nay, to draw closer the bonds which unite them to Great Britain—I am convinced their loyalty and affection will never lack a warm response. They will be citizens of no mean State. They will be citizens of a dominion the like of which

THE WORLD HAS NEVER SEEN

with regard to extent, population, resources and variety of nations who owed allegiance to it. One of our poets, Mr. Matthew Arnold, has written of the overwhelming burdens of this vast Empire. The burdens are vast, it is true, but we will not lessen them by cowardly surrender—(cheers)—or a mean betrayal of the interests entrusted to our care. Relief must be found in widening the foundations of the great Confederation, and not in cutting away the outposts. (Cheers.) The interest of true democracy is not towards anarchy or the disintegration of the Empire, but rather towards the uniting together kindred races with similar objects. You have a portion in the great path that lies before us. It may yet be that the federation of Canada may be the lamp lighting our path to the federation of the British Empire. (Cheers.) If it is a dream—it may be only the imagination of an enthusiast—it is a grand idea. (Hear hear.) It is one to stimulate the patriotism and statesmanship of every man who loves his country; and whether it be destined or not to perfect realization, at least let us all cherish the sentiment it inspires. Let us do all in our power to promote it, and enlarge the relations and good will which ought always to exist between sons of England throughout the world and the old folks at home. (Prolonged cheering.)

Upon the Threshold.

Once more we stand with half-reluctant feet
Upon the threshold of another year;
That line where past and present seem to meet
In stronger contrast than they do elsewhere.

Look back a moment—does the prospect please,
Or does the weary heart but sigh regret?
Can recollection smile, or, ill at ease
With what is past, wish only to forget?

Say—canst thou smile when memory's lingering gaze
Once more recalls the dying year to sight?
Would'st thou live o'er again those changing days,
Or bid them fade forever into night?

A solemn question—and the faltering heart
Scarce dares say "Yes," yet will not quite say
"No;"
For joy and sadness both have played their part
In making up the tale of "long ago."

Here memory sees the golden sunlight gleam
Across the path of life and shine awhile;
And now the picture changes like a dream,
And sorrow dims the eye and kills the smile.

So—it has gone—where all has gone before;
The moaning wind has sung the dead year's dirge;
Time's waves roll on against the crumbling shore,
And sinks the worn out barque beneath the surge.

Here ends the checkered page of prose and verse—
Of shapely words and lines writ all awry.
There they must stand for better or for worse;
So shut the book, and bid the year good-by.

Ring Out, Wild Bells.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the noble modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man, and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

In Cromwell's time the gates of Hyde Park were closed against the "masses" and "the classes" except on payment of an entrance-fee. The gates were guarded by porters carrying long staves, who prevented any one from passing in without paying his reckoning—a shilling per head and sixpence for a horse—and who enforced strictly decorous behaviour.

Mr. Chamberlin hit the right nail on the head when he suggested that the crofters should be induced to emigrate to the North-west. These hardy sons of the soil are just the men to develop a new country. Thoroughly inured to the hardships of a cold and rugged climate, the inconveniences of our winters as long as their lands were fertile, would count for nothing, and while they prospered our country would increase in stature. There is room and plenty and a hearty welcome in Canada for all the crofters that will come.

A party of gentlemen from Kingston, Jamaica, have gone on a search in the ship Maria to look for the treasure of Buccaneer Morgan, whose pirate ship Phantom was wrecked years ago in quicksands some twenty-five miles off the coast of Belize. This same party of adventurers on a previous trip to that coast claim to have fixed the exact locality where lies the treasure cradled by the ribs of the old pirate ship. Being without appliances for the recovery of the treasure, the party returned.

As an illustration of the facility with which the charitable are imposed upon, a clergyman in Central London told the following anecdote the other night:—Last winter he traced nearly a hundred coal tickets to one woman in his parish. She had hired with coals instead of money all the cellar accommodation in the house, and had even stored some of the coals under her bed. Even when the clergyman had exposed the imposture he had some difficulty in preventing a lady from giving this woman still further relief.

FARM.

AGRICULTURAL.

The government experiments this year in making sugar from sorghum are said to be very successful. On fair soil the yield of cane was an average of twelve tons. The average yield of sugar per acre was about 1,500 pounds and of syrup 180 gallons. It is claimed that at this rate, even at the present low price of sugar, the business of making sugar, from sorghum will be very profitable.

A good way of wintering cabbage is to pull it up by the roots on a dry day, wrap up the outside leaves carefully and snugly around the heads and place them in a row, roots up. Then cover with soil lightly at first, adding more as the season advances. Be careful to secure free access to the supply in midwinter, the ridges may be protected from freezing solid by some litter being thrown over it.

A writer in the *Mirror* says that steamed or burned bones are easily pounded, and if old bones, or those that contain decayed animal matter, are to be used, put them in hot lye for a few hours, which will clean them. The best mode is to burn them if there is not too much flesh on them. They will pound or grind easily when hot. All kinds of bones are excellent for poultry, and should be put to service.

The value of barley meal as a feed for hogs is not appreciated. Trials at the Wisconsin experiment station show that 569 pounds of uncooked barley meal were required to produce 100 pounds of pork, live weight, while of corn meal 463 pounds were required, of corn meal and shorts, half and half, 574 pounds, and of whole corn and shorts half and half, 484 pounds were required. This is not a very striking showing in favor of barley meal, but it demonstrates most conclusively that pork can be profitably produced on barley in Northern regions where corn cannot be grown at a profit.

According to a Western authority, the freezing point, even up to 40 degs. Fahr., is too low for milch cows standing quietly in their stalls, for the best milk production. A range from 45 degs. to 60 degs. gives about the right average and is wide enough. Experiments prove that at a lower temperature they begin to shiver and at a higher they begin to pant in winter. They endure a much higher temperature in summer when they turn out most milk. Doubtless they would stand much more heat in winter if used to it, but with the ordinary ventilation of stables it is doubtful if it would be healthful.

While experienced poultry breeders practice warming the food given to fowls during the winter, few farmers or novices seem to appreciate its benefit. Many fanciers warm all the food, whether mixed, or cracked, or fed whole. In feeding the whole corn, warm it thoroughly in the oven, nearly parching it, (says one authority,) and then let it cool off sufficiently to admit the fowls eating it without discomfort. The cooked food which is fed from time to time, should be given warm, and, when necessary, warmed over again for feeding. It is surprising what a difference warm food will make in the supply of eggs during the continuance of cold weather, and especially so if the fowls are sheltered and properly cared for otherwise.

Women and the Truth.

"Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

We are all liars to a greater or less degree, but that lamentable fact does not lessen the enormity of the crime.

I once saw a charming lady, in the presence of several guests whom she had been delightfully entertaining, take the card from her servant's hand, scan it with a slight frown, and return it, saying, "Tell the gentleman I have gone to bed with a violent headache." The servant bowed and conveyed the message—thus increasing the number of liars by two.

Fashionable lies of this kind are not supposed to count in the catalogue of sins, it it seems to me they are like parasites which destroy the delicate leaves of a plant after a time. They injure and blunt the finer perceptions of right and wrong.

A gentleman laid a wager with a lady the other evening that she could not live through the following day without lying, unless she hurt the feelings of some of her friends by seeming rudeness.

She lost the wager, declaring that she found polite lies absolutely necessary, as he had said. I do not believe them necessary, however, and I am confident we would win and retain more friends in the long run if we built our daily lives on a foundation of absolute truthfulness.

The moment I detect man or woman in a lie, however trivial, my interest and respect is lessened, and I am sure other people are influenced in the same way.

The moment my own lips have uttered a polite lie I feel a decided lessening of regard for myself, and am conscious that silence or tact could have saved me from the foolish error.

The liar who possesses a good memory may make a success of his profession for years without detection. It is seldom, however, that the art of lying and the art of remembering are combined in one person.

In some cases lying is a disease and should be treated as such.

I remember a woman in my own profession, who told me in our first interview that she had received $75 for a short article which had recently appeared. On our second meeting she spoke of the matter again, and said she received $50 for it. A few days later I heard her mention it to a third party as having brought her $25. I learned afterward that she was paid $15 for the article. Had she recollected her first statement I might never have doubted her word.

Lying is like the opium habit. I have known people who began to tell "white lies" for convenience, and ended by becoming the most absolute and shameless of liars on every occasion.

I could know ladies who are otherwise excellent in character and both age and talents masters of society. One is a devout church member in high standing and foremost in all good works of charity.

Both these ladies seem physically and morally unable to tell the truth. When the truth would better serve their purposes they choose a lie. They harm no one but themselves, as their lies are never malicious and refer usually to their own affairs.

One of these ladies is fond of telling the most marvellous stories of herself and her friends, their remarkable adventures, their extensive wealth, their wide travels, their intimate acquaintance with renowned people. If you repeat these fairy stories after her you cover yourself with humiliation, as they are almost entirely fabrications of her brain. If you disprove her statements to her face she looks you in the eyes, and smiles and emphatically declares you misunderstood her words. Her conversation is sparkling and bright, and you are amused and entertained highly, until you discover her gift for improvising.

The other lady's talent runs more in a mercantile channel. She makes a purchase in your presence for which she pays $10. Let a third person enter the room, and she declares smilingly that she has just paid $20 for the article. If you correct her she insists that you are mistaken. Her doctor's and dentist's bills, her servant's wages, the price of her bonnets and boots, are all subjects of exaggerated statements. She has, like the majority of liars, a memory like a sieve and consequently contradicts herself a dozen times in as many hours. Her friends all acknowledge her unfortunate peculiarity, but she is so kind-hearted and possesses so many admirable traits that she is tolerated in spite of her lies.

It seems to me both of these ladies need the serious attention of some specialist on diseases of the brain.

I have heard an opinion expressed that women are less frank and truthful than men. If this is true it is due to their education. Women are taught to conceal and men to reveal their true natures from the cradle up. Women are taught that the world expects them to be statues of decorum, and that it is merciless to the one who by word, atmosphere, or act indicates that she could step down from her pedestal.

Man is taught that he is a human being of varied passion, liable to fall into error, which the world quickly forgets and forgives. He tells the truth about his nature and his temptations, and the world listens, sympathises and admires.

Woe unto the woman who, no matter how free from sin, confesses to her best friends that she has ever in thought, even, been stirred from her role of absolute decorum. She is forever more branded "doubtful." Consequently she hides from the world, and, if necessary, lies to conceal her real human self from detection. I have heard the objection offered that if we all speak absolute truth we must speak ill of many people. I do not believe it. There is no human being so depraved that good cannot be spoken of him. It would be an interesting experience if we should all experiment for an entire month in finding the excellent quality to mention in each person we meet, and keeping silence concerning his or her faults.

Silence, however, is often made to serve as the helpless handmaid of liars. I can imagine no more despicable lie than the one conveyed by silence when speech is needed to defend the reputation of some victim of malice or envy. Many a name has been shadowed by the significant silent lie of one who should have spoken the word of defence. I am afraid this is a phase of falsehood more feminine than masculine.

Liars, like poets, are more frequently born than made, but certain methods of education can increase or cure the malady. It is said that several of our great novelists were terrible liars in childhood. Their vivid imaginations portrayed events and scenes which they related as actual occurrences. Utilized in fiction, their inborn propensity to exaggerate common events became valuable to the lovers of exciting fiction.

A child should be taught to consider a slight prevarication as a departure from morality, and strict truthfulness of speech, even in trivial matters, as one of the highest virtues.

However lightly we may speak of telling "white lies," we all feel an instinctive respect for the man or woman who has won a reputation for sincere truthfulness, and we have but to build our own lives on the same foundation to be regarded in the same light.

Costly Sympathy.

It has been noted by distinguished people that the sending of telegraph messages of sympathy or congratulation on occasions calling forth such messages to them, overlook oftentimes the prepayment of the toll. The widow of a prominent man was obliged not long ago to pay a telegraph bill of $30 for "collect" condolence messages.

Improper Shoeing.

Many of the ailments and diseases of a horse's foot are caused by improper shoeing. One of the worst of the serious evils is the practice by a number of blacksmiths of hot fitting and clipping. Burning the sole of the foot will in time partially destroy the sensitive laminæ. It impairs the membranous lining under the coffin bone and closes the pores of the horn, causing the hoof to become hard, dry and brittle. It also impedes the healthy growth of the hoof.

It is alleged that shoes cannot be fitted so rapidly nor as closely as by hot fitting, and this is generally true, for by this means the hoof is burned to correspond with the inequalities on the surface of the shoe, until the latter is thoroughly imbedded in the horn. Owners of horses should see that their blacksmiths do not practise this injurious mode of fitting shoes.

The *Spectator* stigmatizes with just severity M. Pasteur's proposal in the Paris *Temps* to compete for the prize of £25,000 offered by the Government of New South Wales, for some mode of destroying the rabbits which have become a pest in that colony, as an "almost diabolic expedient." M. Pasteur's proposal was to transport to New South Wales the microbe of chicken cholera, and to spread the disease among the rabbits by watering their food with contaminated soup, in which this microbe would be conveyed to them. This, the *Spectator* thinks, bears out the contention always put forward in that journal "that science is becoming more and more unscrupulous in its manipulation of the mighty but only half-understood agencies which it has itself discovered." The physiologists "turn vivisection into a scourge," and now to prepare "to spread plague with truly sublime rashness amongst our poor fellow creatures, and this without any possibility of knowing what this tremendous instrument may effect." Less dangerous perhaps, since its effects are better known, but scarcely less repulsive to the finer feelings of humanity is the suggestion of a resident of Winnipeg, to ship to the afflicted country some North West rabbits affected with a plague which is said to appear periodically among the rabbits there and carry them off in great numbers. We can scarcely suppose that the sanitary science which is striving so hard to prevent the spread of contagious diseases in men and animals would look complacently upon a deliberate attempt to transport and propagate beyond the seas even a rabbit-destroying and mumps-producing epidemic.

North Hastings Review

MADOC. JANUARY 19, 1888.

Subscribers to the REVIEW *who fail in getting their papers, will confer a favor on the proprietor by communicating the same to this office.*

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Were we, in a lengthy, adulatory article, to boom up Madoc and its interests—relative to enterprise, advantages and prosperity—our neighboring sisters (we won't mention names) would no doubt conclude things were dead here and that these means were taken to awaken activity and mislead outside opinion. There may be something in this view of the case; but when a disinterested writer, outside of the Riding, voluntarily lauds our prosperous town and its enterprises in such terms as are given below, then our less-favored *little* sisters must, though with reluctance, bow in acquiescence and acknowledge our supremacy over them in these things. On returning to Belleville from a visit to Madoc last week, the reporter of the *Intelligencer* writes as follows of this town and its prospects:—

THE RICHARDSON GOLD MINE

Gold has again been found at Richardson Hill, Eldorado (eight miles north of Madoc). The supposed vein, of which the first finds were only detached pockets, is alleged to have been struck at last. The pocket, which panned out between $100,000 and $200,000, was only a drop in the bucket in comparison with what the latest development is supposed to be. Strange as it may seem, Mr. Mark Powell, of Marmora, who found the first deposit when looking for copper, is the one to make the new discovery. The history of the Madoc gold fever was brief but brilliant, but the history of the Richardson mine is a long and varied chapter. In the fall of 1865 Mark Powell was prospecting for copper ore when he came upon a peculiar composition which puzzled him. He had worked through limestone, when he struck a cavity filled with a loose element something like iron rust. It could be turned out by a shovel. This dirt, when washed and put through a crucible, was found to be the richest ever mined. Miners and capitalists from all parts of the globe, even remote Australia, were drawn to the place. Lumburd and Harden, Chicago capitalists, rated in the millions, purchased the Richardson property, 19 acres, for $4C,000. A company of Belleville gentlemen, composed of the late James Glass, Thos Kelso, Quintin McNider, James Brown and others, got into litigation with Lombard and Harden, which was finally settled by the Belleville Company paying $35,000 for half of 300 feet of the property, and giving Lombard and Harden $10,000 stock in their half. But before this deal took place the rich paying pocket had been cleaned out. Although since then considerable gold has been secured by private parties, yet not enough has been taken out by the companies to pay a man's travelling expenses from Toronto to Montreal. Different companies have had the option of the mine; shafts have been sunk in different places, every rock within miles of the spot of the first find cracked, but all in vain. Baily Bros. had the option and were followed by Mr. John H. Gordon of Belleville, but he did little or nothing. In Sept. 1885, James Brown, Thos. Kelso, Belleville, Alex. Sutherland, Canifton, and Archie Riddell, of North Branch, commenced and worked about a year. About 10 tons of ore were taken to Bannockburn where there is a ten stamp mill. The ore was crushed but work was not resumed. All the proprietors and mining experts who visited the famous Richardson hill looked for quartz and never found it.

Mr. Powell some 19 years ago, after the pocket had been exhausted, proposed to the company to open the mine and work it, provided he was given half the yield. He was offered pay for locating a shaft, but refused, and has since been in the boot and shoe business in Marmora, but at the same time kept his eye on Richardson hill. Every prospecter that has been over the property has been under his vigilant watch; he now claims that the location of the vein has been his own precious secret for the past twenty years and resolved that if he could not work it himself, he would not locate it for anybody else. He bided his time until the hill was dropped as of no more value than any of the 1,000 other hills in that vicinity when he struck for his treasure. Mr. J. B. Church, of Church & Todd, grocers, Madoc, and another gentleman of fair means, who for prudential reasons does not want his name mentioned, were interested, and secured a six months' option of the present owners of the property, Messrs. James Brown and Thos. Kelso, and about four weeks ago began work. Vague rumors reached the city of the turn affairs had taken, and a reporter was despatched to to the mine to learn the truth or falsity of the reports. Seven miles is the stretch from Madoc to Eldorado. It was driven in the face of a sharp stinging north-wester. On taking the down grade of the last hill east of the village of Eldorado, a small group of men were espied at work on the Richardson hill. Men with pick and shovel are so common in that locality that they excite no curiosity. So many have tried and failed that the people believe there is no hope. So many reputed experts have abandoned the place that 'crank' is all the encouragement there is for a man who says there is gold in the hill. It will require nothing short of the glittering metal to make converts. Mr. Powell smiles in his quiet way and works on. Everyone who knows the hill knows where the first shaft is sunk. All the latter shafts have been sunk in a northerly direction from this. The mouth of one, 109 feet with a drift southward of 23 feet, has tons of rock piled at its opening. This shaft cost not less than $25 per foot and the gold taken from it would not pay for the first charge of powder. Mr. Powell says he has located the main vein and that there are several drifts leading from it on the north side. The shaft he has opened is about 60 feet east, and a few feet south, of the spot where gold was first found. It is at the junction, as he claims, of the main vein and a branch which leads to the corner of the building over the first shaft. The pocket that he found 22 years ago was the detatched end of this branch vein, deposited in a limestone formation. The shaft that the men are now working in is but 14 feet deep and about as many wide. There is a limestone hanging wall on the north side with a granite foot wall on the south side. The 14 feet seam, which is growing wider as the shaft descends, is filled with schistose rock, with quartzite, dolomite, hornblende and mica. Fissures in the rock are filled with the same kind of dirt that was taken from the original pocket. Some crevices a foot wide are filled with it. It is so loose that it can be picked out with the fingers or turned out with a shovel. Mr. J. B. Church took a pocketful of this dirt home, washed it, and using an iron spoon as a crucible, took out a nugget of gold valued at a dollar. If the present indications continue, Mr. Powell has struck a veritable Eldorado. The development of the opening will be watched with a great deal of interest. The fact that the first pocket was exhausted may lead many to suppose that this is only another and will also, in time, give out. It may be so, but there is hope for better things. The output from this last shaft is richer than the first in comparison to the amount of work that has been done. Then the gold bearing rock is found here between the granite and limestone formation, and seems to continue some distance east and west. The further down the shaft is sunk the wider the base of this gold bearing rock grows, so also does the quantity of pay dirt increase. It was on Mr. Powell's theory that the work was begun and every day's work demonstrates that theory as a fact. He declared there was a junction of two veins and the work shows that he is so far correct. The one to the south he calls the main vein and shows on the surface where the limestone and granite meet. In some places the limestone and granite are a few feet apart and the intervening space is filled with dolomite rock. This is, according to sample, well sprinkled with gold. These surface indications of the seam extend a considerable distance and are claimed by Mr. Powell to be as well stocked with pay dirt as the place he is working at.

The same writer, in another issue, refers to the business relations of Madoc and its future prospects in the following flattering terms:—

Madoc village is hustling to the front and is as bright and smart as a young miss in her first long gown. The buildings, business blocks and private residences show indications of commercial thrift and domestic comfort. Within the last year or so something like $50,000 have been invested in labor employing industries. This is a creditable showing for a village of 18,000 inhabitants. During the year 1887 Mr. F. G. Lynde equipped a steam tannery with a capacity for 160 hides per day at an outlay of $10,000. He is prepared to begin operations and intends doing a shipping trade. Mr. Lynde is from Western Ontario, commands considerable cash, is shrewd in business matters and pleasant in manner in friendly intercourse.

Mr. Fred Rollins has but recently finished extensive improvements in his brick, steam flour mill, which cost him $15,000. The roller process is used, and 120 barrels per day is the capacity. Since July the mill has been operated 20 out of 24 hours of the day. He grinds Manitoba wheat and has just received five car loads of Chicago corn, five of peas and five of oats, to crack for his lumber trade. The entire output of this mill finds its way to the northern lumber shanties and country stores of North Hastings. Mr. Rollins is a young man but he has enterprise and "git" as his extensive business indicates.

Then there is the J. & J. White foundry, under the able management of Mr. James White. It was recently enlarged and now gives employment to some 17 men. This firm manufactures supplies for the lumber camps and other articles that find a ready market.

There is now a project on foot to establish a sash and door factory and planing mill with a capital of $10,000. This enterprise is spoken of with confidence. It is said to be a necessity. Cheese boxes are also mentioned as one of the articles likely to be included in the articles of manufacture to meet the already large but constantly increasing demand in that section.

Another industry started as a venture, but which is likely to return handsome profits and give employment to a large number of men, is the Hungerford marble quarry company. It is adjacent to the village and immediately beside a spur of the Grand Trunk railway track. In fact it was in making the road bed for the railway that the marble was found. A good quality of black marble has been reached at a depth of 20 feet. The deeper the quarry is sunk the finer the grain becomes. It is susceptible of a high polish and the manager, Mr. Whitney, says there is market waiting for all that he can get out. Between $15,000 and $20,000 have already been spent in opening up the vein, and the fact has been demonstrated that the marble is there in paying quantities. A diamond drill is sinking the opening at a rapid rate. Saws will be added during the coming summer, when the product of the quarry will be formally introduced to the market. Mr. Whitney was for many years manager of the Gouverneur, N. Y., colossal marble quarry, and is well posted in his business. The Hungerford Marble Company also have a quarry near Tweed, which yields white and pink tinted marble, but of a much coarser grain than that at Madoc. It is said, however, to be available for monumental purposes.

One of the other signs of thrift to be found in the village is a branch of the Traders' bank, established in May last, under the management of Mr. J. H. McLellan, who is admirably adapted to the position. His off-hand tact and business sagacity have already succeeded in securing for the branch a paying custom, and the sphere of its usefulness is gradually increasing. Mr. E. D. O'Flynn's private bank is long established, so that the village is well supplied in that respect.

The Ontario Wheel Company commenced work last week.

Ayer's Hair Vigor improves the beauty of the hair and promotes its growth. It prevents the accumulation of dandruff, cleanses the scalp, and restores a natural color to gray hair. Have you received Ayer's Almanac for the new year?

The Rev. Mr. Buchanan, pastor of the Trenton Methodist Church, has been invited to Brighton.

A new post office, named Anson, haf been opened at the junction of the Midland and Central Ontario Railways.

Harry Clarke, of Belleville, borrowed a saw and sold it to raise the wind for a spree. For doing so he was sent to jail for thirty days.

Mrs. W. C. B. Rathbun, Deseronte, in walking down the front steps of a sleigh, fell and broke one of her wrist bones last week.

The Rev. G. Koncks, of Picton has been appointed Rural Dean of Prince Edward Co., and the Townships of Sidney, Rawdon and Marmora in the County of Hastings.

J. A. Roddick, a student, was seriously hurt while tobogganing at Fort Henry, Kingston, last week. His head was cut to such an extent that fears are entertained as to the result.

A shock of earthquake was felt in Norwood on Wednesday of last week. In several of the houses the dishes were made to rattle and beds were shaken ell over the village. Quite an excitement was caused.

There are sixteen Conservatives and nineteen Reformers in the county council of Lennox and Addington.

A Destructive Blizzard.

A terrible blizzard swept over the North-western States on Thursday last—the worst that has ever been experienced in that country. Snow to the depth of two feet on the level and from five to fifteen feet in the cuts was sufficient to almost suspend the running of trains. But added to this the severe wind which blew in some parts, and the blizzard which raged in others, suspended railway business entirely. Trains in all directions from St. Paul were blocked up; traffic, freight and passenger, on all lines being at a standstill. Not only has there been a great loss in business but it is feared many lives have been lost as well. This storm is reported to be the most severe in the destruction of property and loss of life, as well as heavy losses to business generally, that has visited that section of country.

Alert Fire Co.

The annual election of officers for the Alert Fire Company, of this village, took place at the Fire Hall, on January 5th. The following officers were elected:

Allen Moon—Chief.
E. A. Maybee—Asst. Chief.
John Brown—Captain.
John Reeves—1st Lieut.
Alex. Allt—2nd Lieut.
C. W. Morrison—Sec.
B. F. Embury—Treas.
Wm. Hill—F. of H.
George Reid, Thos. Cottom—Asst. Branchmen.
John McDonald—F. of B.
B. Simmons, S. Wellington—Asst. Brakesmen.
John Reeves—Caretaker.

After the meeting the members repaired to Chambers & Moon's, where the Chief "set up" the oysters to the boys.

Mr. A. E. Fish, merchant, Belleville, states: I take great pleasure in recommending your Nasal Balm to any one troubled with that dreadful disease, catarrh. I have been troubled with it for the past fifteen years, and can say candidly that I never had anything that gave me half so much relief as your Nasal Balm. I have only used two bottles and I feel like a new man.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

MADOC MARKETS.

Fall Wheat	$0 75 to $0 80
Spring Wheat	75 to 80
Barley	55 to 70
Rye	50 to 55
Oats	40 to 42
Peas	60 to 70
Buckwheat	45 to 50
Flour per 100 lbs	2 25 to 2 25
Butter per pound	20 to 20
Eggs per dozen	18 to 20
Lard per pound	10 to 10
Potatoes per bag	75 to 80
Hay per ton	12 00 to 15 00

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

NOTE LOST.

NOTICE is given that a certain note given by James McDonald in favor of the undersigned, for $25, bearing interest at 8 per cent., for eight months, has gone from my possession. Payment of the same to any other than the undersigned is hereby stopped.

Wm. FEENIE, Jr.

Madoc, Jan. 14th, 1888. 41 3w

COUNTY ORANGE LODGE.

THE annual meeting of the County Orange Lodge of North Hastings will be held in the Village of Madoc, on Tuesday, February 7th, 1888, at the hour of 1 o'clock, p. m., for election of Officers and transaction of general business. A full attendance of the members and brethren of the County is desired.

JAMES WHITE, County Secretary.
W. J. ALLEN, County Master.

Madoc, Jan. 17th, 1888. 41 3w

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

NOTICE.

HAVING decided to go out of business, all parties indebted to the undersigned must settle when called upon.

ELI J. LUMB.

Millbridge, Jan. 16th, 1888. 41 3w

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that a By-law will be passed at the next meeting of the Council of the Township of Madoc for the opening of the allowance of road between lots 28 in the 5th concession and 28 in the 6th concession of the Township of Madoc at Bannockburn village.

J. R. KETCHESON, Tp. Clerk.

Madoc, January 17th, 1888. 41 4w

20° BELOW ZERO

and still we have

One Coon Skin Coat,

One Corsican Lamb Coat

One Lady's Astrachan Jacket, and

A few Goat Robes,

yet left in stock. We are going to make

THE "PRICES"

sell these Goods, and any one who has the least notion of buying anything of the kind can make no safer investment than by purchasing one.

Take a Look at Our $6.00 Robes.

John Dale & Son.

Lots of

GUM RUBBERS IN STOCK.

LOOK OUT FOR

CHURCH

&

TODD'S

NEW ADVT.

Next Week.

OVERSHOES

at Cost at

T. ROBERTS'

A line of Ladies'

Curacoa Kid Boots

worth $3.75, for $2.75.

All Goods reduced in price and warranted solid Leather.

Weiss Block.

FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale the North-West quarter of Lot 14, in the 9th con. of the Township of Madoc. Fifty acres. Apply to

MRS. A. LOVE, Cobourg, Ont.

40 3w

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to the public not to purchase or negotiate in any way for a certain note given by me in favor of A. T. Leggett, of L'Amable, as I have not received value therefor.

W. H. MAGUIRE.

L'Amable, Jan. 11th, 1888. 40 3w

Going at 50c.

We are closing out a lot of

CORSETS,

formerly sold at $1.00 a pair,

FOR 50 CENTS.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co. [illegible] St. N.Y.

CHURCH SERVICES.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Divine worship and preaching every Sabbath at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sabbath School and Pastor's Bible Class at 2.30 p.m.; Young People's Prayer Meeting, Tuesday, and General Prayer Meeting, Thursday evenings, at 7.30.

O. R. LAMBLY, M.A., Pastor.

ST. PETER'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sabbath School at 2.30 a.m.; Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening at 8.

D. WISHART, Pastor.

ST JOHN'S THE BAPTIST (Church of England) Mattins and Evensong every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.; Evensong on Wednesdays, at 7.30 p. m., with an address.

T. AUSTIN SMITH, Pastor.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.—Mass, each Sunday at 9.30 a. m., except every third Sunday, when Mass is at 11 o'clock; Vespers and Benediction, each 4th Sunday at 5 o'clock.

THOMAS DAVIS, Pastor.

FROM THE CAPITAL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, Jan. 17.—Following the saying of a calm before a storm the political atmosphere is clear and the most weighty matter at present engaging the attention of the Government is for sught we know the preparation of the Speech from the Throne. Three or four Cabinet Ministers are out of the country and the Premier himself is occupied occasionally in opening toboggaining slides for the clubs, and is attending revival meetings. He celebrated the evening of his 73rd birthday on Wednesday by listening to Messrs. Crossley and Hunter in the Dominion Methodist Church. The bad Grits said he had many sins to repent of, but Sir John himself expects a seat in a celestial cabinet, for when a friend said to him on Wednesday: "I hope you will live 73 years longer," the Premier replied: "What! would you keep me out of Heaven that long?" It is said that when the old man was taken down on a toboggan on Thursday evening he left his breath at the top and returning found it, like Bob Burdette's, frozen to an icicle. Sir John yet relates a prophecy made forty five years ago by an old gipsy who was angry at him for prosecuting her horse stealing son. "May the devil and you," she exclaimed, "go hunting together for sixty years to come."

PRINTING THE LISTS.

The type is expected here daily for the fitting up of a temporary printing office in this city which Col. Chamberlain says will be used for the printing of the electoral lists under the Franchise Act. This will, if carried out, take the printing of these lists away from the local newspaper offices whose proprietors will say with the poet:—

I do believe with all my soul
In the great Press's freedom,
To pint the people to the goal
An' in the traces lead 'em;
Paraded the arm that forges yokes
At my fat contracts squintin',
And withered be the nose that pokes
Inter the Gov'ment printin'.

OUR MILITIA.

It will not surprise some if an increased militia appropriation is asked for this session. The British government are said to be urging an increase in this direction to be applied chiefly to coast defences and the purchase of guns. The article by Sir Charles Dilke in the *Fortnightly* for Jan'y, severely criticizing our military system, was probably inspired or suggested by Lord Wolseley. All this however looks so much like a meddlesome interference in our domestic affairs that Parliament may take the view that our financial condition and natural relations do not warrant unproductive expenditure. The strength of our active militia is about 39,000 maintained at an annual cost of over $1,000,000, and divided as follows:—Infantry, 32,780; cavalry, 2,000; garrison artillery, 2,550; field artillery, 1,400; engineers, 180. By Provinces: Ontario, 18,000; Quebec, 13,000; New Brunswick, 5,850; Nova Scotia 3,900; Prince Edward Island 800; and a few in Manitoba and British Columbia.

ELECTION MATTERS.

Since my last letter another Ontario constituency has been opened—Glengarry. The Reform majority there at the general elections was 206. Mr. Purcell the Reform candidate was a contractor and his opponent was Donald McMaster, Q. C., of Montreal. It is suggested now that Mr. Rayside the Local member, should resign and run in the new election for the Commons, and that Mr. Purcell might run for the Local, but as Mr. Rayside's majority was only 32 Mr. Mowat might be unwilling to agree to this arrangement. To-morrow, the 18th, is polling day in Queen's, N. B., the candidates being again Messrs. King and Baird. It's a curious fact that although at the general election Mr. King secured a majority, Mr. Baird is put down in the "official" returns as being returned by "acclamation." Queen's has always been a Liberal constituency both fedral and local. In Carleton polling is fixed for the 1st Feb. The Conservative convention choose Mr. Dickinson, a young man, but ex-Sheriff Powell who represented the constituency before Confederation repudiates the Convention and is in the field—thus there is a choice between the Conservatives. For the Victoria, B. C., Commons election polling on the 4th Feb'y. A protest has been entered against the return of Major-general Laurie in Shelbourne—his majority was only eight. The election to the Commons for Dorchester, Que., resulted in the return of a Liberal, Mr. Chouinard, by acclamation. There are at present ten or a dozen seats in the Quebec Legislature vacant but no writs have yet been issued.

WORD FROM LORD DUFFERIN.

On the occasion of the presentation in India to the old 100th Canadian Regiment by the Countess of Dufferin, our former governor writes to Captain Wallis of Ottawa, late of the 100th Regiment, a letter in which he says he will "never forget the affectionate kindness" which he had received at the hands of the Canadian people.

OUR MINERAL PRODUCT.

At a time when some discussion is going on about our mineral resources, Mr. Coste's statistical report just issued by the Geological Survey is of special interest. The value of our mineral products in 1886 was $10,529,000, of which $5,000,000 was from coal, gold $1,130,000, and salt $327,195. He states there is only one mine in Canada producing arsenic, a mine in Hastings county.

THE SCOTT ACT.

The petition for the repeal of the Scott Act in Halton is still awaiting action by the Privy Council. Why the Department of Justice does not pronounce on its formality in the usual way is peculiar—all petitions are received by the Secretary of State, then sent to the Minister of Justice who sees if the law has been complied with, and if so the Privy Council fixes the date for polling. The temperance people have retained Hon. R. W. Scott (the author of the Act) to state the objections to the Stanstead petition for repeal.

TRADE WITH SOUTH AMERICA.

Mr. Simeon Jones of St. John, N. B., was here on Saturday in consultation with the Minister of Customs as to the special mission to the Argentine Republic, the object of which is to ascertain if a possible Canadian trade would warrant the Government in subsidizing a line of steamers to that Republic and the West Indies. Mr. Jones is a banker and has been Mayor of St. John.

A NATIONAL ART GALLERY.

It is not generally known that there exists in Ottawa the nucleus of a National Art Gallery. There are a hundred or so oil paintings valued at $25,000 nearly all donated by the artists. Some of the important collections of the world have grown from smaller beginnings than this.

GENERAL NOTES.

There are 11,221 miles of railway in operation in Canada.

The report of the Commissioner on the Oriental disaster will shortly be made public.

Arnprior has been made a Customs outport under the Ottawa collector.

The Ottawa branch of the Imperial Federation League will on Friday discuss commercial union with England.

Mr. D. Chisholm, M. P., for New Westminster is already here for the opening of Parliament on Feb'y 23rd.

Sir John Macdonal will preside to night at an insurance company's banquet at Toronto.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition. The great popularity of **Ayer's Hair Vigor** is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was fast losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes; "and, to my great surprise, converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) *to the same shade of brown* it had when I was 25 years of age."

Ten Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head; but now I gladly lay the cap aside, for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I could hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing; but there it is, and I am delighted. *I look ten years younger.*"

A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass., Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** or of **Ayer's Pills**, in connection with the Vigor, may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

PERFECTION AT LAST.

The only machine, Taper Ground Cross Cut Saw in the Market is the Cooper's Runner. It is of silver Steel, Taper back. Each saw is of the same gauge, 13 gauge face and 18 gauge back, and fully warranted. Call and see for yourselves at - - **M. W. CONNOR & Co.'s.**

New Goods at

THE 4 BIG

Mrs. Wright's Block. Durham Street.

MADOC, - ONT.

The following goods taken into Stock last week, and will be sold at Mill Prices for this month.

20 Pieces Grey Cotton at	- -	4c	worth	5c.
20 do do	- - - -	5c	"	6c.
20 do do	- - - -	7c	"	8c.
20 do do	- - - -	8c	"	9c.
20 do do	- - -	9c	"	10c.
20 Pieces Shirting—fast colors—at		12½	"	15.
10 do Cottonade at	- -	20	"	25.
20 do Lilac Prints—fast—at	-	10	"	12½
20 Dozen Linen Towels at	- -	10	"	12½

All the above Goods were bought away down in Price as Cottons are advancing, so you are getting a rare chance if you buy your Spring Cottons now at

Big Bargains in Dress Goods. THE 4 BIC Madoc.

No Universal Remedy

has yet been discovered; but, as at least four-fifths of human diseases have their source in **Impure Blood**, a medicine which restores that fluid from a depraved to a healthy condition comes as near being a universal cure as any that can be produced. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** affects the blood in each stage of its formation, and is, therefore, adapted to a greater variety of complaints than any other known medicine.

Boils and Carbuncles,

which defy ordinary treatment, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla after a comparatively brief trial.

Mr. C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., writes that for years he was afflicted with boils which caused him much suffering. These were succeeded by carbuncles, of which he had several at one time. He then began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles, the carbuncles disappeared, and for six years he has not had even a pimple.

That insidious disease, **Scrofula**, is the fruitful cause of innumerable complaints, **Consumption** being only one of many equally fatal. Eruptions, ulcers, sore eyes, glandular swellings, weak and wasted muscles, a capricious appetite, and the like, are pretty sure indications of a scrofulous taint in the system. Many otherwise beautiful faces are disfigured by pimples, eruptions, and unsightly blotches, which arise from impure blood, showing the need of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to remedy the evil.

All sufferers from blood disorders should give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a fair trial,—avoiding all powders, ointments, and washes, and especially cheap and worthless compounds, which not only fail to effect a cure, but more frequently aggravate and confirm the diseases they are fraudulently advertised to remedy.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

TEA ! TEA ! !

10 lbs. First-Class TEA for $1.

GROCERIES & CONFECTIONERY

of all kinds

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

FreSh MEAT and FISH

always on hand at bottom figures.

OYSTERS.

The best brand of Oysters supplied in quantities or by the glass. Give me a call.

ANDY. PALMER.

CELEBRATED FEATHERBONE CORSETS.

Ladies

Increase your comfort by wearing the Featherbone Corset. For sale only by

JOHN ROBERTSON,
MADOC.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR

MILLINERY.

GREATEST SALE of the SEASON

Having done an immense business during the past season enables me to sell the balance of my stock of Silks, Satins, Plushes, Velvets, Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Feathers, Flowers, Coatings, Ulsterings, Tuques, &c., at the very lowest figure to make room for Spring Goods.

My display of Millinery and Fancy Goods discounts anything ever seen in Madoc.

New Goods, Latest Styles, Prices Right. Don't fail to see them before ordering.

We actually keep the largest stock of

Trimmed Hats & Bonnets

in Town.

A splendid variety of Holiday Notions now on hand.

MISS L. ELLIOTT.

Wilson Block, Madoc.

J. R. IRISH, L. D. S.

The only Licensed Dentist that visits MADOC, arrives at the WINDSOR HOUSE every Tuesday at one o'clock and stops until the next morning.

Vitalized air used if previously engaged. Can furnish better material and work and for a less fee than if remaining in the place the whole time. Mr. Irish visits Marmora 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of every month.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL.

THE BEST Hotel in the town. This Hotel has been lately refitted and repainted. We can give increased accommodation to the traveling public. First class sample rooms. Choice liquors and cigars. Excellent attention paid to guests. Good stabling and attentive hostlers. We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage, as you will find this second to no hotel in the county.

ROBT. SIMMONS, Prop.

Madoc, Aug. 14th, 1887. 19-1y

CHEAP MONEY.

The Subscriber has Private and Company Funds for Investment on

FARM AND VILLAGE PROPERTY

—at the—

LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST.

5, 5½ and 6 Per Cent.,

according to the description of the loans.

ALEX. A. McDONALD,
Solicitor, Madoc.

August, 10th, 1887. 19-tf

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC - ONT

ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM.

Registered [illegible] and French Coach Horses, Jersey & Ayrshire Cattle, Cotswold & French Merino Sheep, Berkshire & Yorkshire Pigs, Collie & Fox Terrier Dogs, Poultry, &c. Have a very large stock of choice animals for sale. Terms reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed. Correspondence solicited. Address [illegible]

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADIAN.

On Thursday John Tillerington, a St. Catharines fruit dealer, shipped 50,000 pounds of dried apples to the North-west.

The Minister of Customs has decided that duty must be paid on Canadian teams returning from work in American lumber woods.

It is claimed that a majority of the candidates for aldermanic honours in Ottawa have promised to support the license reduction movement in that city.

A number of the employes in the Toronto Custom house have been granted increases of salaries, and two have retired on account of ill-health, receiving the usual gratuities.

Our English correspondent points out that owing to the scarcity of horses in the British army, a chance offers itself of which Canadian breeders should not be slow to avail themselves.

The Government has commissioned Mr. Simeon Jones, ex-M.P., of St. John, N.B., to visit South America and the West Indies with a view to working up closer trade relations with Canada.

The dispute between the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk railways over the former's eastern entrance to Toronto has been decided by the Railway Committee of the Privy Council in favour of the Canadian Pacific.

The *Canadian Gazette* wants the Dominion Government to be invested with power to prohibit raft enterprises like that which recently proved so conspicuous a failure, on the ground of the danger to ocean navigation thus involved.

The Port Hope Times remarks:—Young men who were bothered trying to think of something to give particular young ladies, should have remembered that marriage license are easily and promptly procured, and that the cost is not excessive.

Certain statements seriously reflecting upon the Toronto City Auditors, regarding grave irregularities in the Water Works department, were made by the Chairman of the Executive Committee, and a special committee is investigating the matter.

Montreal has fifteen hundred licensed and unlicensed groggeries, while Toronto has but one hundred and fifty hotels and saloons. It seems that in Quebec a saloon keeper may become a politician office holder, or a component of the representative bodies. This accounts for the influence of the saloon interest in the East. We do things better in Ontario.

A Fredericton schoolboy, Will O'Hara, played truant and was afraid to return home. He remained out all night, lying under a bush with no covering except a thin shirt. In the morning he was unconscious and would have died there had not a neighbor seen him and told his parents, who, almost wild with grief, were overjoyed at finding any life in their boy. After long insensability he recovered.

Last October an expedition was sent to Montana from the American Museum of Natural History, New York, to secure a number of buffaloes for a herd group. The party has just returned unsuccessful, having been unable to find a single buffalo although diligent search was made over the most likely territory. So many valuable specimens of remains of other animals were found, however, that the expedition was not altogether a failure.

The Montreal detective scandal has engaged the attention of both English and American journals. The latest comment upon it comes from across the ocean and is in the nature of a suggestion. It is stated that the scandal would make a good basis for a sensational novel. A robbery is committed and trained detectives are employed to bring the thieves to justice. As the detectives are the culprits they, of course, fail to find anything but clues. Were Gilbert to handle the subject he would cause the detectives to arrest themselves. How he would ultimately extricate them and marry them to the various heroines, deponent saith not.

The lost Joggins raft has given Canadian maritime interests an unenviable notoriety. The raft was built in New Brunswick as an experiment in the shipment of timber, the idea of the builder being that logs braced together could be towed to New York less expensively than they could be carried by ship. It would appear that the probability that the huge structure might become unmanageable at sea never entered the mind of the designer; or, if it did, it was perhaps set aside with the reflection that the risks of accidents were less numerous than the chances that the raft would pull through in safety. The disaster has now happened, and the raft has been afloat on the ocean, a terror to mariners and a discredit to Canada. Even the breaking up of the raft will not relieve the feeling of fear with regard to it, for it is stated that one of those huge logs striking an iron vessel with the full force of the waves would probably sink her. No doubt we have seen the last of the big raft business. The shipping interest, which has watched the experiment with a jealous eye, will hope so, as all events, for the one raft contained as much timber as seventy timber vessels could carry.

A Halifax special to the N. Y. *World*, Dec. 27, says:—A state of semi-mutiny prevails among the soldiers of the York and Lancaster regiments quartered in the Wellington Barracks. Bad feeling has been brewing among certain companies for some time. Two-thirds of the regiment and its officers prepared to celebrate Christmas in old English style. They handsomely decorated the barracks and issued invitations for a ball. During yesterday there was a great deal of drinking among the men. In fact most of them were drunk, when orders were issued that no more liquor should be supplied to the men of Company G. The men of that company had had enough to be very ugly, and from that moment trouble was assured. At 5 o'clock the festivities and all preparations for the ball were brought to a sudden stop by the discovery that the barracks had been set on fire. The fire was soon located in Company G's apartment, and was quickly extinguished. It was clearly the work of an incendiary. Three of the soldiers were in the place at the time. They were very soon under guard, the whole battalion was called out into the exercising grounds, formed in companies, extra sentries and guards were put on duty and orders given that no man should leave the barracks that night; that all festivities were at an end and the ball was indefinitely postponed. The men were terribly enraged at the severity of the orders issued by Col. Lack, and that commanding officer, clad in full uniform was hooted and jeered at by the frenzied soldiers. A mob of them is reported to have surrounded and badly jostled him. A court of inquiry will sit to-morrow. The same barracks were burned twenty years ago.

UNITED STATES.

The Chicago and North-western Company has just placed an order for 4,100 freight cars.

M. D. Babcock, inventor of the Babcock fire extinguisher, has died in a San Francisco almshouse.

The United States consumes every day 25,900 acres of timber. Each night we retire with 25,000 acres less of forest than the sun gilded with its morning gold.

During the fire which destroyed a portion of Wakefield, Mich., the town was entirely in the hands of roughs, who plundered the stores with impunity.

A number of frightful collisions are reported on United States railways on Saturday, involving terrible loss of life and injury to passengers and railway men, and causing great destruction of railway property.

Uncle Isaac Wallace, of Clarksville, Tex., is one of the most remarkable products of that remarkable State. He is said to be 102 years old, walks with crutches, is still able to earn a living by chopping cordwood, and walks a mile or two daily going and coming from work. That is if you can believe what you read.

A miner in Strawberry Valley, California, says he has led the life of a hermit since boyhood, his only company being newspapers. Yet this man is able to discuss social, political and other problems in a manner creditable to a man of high social position. Surely the newspaper is a society in itself.

The great organ of St. Agnes' church, Brooklyn, which is to rank among the most massive instruments in the world, was formally opened Sunday morning. It has 5,000 pipes, four banks of keys, three octaves of pedals and a full chime of bells. The reeds include a four, eight and sixteen foot trumpet. The power for the bellows is furnished by an hydraulic engine.

Americans, in near hurry and worry, become woefully careless. The dead letter office at Washington during the past fiscal year handled over 6,300,000 pieces of original mail matter, including over 19,000 letters without any address at all. Over 18,000 pieces of dead mail matter were handled every day—a surprisingly large number.

A young girl has cleverly swindled some of the good folks of Maine with a bird protection scheme. Some of the richest and most influential citizens of Lewiston not only signed her papers promising to use their influence to protect song birds, but also entertained her at their homes, and gave her money to help carry on the work. Suddenly the pretty widow—she was a widow three—was called away by a telegram announcing the death of her brother, and a few days afterward a man appeared with $1,800 worth of promissory notes, which it appeared the citizens had signed when they thought they were pledging themselves not to kill the pretty birds.

FOREIGN.

Catholics and Orangemen had a desperate fight at Killybeam, County Tyrone.

The commission has ordered reductions in judicial rents in Ireland aggregating £2,000,000.

A Hungarian authority says the German army is eager for war with Russia, but Bismarck is in favour of peace.

Mr. Gladstone, in an interview in Paris, said that in the event of war it would be England's role to remain a passive spectator of the terrible struggle.

It is reported that in consequence of the news from Massowah the Italian Government have decided to despatch a reinforcement of 6,000 early in January.

Cardinal Manning has astonished his friends by announcing himself a convert to the teachings of Anarchy. "Every man," he says, "has a right to life and a right to the food necessary to sustain life. Necessity has no law and a starving man has a natural right to his neighbour's bread."

Papers of all shades of opinion reviewing events of the year, express a hope that the Fisheries Commission will find a way to the settlement of Anglo-American disputes. The *Times* says: "The Washington Government has shown moderation and courtesy, and there is reason to hope that the Commission will be able to suggest terms for an acceptable compromise." It declares that the selection of Mr. Chamberlain is a pledge that the British policy will not be governed by mere diplomatic traditions, but by a business-like view of the whole case.

It was a bold act of Count Shermetieff to make a personal protest to the Czar against the Imperial mandate for the closing of the six great universities of Russia at the very time the Nihilists were scattering seditious handbills over St. Petersburg in the interest of their rebellious students. But the Czar listened to the protest, and even ordered the inquiry which the count desired. There has been no danger of the banishment of the university rebels to Siberia. The Czar himself would not dare to consign to such a doom ten thousand young students belonging to the families of the highest social rank in Russia.

Carter Harrison, who is writing newspaper letters from Japan to the Chicago *Mail*, says:—"When one reflects that there is never a fire which would fill a half-bushel measure; that the Japanese wear no woolen garments, and only sandals or clogs on their feet; that the winters are cold enough to make the town three inches thick, and that the ground is often white with snow, one wonders how they live. There seems to be something peculiar in the physical make-up of the Japanese, as well as in their plants, which enables them to endure safely great cold. I am told that plants which in America are killed by autumn frosts here live and bloom in the midst of snow and when the thermometer has gone much below the freezing point. Certainly the people have wonderful powers and endurance if their sensations are as ours are. Every Japanese, high or low, takes his hot bath every night. He jumps into a bath of water heated from 100 to 115 degrees and enjoys the boil, and stands for hours up to his waist in cold, mountain torrents, and it is said will break the ice in winter and work up to his neck in immersion, and seems to feel no ill effects from it. He is certainly a wonderful animal, and ethnological data must yet be ferreted to convince me that he is not indigenous to the soil he lives on."

Modes of Keeping Apples.

A few hours expended early in winter by farmers in making experiments for keeping apples sound through winter and into spring, will give them some valuable practical information on the subject, which may be of much use to them both now and in after years. The best time to commence such experiments is late in autumn, just as farmers are about removing their winter apples from the cool out-house where they have been for several weeks, to their fruit-room or cellar for winter storage; but those who have made this removal, and who have their apples already stored in bulk or on shelves, may make the experiments to good advantage, now that they have more time to spare. They are to be made on the basis of the requirements that the fruit will keep best at a uniformly low temperature, or near the freezing point. If this is secured, there is no trouble in keeping fruit for months which otherwise might perish in a few days or weeks. Next to a low temperature, is a uniform one, even if considerably higher. But the most unfavorable of all is a fluctuating one, cold at one time and warm at another, or subjected to rapid changes, disturbing the texture and firmness, and the keeping quality of the fruit.

To secure good results, and to be able to control the temperature of the apartment, the fruit-room should always be entirely separate from the rest of the cellar, if not in a separate building. The apples should never be mixed with vegetables or other matters, in the same place. The farmer who has not yet provided a suitable and separate space, would do well to at once add one of one, either by handsome matched plank, or better, with an eight-inch brick wall. This work may be easily done in winter in an unfrozen cellar. The temporary litter which it occasions can be borne for the neat and satisfactory results which are to follow. If the new apartment can have windows on opposite sides for ventilation, all the better. Hanging or sliding sash will give control, and the temperature may be kept nearly uniform by admitting cold air on cool nights, and closing the windows as the weather becomes warmer. One or two cheap thermometers will be a guide in regulating it. A neat and tidy separate room, made cool in this systematic way, will keep fruit sound, fresh and excellent long after the mass in a promiscuous storage, and with changes of heat and cold, have rotted and perished.

In addition to this care, or as a substitute for it where it cannot be fully applied, it will be valuable to surround the fruit with a protecting substance. We have found that even the slight covering of tissue paper wrapped around each specimen, kept apples sound longer than when they were exposed. Hence also the reason that apples keep better headed up in barrels, if not allowed to remain too long in this condition, or until the confined air became heated, or if not stored in a warm cellar. And hence also the reasons that when packed in some pulverised substance, which shall fill the interstices and prevent the accumulation of heated air, a still better purpose will be answered. Among these different substances are—bran, baked sawdust, ground plaster and fine chaff. If sawdust is used, that made from basswood answers well, as it is soft and is free from bad taste. Whatever is used should be perfectly dry, so as not to produce any mould.

In using plaster, which is liable to adhere to the surface of the fruit, it is well to wrap each specimen in thin paper before imbedding it in the plaster.

Either barrels, kegs, or boxes may be employed for receiving the fruit, first placing a layer about an inch deep on the bottom, then a layer of apples with the stems upward, and then another layer of the packing substance, filling in all the spaces between, and then alternating layers of each till full. Care should be taken that no bruised ones are used. These deficiencies substances will prevent freezing for a time; and some orchardists are quite successful in placing the barrels or boxes in an outhouse or barn, resting on the earth, and with about three feet of hay or straw over them. With this double protection, they will not freeze and being kept cool all winter, they come out fresh and sound in the spring. If in a basement or fruit room, they may be kept colder than when placed on shelves or in bulk exposed to the air, and they will keep the longer for this cooler exposure. A little experience will aid as a guide.

If instead of packing in plaster or fine bran, the less perfect material of the fine shavings of joiners, or from bookbinders, are employed for alternating layers with the fruit, they will aid in protecting it from cold currents and sudden changes, and retaining its soundness.

Farmers who have stored their fruit in cellars, without any cover or protection may obtain much valuable information relative to the keeping of fruit, by performing the following experiments:

1. Count and select fifty good, sound apples from the shelf or exposed mass, wrap each in paper and replace them. Count out fifty more, the same in condition, and place them aside exposed. Next spring count the number of decayed ones in each lot, and see how each has fared.

2. Count out and place fifty equal specimens each in boxes of suitable size, packed in fine shavings, fine chopped cut straw, bookbinders' chips, coarse and fine chaff, bran, sifted coal ashes, and plaster; put them in a cool but not freezing apartment, and by counting the decayed specimens next spring, compare the results.

3. Fill boxes large enough to hold half a bushel or a bushel, with apples in the more compact packing, as plaster or fine chaff, and place them in the barn, with a few feet of hay, or a foot or two of chaff, upon them, and examine their condition in spring or summer.

Improvements on these modes will suggest themselves to orchardists; they are offered merely by way of hints for practical tests of different modes. Similar trials may be made with long keeping winter pears.

The Difference.

Years ago we had the pleasure of somewhat frequent talks with the venerable Dr. William S. Plummer. In the course of one of our conversations we asked him, "How do you account for the fact that some men who are evidently not religious in their lives, can preach sermons that are so engaging and edifying?" We shall never forget the solemn and profound reply given by the old preacher, in words so few and fitting, "Gifts are not graces."

DUBLIN'S LATEST SENSATION.

Extraordinary Career of the Man Whom Captain Dunne Shot At.

The shooting affair in Dublin, of which you have received some particulars, is attracting a good deal of attention here because of the high social position of some of the people engaged in it. The Rev. Henry Whyte Melville, who betrayed Captain Dunne's daughter, and narrowly escaped death at the hands of the infuriated father, has no blue blood in his veins. He formerly rejoiced in the unromantic patronymic of Higginson, and worked as a journalist for some time in Dublin, and also, it is said, in America. Later he entered the service of the Irish Customs, married and started raising a family. Mrs. Whyte Melville was the daughter of Lord Bateman, granddaughter by marriage of the fifth Duke of Leeds, and cousin of no less a person than Lord Salisbury. Her daughter by her late husband is married to Viscount Massereene, a peer of the realm. How Higginson became acquainted with a lady so immeasurably above him in the social scale is at present somewhat of a mystery; but Mrs. Melville was elderly, vain, romantic in her ideas, and enormously rich—just the sort of a woman to fall a prey to any handsome, unscrupulous and fairly young adventurer.

Higginson filled these conditions to the letter, and as an excuse for the old widow it must be put on record that since he mysteriously disappeared from Dublin he had acquired the additional attraction of a clerkship in holy orders. In other words, he had become an Episcopal clergyman, having been ordained in South Africa after a short and exciting career, during which he was more familiar with taverns and gambling halls than with churches. Mrs. Melville became enamored of Higginson, who, she supposed, was a single man. As a matter of fact he had a wife living, and had deserted her and her children after a vain and infamous attempt to obtain a divorce. Higginson had no difficulty in ascertaining the social standing and pecuniary position of the love-lorn old widow. She had not long before inherited something like £500,000 under the will of the late Duke of Leeds. He responded to her advances with stimulated ardor, and attended her publicly and in private like a lap dog. The Viscountess Massereene heard of her mother's infatuation and passionately protested. In vain she invoked the memory of her idolized dead father. In vain the family influence from Lord Salisbury downward was brought to bear to break off the threatened mesalliance. The strangely assorted couple were married, Higginson taking the name of Whyte Melville in order to evade certain awkward clauses in the Duke of Leeds' will.

A few days afterwards Viscountess Massereene vented her grief and indignation in form of a memoriam notice published in the obituary column of all newspapers, in which, after reciting in most pathetic terms the virtues of her late father, she concluded with the significant words, "He was the last of his race." But Higginson is not a sensitive man and he found ample consolation, if he needed any, in the widow's £40,000 a year and her lovely bankers' balance, of which he quickly proceeded to make the freest use, although Mrs. Melville had on the wedding day settled £12,000 on him.

Higginson tired of his wife's mature charms, and turned his baneful eyes on Miss Dunne, a pretty woman of twenty-four, who lived with his wife as half friend, half companion. She was of good birth, and her wonderful accomplishments included a fluent knowledge of French, German and Italian. Her father, Capt. Dunne, had been in reduced circumstances hence her dependent position. Dunne is related to the best families in Ireland, and the position of governor of one of her majesty's prisons, it must be remembered, is in this country considered a dignified one. Poor Gha'n Power, the gallant young journalist who was Gordon's trusted comrade during the long siege of Khartoum, and who, with Col. Stewart, perished in a vain effort to break through the Mahdi's grim cordon and join hands with Wolseley's advancing columns, was the dearly loved nephew of Dunne. Notwithstanding his family connections, Dunne was a good nationalist, and enjoyed the friendship of Isaac Butt, the father of Home Rule.

Higginson found favour in Miss Dunne's eyes, and he soon acquired extraordinary influence over her, rumor says partly by mesmerism, of the result of which the cable has already advised you. Miss Dunne arrived in Dublin last night with the avowed intention of seeing her unfortunate father through the trouble. She was in terrible distress, but firm in her resolve to remain. This morning, however, her paramour gained access to her and ordered her to return to London. She wept and implored, and even went on her knees to the scoundrel, but he was obdurate, and finally succeeded in so bending her to his will that she obeyed his every word and gesture, and she is now on her way to the British metropolis.

It is comforting to learn that Mrs. Whyte Melville now sees Higginson in his true colors as a heartless, ungrateful, unscrupulous villain, and will do all in her power to help Capt. Dunne. It is additionally gratifying to know that Higginson has made himself liable to prosecution for bigamy, and that he will soon be enjoying the pleasure of penal servitude, unless Lord Salisbury should try to hush matters up in order to prevent a public recital in the witness box of his cousin's shame and folly.

This is the time of the year when *bona fide* news is scarce. Hence, we hear one day that war in Europe is unavoidable, and on the next that the situation is improved. While it is utterly impossible to know what to believe, it is certain that the state of affairs between Russia, Germany and Austria is no worse to-day than it has been any number of times during the past few years. That war must come some day is certain. Russia's restlessness will not allow us to expect anything else. The Czar has a large and ponderous army that frets and rusts in time of peace. They long for action and to override the world. They will assuredly get the former at possibly some date not many years off, but the latter they will never accomplish. Meantime while we cannot but regret bloodshed and useless expenditure of treasure, we in Canada can afford to look silently on with a guilty conviction that while Russians and Germans tear each other's throats and pierce each other's breasts we shall profit by an increased demand for bread-stuffs and produce. This, perhaps, appears heartless, but it is the truth, and, after all, we all profit at times by other's harm.

OLD WORLD NEWS.

The Latest War Rumors—The Situation More Hopeful—Hungary's Relations with Russia.

(By cable from our own Correspondent.)

LONDON, Jan. 10.—The reaction from the old year's gloomy forebodings of war continues its course and Austrian rentes are fully 5 per cent. higher than they were on the last day of December. Just as the Viennese last week exaggerated the dangers of an immediate calamity, so now, at the other extreme, they are very cheerful over a situation which to outsiders does not seem particularly altered. There comes to-day, indeed, sundry rumors which make it possible that we shall have a fresh war panic next week.

As a matter of fact, these fluctuations between confidence and despair are bound to continue until some decision to move one way or the other shows Europe what the real situtacion is and how far the several parties to the broglio are willing to go toward securing a genuine settlement by a compromise. There are certain indications that Bismarck has resumed his efforts to mediate between Russia and Austria, or rather to discover a way in which their rival interests in the Balkans can be reconciled. The main points of such an endeavor will naturally be to find how far Austria can back down without coming to a domestic rupture with the Hungarians, and to see if this can satisfy Russia. This is really what the whole Bulgarian difficulty amounted to from the beginning, the only new feature in the deadlock being that Russia has in the meantime moved forward a lot of troops in order to be able to argue her side of the question more effectively. It remains to be seen whether this demonstration will operate to facilitate settlement or provoke a war. As the affair stands now one issue is just as likely as the other.

The latest news from Sofia makes it evident that a new series of uprisings, mutinies, and invasions by Montenegrin marauders is about to be inaugurated under Russian auspices. These, like the massing of troops on the Galician frontier, are characteristic moves in Russia's game to render things so disagreeable all round for her neighbors that they will finally buy her off by conceding what she wants. They may succeed, at least to the extent of allowing her to dethrone Prince Ferdinand and substitute some friendly Prince of her own choosing; but it is equally possible that this policy of exasperation may instead prompt the neighbors to turn round and give her a good solid thrashing, and so the situation stands.

It is only natural that the slightest indisposition of the aged Kaiser should create alarm, and Berlin got tremendously excited the other day over the announcement that he would be unable to attend the opera in the evening and that the Ambassadorial dinner was indefinitely postponed. Reports now say that he is merely a light cold in the throat, which makes it better for him not to talk much, and I am assured by a friend in Berlin who sees him often that the venerable monarch has all Winter long looked and acted stronger than for several Winters previous. Still that is no reason why he is not liable to go out like a candle at any hour and any day.

From information obtained from the Admiralty and from the Royal Geographical Society I am able to state that at present there is not any question of fitting out a special South Polar expedition, but the idea of the so-called Antarctic Exploration Society is to stimulate private enterprise by the promise of bounties for passing beyond certain latitudes.

Sir Allen Young, the veteran Arctic explorer, has been sounded on the subject, but so far he has not shown any disposition to take part in pushing research into those dreary regions. The fact is the society, as at present situated, is not in a position to offer sufficient inducement for any one to undertake a voyage solely with the object of research.

[THE MONEY REWARD AVAILABLE.

The pecuniary support obtained up to the present is limited to the Australian colonies, provided the imperial government will grant a similar amount. The matter has been referred here to the hydrographical authorities at the Admiralty, and as they have reported favorably there is little doubt that the money will be forthcoming. The grant, however, will be accompanied with certain stipulations as to the presence on board of any ship claiming the bounty of some competent persons who shall have carried out a series of observations in accordance with the present programme.

The keepers of the Fastnet Lighthouse, fears for whose safety were entertained, owing to the washing away of a portion of the rock on which the lighthouse stands, are safe.

Advices from Massowah state that General Cagni has advanced his fortified posts to a point near Dogali, General San Marzano, commander-in-chief, is moving his head quarters to Fort Monkucle.

Returns issued by the British Board of Trade show that the imports for the past month increased £3,162,885, as compared with those of the corresponding month in 1886, and that the exports for the same month increased £3,220,000 over those for December, 1886.

The Restaurant Cat.

Among the patrons of an uptown restaurant is one who has lost all faith in cats. It was a pitiable cold evening, and a forlorn puss sat on the outside of the window ledge looking pathetically into the warm room. Now and then she expressed her sorrow by the chromatic music of the feline tribe. Several customers were tempted to open the window and let her in. One of them whose table abutted the ledge where puss sat, finally yielded to her entreaties and raised the sash. With a gratified, but not grateful purr-r-r, the cat came in, sprang upon the kind customer's table, seized in her mouth the half roast chicken that the waiter had just served, and turning, jumped out of the window on to the roof of a shed before the customer could say "scat!" much less lower the sash. Then the other customers hid their faces in their napkins, and the kind-hearted man looked sheepish.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Doctors Mackenzie, Schrader, Krause and Hovell issued a bulletin yesterday, in which they take a very hopeful view of the crown Prince's greatly improved condition.

TWO CHRISTMASES;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF THE HAUNTED GARRET.

Grayacre is lost. With that one word the place that I love almost as my own soul passes away from me for ever. I can scarcely realise it, but I know that it is true.

"Stop!" Hugh Tressilian exclaims, stretching out his hand. "Child are you mad?"

But I shake his hand away from my sleeve and stagger away blindly.

"Love me alone! I hate the sight of you! Go back to Grayacre and tell them you are master there!"

"Joan!"

"You have laid your plans well—you and your mother! You have robbed and cheated me——"

"You are a woman, Joan Ludlow, or I should kill you for those words!"

"You may kill me, for you have broken my heart!"

"You break mine!" he says passionately. "You are crying out for nothing—you know I have no more idea of taking Grayacre——"

"You have taken it! Your horrible plot has succeeded, and—and I wish you joy of it! It will prosper—such ill-gotten gains always do prosper. I—I suppose you will let me go back for—for the few things that belong to me—things that were my mother's! And—and I must say good-bye to—to Dorothy and the others. They will be sorry."

Suddenly I put both hands up to my face, and burst into such tears as I have not shed before in all my life.

"Joan, Joan!"

His arms are around me, his heart is beating against mine.

"Joan, my love, my darling—Joan, you are killing me! Oh, Joan, why won't you trust me, why won't you believe that I love you with all my heart and soul!"

I do not believe it; I thrust him away from me with loathing and contempt.

"You are a cheat and coward! Why don't you go away from here?"—stamping my foot passionately. "I hate the sight of you: I always hated the sight of you, creeping about the place with your covetous eyes!"

I must have been beside myself when I said it. Hugh Tressilian's arms dropped down by his side.

"That is enough," he says slowly; and without another word, without a look, he turns away and walks up the path, up and away into the shadow of the sighing pines.

How the next hour passes I do not know. Face downwards among the fresh springing mosses and last year's pine-cones and the green leaves of the bluebells, I lie sobbing, sobbing as if my heart would break. I have lost everything—my home, the friend I loved like a brother. As happy an hour ago, I feel now as if I must die under my load of despair. To leave Grayacre—the dear familiar rooms, the garden, the fields I have played in, the old servants who love me—how shall I bear it? And, worse than that, to have lost the friend I trusted in, to know that he never cared for me, that he could deliberately plan to rob me, that all the time I was so happy walking with him and talking to him, and thinking and planning for his comfort and his amusement, he was scheming to ruin me! How could he be so cruel, so cold-blooded, so utterly heartless? This hurts me most of all. I had thought no worse thing could happen to me than the loss of Grayacre, but, strange to say, my sorrow for Grayacre is swallowed up in my sorrow for my lost friend.

The sun is shining beyond the sombre wall of woodland when I stagger back to Grayacre, lying ruddy on my trim holly hedges, and lighting up the quaint old house, with all its casements burning in the sunset and the green ivy muffling its warm red walls and twisted chimneys, with its trim flower-beds, its formal alleys, all the dear old nooks and corners which have been "home" to me for twenty years and more. And I must lose it—I have lost it already! I have no right to enter the door—no right to give an order to the servants—no right to lay my head on the pillow where it has lain so often—no right to eat or drink under the roof which has sheltered me since I was a child. But I have nowhere else to go. One night more I must spend at Grayacre, and then—then I must go out into the bitter, lonely world to earn my bread.

"Master Hugh wants to speak to you, Miss Joan."

The dusk is closing in, the short February dusk. The thrushes are singing in the bushes. I hear them through the open window; the cattle are lowing in the yard, waiting to be housed and fed.

"My head aches, Dorothy; I cannot go down."

"But he says he must see you for a minute; he is going away."

"Going away?"

"He has been putting his things together. I thought you knew."

"I did not know. Where is he going?"

"I don't know, dearie—to London, I suppose. But he's waiting in the oak parlour now, with his great-coat on and his hat in his hand, and Mrs. Wills, she's crying like a child in her own room."

I rise from the bed where I have lain, my face buried in the pillow, ever since I came in from the fir wood. I do not glance at the glass; it is too dark to see how I look. I hope it will be dark enough in the oak parlour to hide my dishevelled hair and swollen eyes and the stain of tears on my cheeks. I feel giddy and bewildered, but a kind of cold despair has taken the place of my passionate grief of an hour back, and I am not afraid that I shall break down again, whatever Hugh Tressilian may have made up his mind to do or say.

I find him in the oak parlour, standing with his back to the wood-fire. I cannot see his face very well, with the light behind him—not even when he pushes a chair forward for me; but I do not sit down.

"I am going away," he says quite quietly, "I—I wished to see you for a few moments, just to tell you that I shall never trouble you or this house again."

"What is to become of it?" I ask very coldly.

"How 'become of it'?"

"I leave it to-morrow. Do you think your mother is fit to take charge of it and of herself."

"I suppose you will take care of my mother."

"I tell you I shall not be here."

"That is folly and nonsense. If you are not here, where will you be?"

"That is my affair."

"Joan Ludlow, do you really think I am base enough and mean enough to usurp your inheritance—even if I could?"

"You cannot help yourself now—the thing is done."

"It is not done. Nobody knows what passed between us to-day but our two selves, and, as far as I am concerned no one shall ever know."

"It is too late. In refusing you—your offer—I made you the owner just as certainly as if it had been left to you unconditionally in my uncle's will."

"Perhaps—if I chose to take advantage of your—refusal."

"It is not optional with you. In speaking that one word I transferred the property to you as completely as if I had never owned it. No matter what you do or say, the place is yours—you could not make me revoke my words even if you would."

"Heaven knows I would gladly!"

"I do not care to listen to any more protestations, Mr. Tressilian"—with a wave of my hand. "You have accomplished your object—let that satisfy you; whether you are glad or sorry now, I neither know nor care. I only know that what is done cannot be undone by either you or me, and that I shall leave Grayacre at daylight to-morrow, so that, if you also desert it and your mother, it will be at your own risk."

"If I had known this, I would not have spoken as I did," he answers very coldly. "But I must have spoken; and—and you will believe me when I tell you on the honour of a gentleman, I thought your answer would have been different; I thought you cared for me, and—and would give me the right to make you care for me as—as your husband."

I do not believe him. I have lost faith in him I can credit him with none but the worst motives, the most sordid, the most mercenary.

"I do not want you to repeat all that," I say wearily. "Dorothy told me you were going away."

"I am going immediately."

"Then all I can tell you is that I am also going away. I have written to Annie Carmichael."

"You have not told her?"

"I have told her everything."

"What do you mean by everything?"

I told her just this, that a new will had been found which only left Grayacre to me conditionally; that I had broken these conditions, and that the place now belonged to Hugh Tressilian, and that, as I did not care to remain here as his guest, I should be glad if she would take me in at the Rectory for a few days. I did not say when the will was found, or where, or what were the conditions. I could tell her all that by-and-by.

"I told her Grayacre was not mine any longer," I answer slowly, standing with one hand resting on the table, looking gravely into the fire, not at the dark figure before me on the rug. "If—if you care for the old place, Hugh, you will not desert it."

"Joan," he exclaims, encouraged by the break in my voice—"oh, Joan, for Heaven's sake retract those bitter words—say that you will marry me—a year hence—twenty years hence—only do not break my heart by going away!"

I shake my head. He has taken a step towards me—he has caught hold of the hand hanging limp and cold by my side—he has thrown himself on his knees at my feet.

"On my darling, my darling, have pity on me and on yourself."

Some demon of obstinacy urges me not to listen, not to give way by so much as a word or a look.

"Get up, Hugh Tressilian. I forgive you—I will try not to bear you any malice. I will not go away to-morrow; if you promise not to desert Grayacre, I will stay here till I find some other home, where—where I may be happy, happy as I was here perhaps. And, after all, you had more right to the place than I had; it would have been yours in any case after—after I was dead and gone."

CHAPTER V.

"You are not going away without eating any breakfast, Joan?"

"I shall dine when I get home," I answer, tying my bonnet-strings.

We are standing in the hall at Grayacre, my cousin Hugh and I. It is very early in the morning, not six o'clock yet, but the porch door stands wide open, and there are men moving in the meadow beyond the garden—I can hear them whetting their scythes.

"I don't know how you can call that place home, my cousin says discontentedly. "It feels like home to me," I answer quietly.

"For a person of such determination of character, I think you are very fickle!"

"I am only fickle on the surface. Deep down in my heart of hearts I am as steadfast as a rock."

My cousin looks at me in his odd intent way.

"I never could understand you, Joan."

"I dare say not. I do not always understand myself."

There is a pause while I put on my cloak my cousin hates so much.

"I wonder Leslie lets you set out for this long walk without eating anything," he says at last.

"Which is as much as to say Leslie's will is stronger than mine."

"I ought to know the strength of your will," he answers, laughing slightly. "I have suffered from it."

"Suffer" is too strong a word to use. I suffered, if you like, and yet how soon I got over it!"

"Yes," he allows, with a kind of impatient acquiescence. "You are always impressing that upon me. When do you intend to look like yourself again?"

"When this night-nursing is over. I wish I could wait for Dr. Murray's verdict to-day, Hugh."

"Why to-day more than any other day?"

"I feel more anxious to-day; and yet I do not know that I have any reason."

"Nesbitt was quite hopeful about her yesterday."

"I have not much faith in Doctor Nesbitt!"

"But he understands her symptoms."

"I am glad Doctor Murray has come home. You will let me know his opinion at once?"

"I shall ride over myself the instant Murray leaves the house."

I step out into the sweet morning air, redolent of roses and the new-mown grass. My cousin follows me, taking his cap from the table.

"You must not come with me, Hugh. Leslie would be frightened if she thought you were not in the house."

"She won't know," he answers almost roughly. "I am not going to let you walk all that way alone."

"All what way? I am going through the wood."

"It will not take me twenty minutes to walk with you through the wood."

We walk down the green alley, between the box borders, to the little gate leading into the pine wood. This is our short cut to the village in summer, in winter the moor field at the end of the wood is too swampy to make travelling over it safe or pleasant.

"You are very silent, Joan. Are you trying to hide anything from me?"

"I am trying to hide something from myself."

"You think she is worse?"

"I am afraid she is not better."

"But Nesbitt——"

"There was a change last night. It was a very slight change, but I did not understand it. I hope Doctor Murray will make no delay."

"If you think I ought to send for him——"

"It might be as well; or leave a message yourself—it won't take you five minutes to go on to his house."

"That will be the best plan."

"And you will send for me at once if——"

"Yes," he promises, without looking at me. "I will either come or send—you may trust to me."

"I may be mistaken. I have had a good deal of experience, but even doctors are mistaken sometimes. But I may be too anxious; Leslie is so nervous, she makes me feel afraid."

"Why don't you turn her out of the room?"

"Aunt Wills would not like that. Her eyes follow her about all the time."

"She must be awfully in the way so me times."

"She does her best. She is not accustomed to sick people."

"Leslie would make a wretched nurse."

"Sick nursing is not every woman's vocation, though it ought to be."

"I wonder what Leslie's vocation is."

"She is only a child. I did not think I should like taking care of sick people—when I was seventeen."

"Do not compare yourself to her!"

"I am not comparing myself to her," I answer smiling, as I remember my own white tired face and think of Leslie's pink cheeks and liquid eyes.

We are in the pine wood now; all about us the tall stems stand up bare and brown; the air is full of the strong sweet smell of the resinous wood, reminding me as it always does, of Bournemouth and the pine woods there. There was a time when I could not bear this wood for that very reason, it brought Bournemouth so vividly before me—the sea, the cliffs, the white house above the cliffs where my boy died. But I have grown accustomed to it now, and can bear the keen odour without its giving me a pain at my heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For the Year 1888

No better resolution can be made than to resist buying any of the substitutes offered as "just as good" as the great only sure pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails to give satisfaction. Beware of poisonous flesh eating substitutes.

The United States Bureau of Labor published some startling figures regarding strikes, showing that in six years the aggregate loss by "labor movements" amounted to close upon $60,000,000 as follows: Loss to strikers during the six years covered by the investigations, $51,816,165. Loss to employers through lockouts for the same period, $8,132,717, or a total wage loss to employes of $59,948,882. This loss occurred to both strikes and lockouts in 24,518 establishments, or an average loss of $2,445 to each establishment, or of nearly $40 to each striker involved. The assistance given to strikers during the same period, so far as ascertainable, amounts to $3,325,057; to those suffering from lockouts, $1,105,538; or a total of $4,430,595. These amounts, however, the report says, are undoubtedly too low. The employers' losses through strikes for the six years amounted to $30,732,653; through lockouts, $3,342,261; or a total loss to the establishments involved of $34,164,914. The losses to employers, in so far as they diminish the fund out of which labor must be paid, are in effect in a line with the policy which would kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

We have several times urged that our governments should devote some attention to the encouragement of horse-breeding in this country. As showing what they are doing in England in this direction we would call attention to the fact that the Royal Commission, appointed to decide what shall be done with the money hitherto devoted to the Queen's Plates, has agreed that the money shall be expended by giving twenty-two £200 prizes for the best three-year-old stallions calculated to raise the standard of useful riding horses, and especially of cavalry remounts, and that these prizes be described and known as "Queen's premiums." It has been further decided that England be divided into seven districts, and that the the Queen's Plate money should be expended amongst six of these. The seventh division, which includes Nottingham, where the Royal Agricultural Society Horse Show is to be held next February, will be left to the Royal Agricultural Society. Advantage will, however, be taken of the Nottingham exhibition of stallions to have a general competition for Queen's premiums. Eighteen of these £200 Queen's premiums have been assigned to England and Wales, and four to Scotland. This expenditure of five thousand pounds is very small considering the requirements, but it is something, and if a like amount were expended in the Dominion every year the beneficial effects could not help being marked. We most confess, however, that we should prefer that a number of Government stallions should be bought and travelled through sections of the country at a nominal fee, rather than that money should be distributed in prizes, believing that that part of the subject can well be left to our local agricultural societies and fairs.

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CANADA PERMANENT

Loan and Savings Co.

INCORPORATED 1855.

Subscribed Capital	$3,500,000
Paid-up Capital	1,750,000
Reserve Fund	1,180,000
Total Assets	9,301,615

OFFICE:—Co.'s BUILDINGS, TORONTO ST., TORONTO.

DEPOSITS received at current rates of interest, paid or compounded half-yearly.

DEBENTURES issued in Currency or Sterling, with interest coupons attached, payable in Canada or in England. Executors and Trustees are authorized by law to invest in the Debentures of this Company.

MONEY ADVANCED on Real estate security at current rates and on favorable conditions as to repayment.

Mortgages and Municipal Debentures purchased.
J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director.

We are the only manufacturers of Small American Hog Casings in Canada. These Casings TAKE THE LEAD of any English Sheep Casings, as to size, strength and length.

SAUSAGE CASINGS

Price List American Hog Casings:
Per keg of 100 lbs..$20 00 Per keg of 50 lbs..$10 00
Smaller quantities, per lb....25c.

Round Sheep Casings:
Per keg of 50 bundles.....$20 00
Smaller quantities, per bundle.....0 50

Patronize Home Trade. If any other dealers are offering Casings at less than the above, we will sell at their figures if shown the prices.

We also manufacture **PURE ANIMAL FERTILIZER**, composed of Blood, Bone and Meat. Price, per ton, $20 00. Fine or coarse Bone Meal, $25 per ton. All Goods Warranted, or money refunded. Goods F. O. B. at Hamilton.

F. ROWLEN & CO., HAMILTON, ONT.

BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

A Beautiful Imported Birthday Card sent to any baby whose mother will send us the name of one or more other babies and their parents' addresses. Also a handsome Die most Dye Sample Card to the mother as much valuable information.
Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal.

SECOND-HAND MACHINERY
W. PETRIE
TORONTO JUNCTION

PATENTS For Sale, Illustrated Descriptive Circulars free. E. G. Siggers, Solicitor, Toronto.

THE MARTIN MACHINE, with new improvements, is now ahead of any and every Machine in America. Manufactured only by E. R. MARTIN & CO., 80 Mary St., Hamilton, Ont.

THE DOMINION GUARANTEE AND ACCIDENT COMPANY of Canada, Consulting Engineers and Solicitors of Patents, TORONTO.
G. G. ROSS, Chief Engineer. A. PRINCE, Secy.-Treas.

AGENTS! AGENTS!

OUR AGENTS Magnificent Parallel Bibles Without a Purpose; Mystery; Canada, Gough's "Platform Echoes," Pumpelly's "Last Problems," Sam P. Jones' "Living Words," "The Cottage Physician," "Wonders of Nature," Gough's "Sunlight and Shade," "Heroes of the Border," etc., Pope and Scoble's Liberal Terms. Write for circulars, terms, etc., to WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher, Toronto.

MAKE MONEY

CHINIQUY'S FIFTY YEARS.

In the Church of Rome—102th edition—cheapest in price, 822 pages. Agents, Ladies or Gentlemen, it will SELL FAST. Also CHINIQUY'S LIFE, FASCINATING and TRUTHFUL book. Liberal terms. ADDRESS, A. G. WATSON, Toronto Western TRACT DEPOSITORY, Toronto.

SAUSAGE CASINGS.

BEST IMPORTED ENGLISH SHEEPS, also Small and American Hogs Casings. Quality guaranteed. In lots to suit purchasers. Write for prices.

Jas. Park & Son.

TOBOGGANS, SNOWSHOES, MOCCASINS,

Wholesale and Retail. Discounts to Clubs and Dealers. Send for Catalogue.

A.T. LANE, CARNIVAL HOUSE, **MONTREAL.**

Nervous Debility.

DR. GRAY'S Specific has been used for the past fifteen years, with great success, in the treatment of Nervous Debility, and all diseases arising from excesses, over-worked brain, loss of vitality, sleeping in the seat, palpitation, etc. For sale by all druggists. Price $1 per box, or 6 boxes for $5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Pamphlet on application.

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Toronto.

J. L. JONES
WOOD ENGRAVER
10 KING ST. E.
TORONTO

MANITOBA.

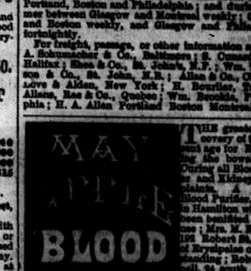
Farmers going to Manitoba will find it to their advantage to call upon or write to W. B. Gillett, 502 Main Street, Winnipeg, who has improved farms for sale.

Information cheerfully furnished without charge. Money advanced to bona fide settlers at low rates of interest upon personal property to assist them in starting.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland; also from Baltimore, via Halifax and St. John's, N.F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months, the steamers of the Glasgow line sail during winter to and from Glasgow, Portland, Boston and Philadelphia; and during summer between Glasgow and Montreal weekly; Glasgow and Boston weekly, and Glasgow and Philadelphia fortnightly.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shaw, Bell & Co., St. John's, N.F.; Thos. Henderson & Co., St. John, N.B.; Allan & Co., Quebec; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allen, Ross & Co., Quebec; Wm. Brock, Philadelphia; H. A. Allen Portland Boston Montreal.



THE greatest discovery of the age for the speedy and permanent cure of Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Dull Pains in the Head, Low Spirits, Impure Blood, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver, Stomach, Blood or Nervous System. Sold by druggists in Hamilton, who have used it in their families for years; Mrs. M. Kinnear, 124 Robert St., cured of Dyspepsia of 20 years' standing; Robt. Carter, 24 south street, of Rheumatism; Robt. Cassidy, 24 south street, of Neuralgia; Mrs. Wm. Miller, 55 Wilson street, of Nervousness; Mrs. Hiscott, 55 Wilson street, of Nervous Headache; Mrs. Hurst, 55 Wilson street, of Nervousness; Jno. Wood, 55 Catherine st., cured of Liver Complaint and Biliousness; used only 3 fifty-cent bottles; Mrs. J. Reid, 9 Augusta st., troubled for years with Nervous Prostration; two small bottles gave her great relief. Sold at 50c. & $1. W. F. DALLEY & CO., Proprietors.

STANDARD CHOPPING MILLS.

USED BEST FRICTION MILLSTONES

Have also Best Corn Sheller and Cob Grinder. Send for circular.

WATEROUS W. E.W. Co. BRANTFORD, CANADA.

BARNUM WIRE and IRON WORKS,

WINDSOR, ONT.

We are now offering the Best Iron Fences ever sold in Canada, at Remarkably Low Prices.

WE ALSO MAKE

Stable Fixtures, Sand Screens, Weather Vanes, Iron Stairs and Shutters, Fire Escapes, Office Railings, Flower Stands, Wire Signs, and all kinds of Wire, Iron and Brass Work.

IRON FENCES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. - Send for Catalogue.

Manitoba Legislature met on Thursday last.

The German Crown Prince's condition continues to improve.

The Canadian settlers in Dakota are becoming dissatisfied with that country.

The King of Portugal has had an attack of pleurisy which has become acute.

The London *Gazette* announces the voluntary winding up of the Bass Brewing Company.

The concentration of troops in Russian Poland is said to be more active now than ever.

The anniversary celebration of the Canada Sunday School Union opened in Montreal on Monday.

Opium has been declared a government monopoly in Peru, and the right to import and sell it is now offered for sale.

A fanatical outbreak has occurred in the Province of Fukein. Twenty Christian churches have been burned and the converts massacred.

A panic occurred in a church in South Tyrol on Thursday through a woman fainting. Eight persons were crushed to death and many injured.

All the farmers in Leeds whose land was damaged by the action of the Gananoque Water Power Company in building a dam on the Gananoque river intend taking action against the company to recover damages.

DEEds wonderful exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $20 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers.—Daily experience confirms the fact which has triumphed over all oppositions for more than forty years, viz., that no means are known equal to Holloway's remedies for curing bad legs, bad breasts, sores, wounds, diseases of the skin, erysipelas, abscesses, burns, scalds, and, in truth, all maladies where the skin is broken. To cure these infirmities quickly is of primary importance, compulsory confinement indoors weakens the general health. The ready means of cure are found in Holloway's Ointment and Pills, which heal the sores and expel their cause. In the worst cases the Ointment has succeeded in effecting a perfect cure after every other means had failed in giving adequate relief.

INVENTION has revolutionised the world during the last half century. Not least among the workers of invention's progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Put this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

NO CURE NO PAY!

A Fair and Square Offer to Invalids to try The New Method Treatment

By which our guarantees in curing chronic diseases and deformities has been so uniform, that we will now guarantee to treat bed or reputed Incurable cases, for a stipulated price until cured, and if in case of failure to refund all the money paid us under such written guarantee. It will cost you nothing to investigate this offer, as consultation at the office or by letter is free. Take no chance—pay no money to a doctor, unless he has confidence enough in his skill to guarantee a cure. No matter what the name or nature of your disease may be, call on or write to us, giving age, sex, complexion and symptoms. Send stamps to prepay postage on the NEW METHOD CURE books.

Part I, contains 128 pages, over 300 illustrations, symptoms of diseases and reports of over 10,000 cures. Price 25 cents (or 50 cents if acute diseases by Allopathic, Homeopathic and Eclectic remedies). Hygienic instructions for every lady, gentlemen and family. Will be mailed on receipt of 25 two-cent stamps, or 50 cents in silver.

Part II, contains information for men and boys, young or old, mailed sealed in plain envelope on receipt of 6 two-cent stamps, or 12 cents in silver.

Part III, information and instructions for ladies, married or single, 14 colored illustrations, 200 pages, advice and reports of cures; mailed to ladies only, sealed in plain envelope on receipt of 6 two-cent stamps or 12 cents in silver. The three books will be mailed on receipt of 13 stamps, or 25 cents in silver, or will be given free at

The Office of The Inst. of N. Surgeons, either at 39 Catherine St., Detroit, Mich. or 41 1/2 Elm St., (Eastmount), O. All letters must be addressed to Dr. A. G. Newton, Manager, Detroit, Mich.

We have received invalids in all parts of the world through correspondence remedies and instructions sent by Mail or Express.

DON'T FORGET

The table. Of course we know you will not, but we thought we would remind you that we have

A DAINTY STOCK

of choice Groceries, which should claim your attention at this time. We have many

New Delicacies

which will satisfy the taste of the most critical epicure. And we have a

NICE FRESH STOCK

of Staple Goods which we are selling at prices that leave only a very small margin of profit.

Choice Teas.

Aromatic Coffee.

All kinds of this season's

CANNED GOODS

and a fine stock of all the requisites for a Christmas Pudding. If low prices for standard goods will please you, send your orders.

GRAY & McGREGOR,
MADOC.

SMITH & BRYSON

Wholesale and Retail,

TRENTON, - ONTARIO

$1.50 per bushel for Dried Apples.

$1.50 per bushel for Beans.

One pound 50c. Tea for 25c., and a 25c. present thrown in.

1 lb. good Coffee for 30c., and a piece of Silverware with each purchase.

ALL KINDS of GROCERIES Sold Retail at Wholesale Prices.

An immense stock of Crockery and Fancy Glassware being sold at about 50c. on the Dollar, as we are clearing it all out.

Ladies' Jerseys, Children's Ulsters, Ladies' Walking Jackets, Ulsters and Dolmans, reduced to cost, to clear while it is still early in the season, and people are requiring that class of goods.

About 1,000 pieces of good serviceable Dress Goods at 5 cents per yard, worth 12½ cents.

Ribbons of all shades, worth 15 cents per yard, we are selling at 4 cents.

Millinery of all Kinds Reduced to Cost

and less, as we are bound to clear it all out while the goods are yet in demand.

Ready-made Clothing, a very large stock in both Men's and boys', at about half the usual price.

Men's and Boys' Overcoats in great variety, and being sold for less than the cost of the cloth, to clear.

We have an immense stock of Tweeds and Overcoatings, which we manufacture to order in first-class style, at about half the usual prices. All Tweeds bought and not made up by us cut free.

We are selling a magnificent Corset for 25c., that can't be bought in any other store for less than 50c.

Having decided to go out of the FUR business at once and forever, we intend to sacrifice our present stock of about $10,000 worth of Furs, and give the public a benefit.

Look at the Prices:

Ladies' Astrachan Coats at $18.00, worth $25.00. Others at $20.00 and $22.50, worth 30.00 and $35.00.

Men's Coon Coats from $22.00 to $27.50, worth from 30.00 to $45.00. Goat Robes at $4.75, worth $8.00; others at $6.00 and $7.50, worth $9.00 and $12.00.

Good Persian Lamb Caps at $2.00, worth $4.50; others at $4.00 and $6.00, worth $7.50 and $9.00. South Sea Seal Caps, $4.00, worth $8.00; others at $6.00 and $8.00, worth 10.00 and $12.00.

Good Imitation Persian Lamb Caps for 50c., sold elsewhere for $1.25. Good Muffs from 75c. each upwards.

Don't buy anything in the shape of Fur Goods without seeing our stock and getting our prices, as we will sell them at less than half the price that you can buy them for at any other store in Trenton.

We have a stock of about $100,000, and we are bound to cut prices so as to force the goods on the public as long as they have a dollar to spare. We owe our customers an apology for not increasing our staff of salesmen in proportion to the increase of our business, and consequently they have had to wait longer to get served in some instances than was pleasant for them or ourselves, but as we are now constantly increasing our help we hope in future to have all customers served promptly and in every way to their entire satisfaction.

SMITH & BRYSON

Trenton, - Ont.

RICHLY Rewarded are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

MESSRS John Brown & Son beg to announce to their many customers and the public generally that they have purchased the Blacksmith stand formerly occupied by Mr. C. Thrasher, where they are prepared to do all kinds custom work and general Blacksmithing. Horse shoeing a specialty. Also agents for all kinds of Farm Implements manufactured by G. & J. Brown, Belleville.

486 JOHN BROWN & SON.

42 YEARS.

Steadfastly for forty-two years the *Weekly Witness* has held to principles which have stood the tests of time, ridicule, and of opposition, fair and unfair, and the *Witness* to-day speaks to sixty where in 1846 it spoke to one. Its growth has been both rapid and steady. Its publishers, desirous of still further increasing its circulation, have this year gone to large expense to secure a reproduction of **The Latest Masterpiece** of Davidson Knowles (who was selected by Queen Victoria to paint the scene at Princess Beatrice's wedding), entitled

Suffer the Little Children to Come Unto Me.

It depicts the memorable scene with startling realism, reproducing in oils all the richness of **Oriental Coloring**. The picture, executed by the great art firm in England, would bring $1.50 if sold, but is reserved **exclusively for Subscribers** to the **Witness**.

The price of the *Weekly Witness* and picture is $1.25; the paper alone, $1.00.

In 1860 the *Daily Witness* was launched, and, like the weekly, to advocate the same principles regardless of cost. The picture "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me," and the *Daily Witness*, $3.25 a year; the paper alone, $5.00.

The *Northern Messenger* still continues to be the favorite in the home circle and Sabbath school, and commencing with January first with new type, finer paper and other improvements, will be more attractive than ever. Prizes of books are given to friends who canvas for it. Annual subscription, 30c., with reductions to clubs.

Sample copies of the different publications mailed on application. Agents wanted in every town and village.

39 J. DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

Adams'

CARRIAGE WORKS

Something New for the Winter,

And at such prices Everybody can buy.

Farmers

Look to YOUR INTEREST

and see Adams' Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, CHEBOYGANS,

right down fine.

MILK WAGONS A SPECIALTY

Don't forget the place,

MULLETT'S CORNERS, MADOC.

36-3m

F. LAZARUS' IMPROVED SPECTACLES

Preserve your Sight

By wearing the only

FRANK LAZARUS

(Late of the firm of Lazarus & Morris)

Renowned Spectacles & EyeGlasses

These Sectacles and Eye Glasses have been used for the past 35 years, and given in ever instance unbounded satisfaction. They are the best in the world. They never tire, and last many years without change.

For sale by

R. R. CASEMENT & Co., Hardware, Madoc, and DR. TUTTLE, Tweed.

Frank Lazarus, Manufacturer, 28 Maryland Road, Harrow Road London, England. (Late Lazarus & Morris, Hartford, Conn.)

No connection with any other firm in the Dominion of Canada. 247

25,000 LBs. WOOL WANTED

—AT THE—

MARMORA WOOLLEN MILLS.

Custom Carding and Spinning done on shortest notice.

Parties having 60 pounds and upwards of wool can have their own wool spun into yarn.

Tweeds, Fulleloths, Shirtings and yarns kept on hand, to exchange for wool.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial.

D. MITCHELL.

Marmora, May 7th, 1887. 6-3m

REMOVED.

The Singer Sewing Machine Office

has removed next to

D. R. BOWEN'S BAKERY

opposite Post Office, where all parties wishing to purchase a

First-class SEWING MACHINE

can do so, as I have a fine stock now on hand; also an assortment of

NEEDLES and OIL

for all kinds of machines.

REPAIRING done on shortest notice.

J. A. HAWLEY,
Agent.

Madoc, Oct. 27th, 1887. 30-3m

MAIL CONTRACT

TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, 17th February, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between

MADOC AND BELLEVILLE,

from the 1st April next.

Conveyance to be made in a public or other vehicle.

The Mails to leave Madoc daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 a.m., and to arrive at Belleville at 12.15 p.m. To leave Belleville daily, Sundays excepted, at 1.30 p.m., or after arrival of Mails by Grand Trunk day train from the west, and to arrive at Madoc within five and one quarter hours afterwards, exchanging Mails at Ivanhoe, West Huntingdon, Halloway and Foxboro passing each way.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Madoc and Belleville, and also at this office.

GILBERT GRIFFIN,
P. O. Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,
Kingston, 30th Dec., 1887. 40 3w

The Very Place!

And DON'T YOU FORGET IT.

WILSON'S

Book, Drug and Fancy Goods Store

is the place to get the biggest value for your money in all kinds of

PRESENTS

Cards in new and great variety,
Plush Goods,
Musical Instruments,
Dressing Cases,
Picture Frames,
Sea Shells,
Satchels,
Pocket Books,
Perfumery,
Toilet Goods, all kinds,
Books in great variety.

Money wanted. Goods must be sold. Call and see them.

CHARLES G. WILSON
DURHAM ST., MADOC.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. Is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY's Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is* 533 *Oxford Street, London, they are spurious*

Estate late Colin Russel

BUILDING LOTS for sale, in the northern part of the Village of Madoc, at reasonable prices and favorable terms. Garden plots to rent.

For particulars apply to Messrs. DOUGALL & STEWART, Solicitors, &c., O'Flynn Block, Madoc, or

COLIN RUSSEL,
Agent for Mrs Sarah Russel,
535 Rideau St., Ottawa.

BANKING HOUSE

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

(NOT INCORPORATED.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, MADOC.

OPEN FROM 10 A. M., TO 4 P. M.

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

Transacted. Drafts issued to all points in the Dominion and the United States.

LOWEST RATES

charged for collection.

Interest Allowed on Deposits

at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, June, 1887. 10 1y

PHOTOGRAPHS.

PORTRAITS IN ALL THE STYLES.

BABIES TAKEN INSTANTANEOUSLY,

thus insuring a good portrait in almost every case.

By the use of the dry plates, finer work can be made in dark days than was possible by the old process. But we do not want anyone to depend on that, and defer coming till near sunset. The nearer the sun is to the zenith the better the light, and good results more certain. A dark day at noon is better than a bright day at 5 p. m.

BOOTS of all kinds on hand, and made to order on the premises.

D. MORRICE.

Madoc, April 21, 1887. 3ly

TO FARMERS.

THE undersigned desires to announce to the farmers of Madoc, and surrounding country that he has leased the

Farmers' Warehouse,

formerly occupied by Thomas Cross, Esq., and that he will be prepared to pay the

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE

for all kinds of grain.

J. D. BREEZE.

Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1887. 21-3m

1873. -ESTABLISHED IN- 1887.

E. L. WEISS,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER

Is prepared for the holiday trade in

JEWELRY, - WATCHES, CLOCKS, SPECTACLES, BRONZES, VIOLINS, JEWEL CASES, ETC.

Take a look through his establishment.

He verily intends to retire from business if he clears $100,000 this season.

Weiss Block, Madoc, Ont.

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

SYLVENUS F. WEAVER, Publisher. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.00 if paid Strictly in Advance.

VOL. XI., NO. 42. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, January 26, 1888. POSTAGE PREPAID.

THE

TRADERS' BANK

OF CANADA.

(MADOC BRANCH.)

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

Done. Drafts on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain issued.

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of one Dollar and upwards received and Interest allowed on the same at the rate of

4 per cent. per Annum.

No notice of withdrawal of Deposits required.

The bank will be open every Saturday evening from 6.30 to 9 o'clock.

J. H. McCLELLAN,
MANAGER.

Victoria Block, Durham Street.

Madoc, May 23rd, 1887. 8 1y

OUR CLUBBING LIST.

We have made arrangements for the following very liberal clubbing rates in connection with the REVIEW, based on the fact that the regular price of the REVIEW is $1.00 a year in advance :—

	Regular Price Weekly.	Reduced Price for Both.
The Cottage Hearth	$1 50	$1 75
The Independent	3 00	3 75
St. Nicholas	3 00	3 75
The Century Magazine	4 00	4 75
Weekly Spectator	1 00	1 75
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 25
Grip	2 00	2 75
Weekly News (including premium)	1 00	1 90
Farm and Fireside	75	1 65
Daily Mail	5 00	5 50
Weekly Mail	1 00	1 90
Daily Empire	5 00	5 50
Weekly Empire	1 00	1 75
Toronto World	3 00	3 00
Canadian Agriculturist	1 00	1 75
Daily Globe	5 00	5 50
Weekly Globe	1 00	1 80
Harper's Magazine	4 00	4 50
" Weekly	4 00	4 75
" Bazar	4 00	4 75
" Young People	2 00	2 75
Illustrated London News (American edition.)	4 00	4 50
The Fireside Weekly	2 00	2 50
40 pieces music included	2 30	2 80
Saturday Night	2 00	2 75
Daily Witness	3 00	3 75
Weekly Witness	1 00	1 90
(25c extra with picture)		
Wide Awake	2 40	2 75
Young Folks Journal	1 00	1 85
Fancy	1 00	1 85
Little Men and Women	1 00	1 85
Babyland	50	1 55
Methodist Observer	1 00	1 75
Canadian Live Stock and Farm Journal	1 00	1 75
North's Musical Journal with Premium	1 00	1 90
" without Premium		1 75

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Eclipse.

There will be an eclipse of the moon, visible in Canada, on the evening of January 28th.

The Thermometer.

On Sunday morning the thermometer registered 38 deg. below zero; Monday, 1 above; Tuesday, 6 below; Wednesday, 6 below; Thursday, 1 above.

Coldest of the Season.

During Saturday night and Sunday morning last, the mercury fell in the glass to 37 degrees below zero (some say 40 degrees), the coldest temperature yet experienced in this district.

Eldorado Circuit.

Rev. R. W. Marsh, of Queensboro, will preach educational sermons on Sabbath next, on the above circuit, as follows :—Morning—Bond's Church; afternoon—Bannockburn; evening—at Fox's.

Church of St. John the Baptist.

The annual Missionary meeting on behalf of the funds of the Mission Board of the Diocese will be held on Wednesday next, February 1st, at 7.30 p. m. The clergymen present to address the meeting will be the Reverend Buxton B. Smith, M. A., Rector of Kingston, and the Reverend John R. Serson, M. A., of Tamworth. A hearty welcome will be extended to all.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

New Ads. This Week.

Medicated Confectionery—C G Wilson.
Auditor's Report—D Card.
Chop Gristing—Chambers & Thomas.
Road Notice—W D Parkhurst.
Mortgage Sale—Edgar, Malone & Garvin.
Stock Taking—J Dale & Son.

Latest Local News.

ex-Double distilled Bargains in Boots and Shoes at D. W. Wright's.

ex-W. W. Hudgins has just received a large consignment of that excellent Tea, which he is selling cheaper than ever. Don't fail to secure some of it.

ex-Cheapest place in town to buy Groceries, Crockery, Boots and Shoes is D.W.Wright's.

ex-J. R. Irish, Dentist, arrives every Tuesday on noon train. Best fits of artificial teeth furnished. See advertisement.

ex-MADOC TANNERY.—The tannery is in full operation and they are paying the highest cash price for all kinds of Beef Hides.

—Read the new advts.

—Wood is coming in freely.

—Read J. Dale & Son's advt. this week.

—The schools in this village are booming.

—Leap Year—Man poses and woman proposes.

—The contracting mercury expands the coal bills.

—A large ammount of wood is being brought to Madoc.

—Sunday morning was the coldest ever known in this country.

—Cut our clubbing list out and preserve it for future reference.

—Medicated confectionery at Wilson's Drug Store. See advt.

ex-The Firemen's Band plays at the Rink every Monday evening.

—The next Division Court, in Madoc, will be held on February 8th.

—Mr. Benson O'Hara has been appointed Clerk of the village of Madoc.

—Next week we purpose referring to some of our manufacturing industries.

—St. John's Church, Belleville, was partially destroyed by fire on Saturday.

—The testing of the water works, in Belleville, on Saturday, proved satisfactory

—The Deseronto *Tribune* says Madoc is becoming an important industrial centre. Right you are, brother.

—An abstract statement of receipts and expenditures for the municipality of Bangor et al is given in another column.

—An important announcement of the sale of valuable property in this county to take place on the 9th February may be found in another column.

—The option that the present workers of the Richardson mine are to pay at the expiration of the six months, if they want the property, is $60,000.

—An exchange says the figures of this year—1888—resemble three big girls and a dude as they spread themselves across the pavement on a fine afternoon.

—Mr. A. F. Wood announces by posters that he has a large quantity of corn, peas, rye, oats and hay for sale at the Warehouse; also seed oats and wheat. See bills.

—In another column Messrs. Chambers and Thomas, Bannockburn announce their preparation to grind all kinds of coarse grain at the low rate of six cents per bag, at the Kellar's bridge, mill. See ad.

Correction.

White *Ash* on bills for Rollins and Feeney, should read White *Oak*.

Personal.

Mr. A. McInroy, of Adelaide, an old resident of Madoc, gave us a call on Saturday.

Mr. W. T. Dodkrill, Travelling passenger Agent C. P. Railway, was in town last week, with a view of establishing a town ticket agency.

Mr. P. P. Clark, Reeve, of Limerick, was in town on Monday, on his way to Belleville, to attend County Council.

A. F. Wood, M. P. P. left on Wednesday for Toronto to attend to his Legislative duties. Mr. Albert Miller will have charge of his office in his absence.

Revs. I. W. Puffer, of Bridgewater, and R. H. Leitch, of Eldorado, occupied the pulpit of the Methodist Church in this village last Sabbath morning and evening respectively. Both preaching able and instructive sermons.

Gen. Moore, of the Salvation Army was in town on Thursday and Sunday, looking after the interests of the corps in this village.

Mr. Russell, C. E., etc., of Fort Arthur, brother of Mrs. (Rev.) O. R. Lambly, of this village, made a short visit this week with his sister here, on his way from Ottawa.

Mr. John O'Flynn, of Rochester, brother of Messrs. E.D.O'Flynn and W.H. O'Flynn, of this village, who has been absent for 16 years, paid a visit to this village last week.

Mr. Chas. Wilkins, of Belleville, an intimate acquaintance of the late Mr. Gream, attended the funeral of the deceased on Friday last.

Rev. O. R. Lambly, M. A., preached at the Lodge-Room Church on Sabbath morning and evening.

Fred Fowler, of the Salvation Army, Madoc leaves on Wednesday, for New York State.

Mr. John Ray, of Glenmire, gave us a call on Tuesday.

Mr. S. Harvette, of Maynooth, was in town this week.

OBITUARY.

CHARLES GREAM, the subject of this obituary, was born in London, England, August 22nd, 1809, and departed this life at Madoc, on Tuesday, January 17th, 1888.

He was the son of Rev. Robert Gream, at one time Rector of Ratherford, Sussex. He studied law in London, and practiced it in Liverpool, until failing health admonished him to seek a change of climate, and at the recommendation of his physician chose Canada. He came to Belleville in 1852, and for two years had charge of the G. T. R. conveyancing, when he removed to Stirling. After one year, he took up his residence in Madoc, where he lived for more than thirty years, and up to the time of his death practicing his profession. He was for a number of years an efficient Clerk of the 6th Division Court, and for ten years was Clerk of the Village Council, which position he held at the time of his death.

Probably no man ever lived amongst us who had fewer enemies than had Mr. Gream, and his gentlemanly appearance and pleasant face will be missed from our streets. He had a kind word for every one, even when he was suffering the severest affliction. Although ailing for some time his death was sudden—having dined with his friend, Wm. Coe, Esq., the day before.

The funeral services in the Anglican Church to which he had always belonged, conducted by the Rev. T. Austin Smith, was largely attended, and from thence to the cemetery was followed by a long train of sympathizing citizens, notwithstanding the intense cold.

Mrs. Gream, his only surviving relative in Canada, has the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community in her sad bereavement.

Wanted.

A quantity of cedar or pine shingle bolts, also swamp elm, pine, hemlock and white oak logs are wanted at the mills in Madoc, for which the highest price will be paid. Messrs. Fred Rollins and Wm. Feeney will give all the necessary information. See bills as well,

First Instalment.

The first instalment of our Toronto letters, from our own correspondent, appears in this issue. We will receive regular weekly correspondence, giving a brief summary of current events in which our readers are most interested.

That Blizzard.

A revised list of the fatalities of last week's blizzard in the Northwestern States and Dakota shows a total of 135 deaths and 55 reported missing. Dakota is the heaviest sufferer, 98 of the total number of deaths having occurred in that Territory.

LATER—The total loss of life it is believed will reach 1000.

Sad News.

On Wednesday Mrs. Rev. O. R. Lambly received the sad intelligence of the sudden death of her sister, Miss Russell, at Ottawa, which occurred on Tuesday. Miss Russell had been ill for some time, but was reported by her physicians to be recovering, when death unexpectedly removed her. The sad news was a severe shock to Mrs. Lambly.

Small Profits, and Quick Returns.

Always buy goods from the man who advertises. His goods are always the cheapest and newest. He doesn't allow his stock to lie around on the shelves until it is old-fashioned while he watches through his window to see who goes to buy of his more energetic neighbors. He sells quickly and buys again. Examine our advertising columns.

Printing Hawkers.

An application will be made to the Legislature at its present session to include in the "hawkers' and peddlers' list," the agents of printers who solicit printing outside of their own counties. We know merchants who, instead of supporting the local offices, get their printing done out of town, and yet whine piteously if people patronize tramp tea-men, shoddy-cloth peddlers, and other classes of transient traders.

Magistrates' Court.

Complaints having been made by one Reddick, residing with a Rogers family, near the lake, against John O'Connell, Pat White and Thos. Kirk, for entering the house on Friday night and using threatening and indecent language, the case was tried before Magistrate O'Flynn on Wednesday evening. O'Connell and White were committed to the county gaol to await further trial, and a fine of $5 and cost was imposed on Kirk.

Advantages to Advertising.

"To discontinue an advertisement," says John Wannamaker, the millionaire merchant of Philadelphia, and one of the largest advertisers in the world, "is like taking down your sign. If you want to do business you must let the people know it. Standing advertisements, when changed frequently, are better and cheaper than reading notices. They look more substantial and business-like, and insure confidence. I would as soon think of doing business without clerks as without advertising."

Died.

RUSSELL.—At the "Windsor," Ottawa, on the morning of Tuesday, 17th, Clara Louise, youngest and beloved daughter of Andrew Russell, Esq., late of the Department of the Interior, a sister of Mrs. (Rev.) O. R. Lambly of this village.

An Omission.

We omitted last week to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. O'Flynn & O'Hara. When this firm undertake to make a drive in any line of their trade, they generally make a success of it and their customers reap the benefit. Last week they announced a clearing out sale of a line of Corsets, usually sold at $1.00, for 50cts. At this low figure we are sure every lady in the village, unless a member of the "Army," will make a purchase. See advt.

Piece of Paper.

The announcement has been made that a paper coffin has been invented and put upon the market. A man may now build his house of paper, eat his dinner from paper dishes, wipe his face with a paper handkerchief, buy his wife a paper piano and go to his grave in a paper coffin. The coffin may be paid for with a piece of paper and the death published on another piece. There are few things more useful than paper, and every person should take his local paper, and pay for it in advance with another piece of paper in the shape of a one dollar bill.

North's Musical Journal

For 1888 gives every promise of a vast improvement over previous years, if the January number is any criterion. Eight more pages of literature have been permanently added, thus making it the most complete musical publication in existence. Its neat typographical appearance certainly does the publishers and printers much credit, while its table of contents is of such a varied and interesting character as to be highly appreciated by every musical person, and we are all musical to a certain degree. The musical numbers in the January number are very brilliant and are alone worth more than a year's subscription. See our clubbing list.

Presbyterian Church.

The Presbyterian congregation of this village held its annual meeting in the Church on Monday evening, 23rd inst. The amount raised by the congregation, for all purposes, for 1887, was $2609. The minister was paid $1064—$1000 was promised him. All the different schemes of the Church—Home and Foreign Missions, French evangelization, College Fund, Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund, Widows' and Orphans' Funds, Assembly and Presbytery Funds,—were liberally contributed to. The congregation start the new year, 1888, with all obligations met and surplus on hand. The Sabbath School reports 133 scholars—average attendance, 100. The school raised by direct Sabbath contributions (collections) $87.67. They have added largely to the library and list of papers. The staff of teachers is 11 in number, and the congregation look upon the last year as one of the most successful—there being not a dollar of debt on the Church or for any of the schemes of the Church.

Village Council

The Village Council met in the Town Hall on Monday, 16th inst.; members present—Reeve, C. F. Aylsworth; Councillors, C. G. Wilson, Jas. Whytock, F. Rollins, J. C. Dale.

After the necessary declarations had been subscribed to a by-law was passed appointing the auditors and other officers. Robert Rollins, on benalf of the Reeve, and R. T. Gray, on behalf of the Council, were appointed auditors.

The following committees were appointed: Streets and Sidewalks—Whytock and Rollins. Poor and Sanitary—Wilson and Dale. Village Property—Rollins and Whytock. Finance—Dale and Wilson.

The Board of Health to remain as last year.

The account of W. Milligan, for care of Hall for nine months, $7.50, was ordered to be paid.

The Council adjourned to first Monday in February.

SPECIAL MEETING.

A special meeting was called on Monday evening, at Wilson's store, for the purpose of appointing someone to fill the position of Clerk, rendered vacant by the recent death of Mr Gream. All the members were present. The applications of Mr. Benson O'Hara and Mr. Edward Hill were read and considered. Mr. O'Hara was appointed to fill the position. The following resolution of condolence was also passed :—

In view of the loss we have sustained by the decease of our esteemed townsman, Charles Gream, Esq., and of the still heavier loss sustained by those who were nearest and dearest to him, be it.

Resolved, that it is only a just tribute to the memory of the departed to say that in regretting his removal from the Clerkship of the Council, which he has filled for ten years, as well as from our midst, we mourn for one who was in every way worthy of our respect, esteem and regard;

Resolved that we sincerely condole with the partner of the deceased, Mrs. Gream, on the dispensation which it has pleased Divine Providence to afflict her, and commend her for consolation to Him who orders all things for the best, and whose afflictions are meant in mercy;

Resolved that this heartfelt testimonial of our sympathy and sorrow be forwarded to Mrs. Gream.

Signed, C. F. Aylsworth, Reeve; and C. G. Wilson, Jas. Whytock, F. Rollins, J. C. Dale, Councillors.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

MADOC LODGE
No. 179 I.O.O.F

MEETS every Monday evening, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock sharp. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

M. MAYBEE, Secretary. E. SMITH, Noble Grand.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

E. GUSS PORTER,
BARRISTER, Soliciter, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.
ex-Private money to loan at lowest rates.

LEONARD & O'BRIEN,
BARRISTERS. Office over the Telegraph Office, Belleville. Money to loan on farm and village properties at lowest rates.
CHAS. J. LEONARD. | S. O'BRIEN.

ALEX. A. McDONALD,
SOLICITOR of the Supreme Court, Conveyancer and Notary Public. Agent for the "National Investment Loaning Society," of Toronto. Office in the Victoria Block, Madoc. Branch office in the village of Tweed. 427

F. E. O'FLYNN,
BARRISTEE, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c. HEAD OFFICE—Over Dominion Bank, Front St., Belleville.
BRANCH OFFICE—Over O'Flynn's Bank, Madoc, Mr. John W. Blair, manager.
Office hours, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Mr. O'Flynn will be in his Madoc office every Monday afternoon and evening, and at any time by appointment.

DOUGALL & STEWART,
BARRISTER, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Conveyancers, &c. Money to loan on Farms.

O'FLYNN BLOCK, MADOC,
Ashley Block, Belleville.
A. R. DOUGALL, Q.C. | D. E. K. STEWART

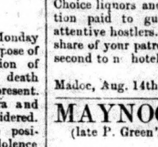
Money to Loan.

COMPANY and private funds to loan at lowest rates. No commission.
D. E. K. STEWART,
507 Solicitor, Madoc

JOHN DALE,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Office—Residence, Durham St., Madoc

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agency
OFFICE—Second door south of Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

J. R. IRISH, L. D. S.



The only Licensed Dentist that visits MADOC, arrives at the WINDSOR HOUSE every Tuesday at one o'clock and stops until the next morning.
Vitalized air used if previously engaged. Can furnish better material and work and for a less fee than if remaining in the place the whole time. Mr. Irish visits Marmora 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of every month.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL.

THE BEST Hotel in the town. This Hotel has been lately refitted and repainted. We can give increased accommodation to the traveling public. First class sample rooms. Choice liquors and cigars. Excellent attention paid to guests. Good stabling and attentive hostlers. We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage, as you will find this second to n hotel in the county.
ROBT. SIMMONS, Prop.
Madoc, Aug. 14th, 1887. 19-1y

MAYNOOTH HOUSE,
(late P. Green's old stand, Maynooth.)

THIS HOUSE is situated in one of the best districts for hunting, fishing, &c., and has been all refitted. Furniture new. Bar always supplied with the best brand of wines, liquors, cigars, &c. Good stabling, accommodation, and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. Parties travelling will consult their own interest by calling at the above hotel. JAMES McCAW,
Manager.
Maynooth, June 1st, 1887. 9 1y

C. Fraser Aylsworth, Jr.,
Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor, Civil Engineer, Draughtsman, &c.,
MADOC - P.O.

Orders by mail should state *place* and *character* of Survey that the above Surveyor may consult as to *original monuments* and *former Surveys*, his extensive field notes of Sixty Years' Practice of the late John Fraser, and also the Field Notes of C. F. Aylsworth, thereby saving time and expense and securing correct Surveys.

C. F. AYLSWORTH'S

A GREAT SECRET,

OR,

SHALL IT BE DONE.

CHAPTER XIV.

The sitting-room into which Madeline de Lancry led her visitor was the same in which she had received Victor two days before. Mr. Smith glanced round him at the furniture, which was somewhat spare and unpretending, and then at the diamonds in the lady's ears, in unconcealed astonishment.

"You don't seem particularly well lodged, for such a fine lady as you have become," he suggested as an opening.

His own taste lay in the direction of plenty of glass and gilding, and he liked his colors bright.

"My husband and I find the rooms comfortable enough," said she carelessly.

"Ah, yes, so you've got another hus—I mean you've married since I saw you last. I read it in the papers. I'm sure I hope he suits you pretty well."

"Perfectly, thank you. He is an invalid, and I only see him when I wish to do so."

"Hallo!" And Smith, who was fidgeting round the room, stopped short and stared at her. "You've got on, haven't you, since then—"

"Since you gave me my first lesson in the duties of a wife? Yes."

He gave her one sidelong look out of his round black eyes, like a convicted goblin, and then continued his aimless promenade round the room, while Madeline sat down in an armchair and took off her fur cape. When he drew near to the side of the room where she was sitting he stopped, looked at himself in the glass, and carefully smoothed down with his not too clean hand a little feather-like tuft of wiry black hair which always stood out from the crown of his head unsubdued by the rarely applied comb. Then he laughed with some effort as he spoke again.

"You always were a rum un, Madeline, and at the best of times one never knew where to have you. But this beats all—that it does." And he laughed again.

"I don't quite understand," said she.

"Why, to go and marry a swell quite regular, with license and cake and everything in style, knowing all the while that there was a poor devil knocking about somewhere whom you'd promised to love, honor, and obey in Islington church half a score of years before.

His gust it quite plaintively, but Madeline only laughed in her turn; and, with some fear of a woman's foolish fancy for raking up old sores, he added quickly: "But there, I know I was a bit hasty and irritable at times—we all are, more or less; and of course it was very natural that you should feel it, being such a fine looking woman as you were—and as you are still, for the matter of that. And I'm not one to make a fuss over every trifling irregularity. But—but to—to ask your first husband to step in, in a friendly way, and have a chat, just as if nothing had happened, in the very house where your second husband is nursing himself in security, why—why, it shows a positive want of delicacy, Madeline, that it does."

And Mr. Smith, *alias* Meredith, pulled out his handkerchief and passed it over his forehead; for injured delicacy had made him warm.

"I'm so sorry you think that," said Madeline, leaning back in her chair, and drawing a footstool toward her. "But perhaps you will forgive me when I tell you that nothing is further from my thoughts than to talk to you 'just as if nothing had happened.' I wanted to speak to you because a lot of extremely strange things have happened since I had the pleasure of promising to love, honor, and obey you in Islington church, and because I want to know just what share you, and a certain gentleman whose name I don't think I need mention, have had in bringing those strange things about."

At the words "certain gentleman" Mr. Smith grew suddenly quite quiet, and successfully abstracted every trace of expression from his round face.

"I shall be very happy to give you any information in my power, but I haven't the least idea who the mysterious 'certain gentleman' is."

"Well, we won't waste any time over that. The gentleman I mean is your accomplice, Louis de Breteuil. Now you know quite well that I'm not afraid of you, so what is the use of going through all that silly pantomime?" she asked calmly, as Meredith began to dance, and to make little threatening runs at her. "I know that you two are still linked together; I know that he is still living luxuriously in Paris on the proceeds of your combined knaveries; I know that you have for some years filled the post of traveller for the firm of Fournier & Beresford in order to veil your robberies, and to give you opportunities for more; I know that the railway robbery was your work—"

"Then if you know so much, what the deuce is there you want to know more?" interrupted Meredith, whose eyes, as round and black as a toad's, were now shining out of a moist red face, as he stood watching her cruel mouth in terror.

"I want to know why Mr. Shaw was murdered?"

"Good gracious!"

The very mildness of this exclamation, in the face of such a terrible implied accusation, was an emphatic protest against the injustice of it.

"After such a haul as you made by the robbery of Blair's £12,000, the comparatively trifling amount which a prudent man like this poor Mr. Shaw would have had about him cannot had much attraction for either of you. I am sure that robbery was not your object; I want to know what was."

At the took not the least notice of his expressions of indignant astonishment, Meredith suddenly changed his tone, drew forward a chair, and, seating himself in front of her, put his spectacles on his nose and his hands on his knees, and examined her face, with his head tilted back, and a look of genial amusement on his face.

"It is too funny, simply too funny," said he at last, when his ejaculatory had had its intended effect of making Madeline impatient and restless. "Here's a good lady who has married three gentlemen in succession, without troubling herself about the fact that two of them undoubtedly were illegal; then, when she comes across the original and only genuine husband, she thinks herself entitled to bring him to book." He drew his chair a little nearer to her, and continued, wagging his head from side to side as he spoke, in a particularly irritating manner: "Now look here, our days of connubial bliss are over, and so is your right to henpeck me. It isn't likely I'm going to tell tales out of school to please you at this time of day. And if I were to confess to you that I'd murdered"—he shuddered at the word—"half the stockbrokers in Europe, it wouldn't do a bit of good, except to satisfy your idle curiosity, since a wife can't witness against her husband. And you are my wife, Madame de What-you-may-call'em, and I've only got to open my mouth to have you up for bigamy, so there!"

"But you won't do that; it would take a stronger inducement than that to make you appear in a court of justice in any character."

"All right, all right; perhaps it would. But now, aren't you a silly woman to go poking your nose into things that don't concern you in the least, when the very best thing that can happen to you is to be entirely forgotten by—by certain people in whose affairs you seem determined to meddle? You've heard the proverb 'Let sleeping dogs lie,' and if you had heard certain words which—which certain people made use of in Paris ten years ago, when you turned so unaccountably nasty, I think you would see the advantage of leaving well alone."

"Did you ever hear the words *I* made use of on that occasion?"

"Oh yes, the nonsense a sensible woman will speak in a passion, and be ashamed of when she comes to herself."

This particularly unwise speech made Madeline's cheeks glow and her eyes flash.

"Exactly," she assented, speaking under strong self-restraint. "But as even a sensible woman may object to see crimes committed with impunity under her very nose, I shall call upon Mr. Beresford, and put him in possession of certain facts in the history of his confidential clerk."

This blow struck home. Meredith jumped up with a deep-drawn breath, and his flat raised in exasperation, which, however was more comical than alarming to Madeline who only looked up and nodded calmly, as an assurance that she was in earnest.

"If you do—" he growled; and he stopped to look at her face with most careful scrutiny. Then, as if satisfied, he dropped his fist and sat down again.

"You think I don't mean what I say; but you are mistaken. Or perhaps you fancy that your credit is so good with Mr. Beresford that he will believe nothing against you? There I think you are mistaken against Your employer is a selfish, avaricious man, willing to shut his eyes to irregularities on your part which don't concern him and his business. But commercial smartness is not the same thing as robbery preceded by murder; and if Mr. Beresford were once to understand that you had had a hand in the death of Mr. Shaw—"

"Before God, Madeline, I had not!" burst out the little man, who was by this time shaking from head to foot. "I had nothing to do with it—I knew nothing about it. I was shocked. It came upon me like a thunderbolt. O Madeline, you've seen the worst of me; now be honest, was I ever cruel?"

He had risen and was leaning against the rail of the chair he had occupied, bending over it, and speaking with most genuine earnestness and anxiety. Madeline did not look at him, but her mouth quivered. Something in his pleading voice, his momentary sincerity, recalled the old days of their brief married life together, his impulsive remorse after some one of his numerous backsliding, the difficulty she used to feel in assuming for a few minutes that hardness which was now her natural attitude to all the world. She sprang up, walked quickly to one of the two windows, threw it open, and looked out at the masts and funnels of the ships that lined the quay. It was a dark, dull night, and the wind was rising. Meredith followed her to the window, and as she turned suddenly, she found herself so close to him that she uttered a hoarse cry. Before she could pass he put out his hands to detain her, and, shrinking with disgust from his touch, she stopped.

"Madeline, you must believe this—I will have you believe this," he said, dropping from his voice and manner the crust of coarseness, which, as first assumed as an affectation, was now the result of years of companionship with his inferiors in education. "There is only one of the commandments I've never broken, I've never helped to break: I've never lifted my hand against any man's life. And there is one oath I've kept and mean to keep; and that is to stand by the man who stood by me. Not much to take pride in, I daresay you think. But one creed is as good as another if you stick to it, and that's mine. And if you tell on me to old Beresford you'll simply lose him a good clerk and take away from me the only honest occupation I've got, which I might have settled down to entirely; one of these days. And as for hurting Louis de Breteuil by this slapdash sort of accusation, it's like catching a bird by putting salt on its tail. To rush about and proclaim that a certain man is a murderer won't hang him, my dear."

"No; if it were so easy as that the excitement wouldn't be strong enough to be worth the trouble."

And the flexible red mouth, so passionate, so changeful in the old days, became straight with the horrible resolution of a sensual nature grown hard and cruel. Meredith absolutely shivered as he looked at her.

"And do you mean to—to tell me," he stammered in a low voice, "that you—you would send a man to the gallows pour *passer le temps*?"

"Not quite that. But the most turbulent life is better than stagnation, and I am not sorry that chance has reminded me of an old grudge to be paid off by throwing me across the path of my creditors."

"One of them. If you were to come across the other you wouldn't get off so well. Look here, Madeline, you'd better get your husband to buy you a couple of new dresses, and forget all about me and—the other one. You let us alone and we'll let you alone. I don't want any harm to come to you, and I don't actually know why, for you're as vindictive a devil as ever I've met; but still, for the sake of—well, I don't exactly know what, for we never were very comfortable together, and o wonder, considering how you've turned ut. Still, there's a spirit in you I like, and what I say to you is: Humbug about here if you like, so and worry old Beresford, try to set my employers against me if you like—remember I've got the ear of both the money-grubbing old boys—but, for God's sake, don't try to meet De Breteuil. I'm only a human blackguard, but he is—the devil."

And Meredith took up from the table the shabby, low-crowned, curly brimmed, round hat, which was his habiteal and most unbecoming headgear, nodded to Madeline in exactly the same awkward would-be careless manner with which, during their married life together, he used to leave her to go out in the evening "to see a man who got a tip," and opened the door. Halfway along the corridor he met a tall gentleman with a gray moustache, who stared at him, but in a manner too dignified to be called impertinent. Mr. Smith touched his hat to him and hurried out, wondering how Madeline would explain his own visit. "Old chap worships her, suppose; and he might be at the bottom of sea the for what she cares; so might I. But De Breteuil—I'll be hanged if I know whether she isn't fond of him still. Queer creatures, women." These reflections lasted till he reached the platform, where he found that his train had gone; however, he started for Boulogne by the next, and it was some weeks before Mr. Smith again made his appearance in Calais or its neighborhood.

The ten days following the night of Mr. Shaw's murder were spent in investigating by the police, in arresting and releasing various persons who had no connection with the affair, and in interrogating all those people who had had any intercourse whatever with Mr. Shaw on the day of his death. Gerald, Mr. Beresford, and Mr. Smith, were the only people who could tell anything of importance; but the first was ill of concussion of the brain, the last had disappeared with the telegraphic excuse to his employers that urgent family affairs required his presence in England; so that Mr. Beresford's sensational announcement that the dead man had had in his possession a clue to the perpetrators of the robbery in the train was the only important piece of evidence forthcoming. Mr. Shaw's eldest son, a good-hearted young fellow with the manners of a groom, who had been most carefully educated without learning anything at all, came over to Calais to call at "Les Bouleaux" to see Mr. Beresford, and to take his father's body back to England when the inquest was over. He behaved very well, poor perplexed young man, looking dignified for the first time in his life as he stood, in his long travelling ulster, silenced by his grief and by his ignorance of the French language, listening by the hour to explanations and declarations by first one official and then another, none of whom could tell him more than he knew—that his father had been foully murdered, no one knew by whom. So he left a kind, indifferently spelt letter at the house of M. Fournier, to be given to Gerald as soon as he was better, and returned with his solemn freight to England. And there were more investigations, and more interrogatories, and at the end of a fortnight Gerald, having sufficiently recovered from his illness, had his deposition taken down and his careful description of the murderer. On being asked whether the face was like any one he had seen before, the young man at first hesitated, but finally said "No," and persisted in that answer.

But when, a fortnight after the murder, Madame de Lancry called to learn how he was, and, finding him convalescent, broached the subject of that night's adventures, he was more communicative, and on her pressing him to be frank, he confessed that the face he had seen bending over him in the darkness had struck him by its likeness to Victor Fournier.

"It was only a likeness in the features, you understand, madame, and I think he was much older man than Victor; but he had just the same type of thin aquiline features, and a small black moustache like Victor's.

Madame de Lancry looked at him, and listened attentively.

"Had you ever seen the man before?" she asked.

"Never, madame."

"Ah!" She got up and walked about the room, looking at the objects around her, glancing now and then at Gerald, whose languid interest in the matter under discussion, though scarcely surprising so soon after his illness, irritated and astonished her. At last she stopped in front of him, such a majestic figure in her trained gown of black brocade glistening with hanging drops of jet, that the pause she made before speaking rendered her slow, grave words doubly impressive.

"What would you say," she asked solemnly, "if I were to tell you that the object you hold dearest in life is intimately connected with the discovery of Mr. Shaw's murderer?"

Gerald started, and his face grew very white.

"Why, what has she to do with it? he faltered quickly, in a husky voice.

"She!" said Madame de Lancry, in a deep voice that sounded like distant thunder to the poor lad, who grew suddenly as red as he had been white, and hung his head, and figeted with a tassel of the sofa-cushion like a corrected child.

"I mean—I mean," said he, clearing his throat, "that I do not understand you, madame."

"You told me but three weeks ago—but you very young men measure your constancy, your convictions, by minutes, I know," she interpolated scornfully—"that the one object of your life was to clear your father's name from the suspicion that hangs over it."

Gerald started again. "Yes, yes, so it is," he said quickly, his thin face burning and quivering with half a dozen strong and strange emotions as he heard her.

Madame de Lancry watched the sensitive and ingenuous face steadily, and said, in a low deep voice, the very tone of which kept him spellbound: "Find the murderer of Mr. Shaw—and you will have found the man who robbed and murdered your father."

The Boundary Line

Between comfort and discomfort is often very slight. Have you rheumatism or neuralgia? or are you a sufferer from obscure nervous pains? Why suffer longer? You can purchase for 10 cents a bottle of that king of pain—Polson's NERVILINE, or you can get a large bottle for 25 cents. It cures promptly. It is sure, pleasant to take, and never fails to cure all kinds of pain. Don't wait an hour, but send to any drug store and get a trial bottle. Nerviline the sure pain cure.

The shock of this declaration made to him while he was still weak from illness, was too much for Gerald. He looked up in her face quite steadily for a moment longer, and then his body fell forward, and he was only prevented by the quick clasp of her strong arms from falling to the floor. Her first impulse, even then, was indignant contempt at the weakness of a nature which was not braced up instead of shaken by a statement so overwhelming. But as she put her arm round the young man's shoulder, and laid his damp head back gently on to the cushions of the sofa, the cold emotion of tenderness, which she had not now known for years, woke up in the woman's breast again, and she remembered the time when thoughts of love were foremost in her too.

"Poor boy!" she whispered kindly; and as she touched his hair with her lips with motherly gentleness the door opened and Victor came in.

He had just returned home from the factory, and, on hearing that Madame de Lancry was in the *salon* he had hurried to the room in eager haste, for his admiration for this somewhat inaccessible lady was increasing every day. Of course he affected not even to have seen her caressing attitude near Gerald, although she scarcely altered it on his entrance; but when she left, after a few remarks to Victor, in which she did not forget to congratulate him on his approach ing marriage, the young Frenchman turned almost savagely to Gerald, and said disagreeably.

"She might have spared a little of her sympathy for me, linked as I shall be tomorrow to the most ill-tempered specimen of boldness and prudery your fog-smothered country has ever produced!"

Gerald looked hurt and angry, but he only said, "To-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow. Old Beresford is going to give a confounded betrothal-dinner, to tie us up by anticipation, you know; he has grown very solicitous since my aunt's death the other day."

This was an illusion to the fact that a rich widowed sister of M. Fournier's, a lady who had been for some years in delicate health, had died within the last week in the south of France, leaving the bulk of her property to her nephew Victor.

Gerald listened, but made no answer; and when, some few minutes later, Victor, not finding him a lively companion, left him alone, he remained for some time in the attitude he had assumed on first hearing the news, leaned forward with his elbows on his knees and his hands clasped loosely together. Presently he got up with red eyes and tremulous lips, and walking unsteadily toward the mantelpiece, saw that it was three o'clock.

"There's lots of time for me to get there before they have dinner," he said to himself; "and of course I really ought to make some inquiries and bestir myself, after what Madame de Lancry said."

So he went in search of Madame Fournier, told her, with tears of gratitude in his eyes for her kindness, that he must go back to "Les Bouleaux" that day, and show Mr. Beresford that he was fit for work again—which he evidently was not—and started in a small hired omnibus within half an hour of making up his mind.

The drive was full of horrible reminiscences to him, but as he drew near to "Les Bouleaux" his agitation increased from each other cause. Suddenly, within a few yards of the entrance to the avenue, he shouted to the driver to stop, and got out of the omnibus. For he had caught sight of a little dark figure that started forward out of the open gate to meet him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Nice Country to Live In.

It appears that during the year 1886 the number of persons killed by wild animals and venomous snakes in Hindostan was 24,841. This is an increase of 1,035 over the figures for the previous year. The fatalities from snake bites rose from 20,142 to 22,134, while wild animals killed 2,707 persons as compared with 2,765 in 1885. Tigers were responsible for 928 deaths and wolves for 222, these figures showing 90 more deaths from tigers and 26 fewer from wolves as compared with the preceding year. Elephants, leopards, bears, hyenas, wild boars, bisons, wild hogs, jackals, alligators, crocodiles, wild cats and panthers had also their quota of victims.

Can a Man Swallow a Cannon-ball?

Well, "that depends." He can if his throat is large enough and the cannon-ball not too large. The question really seems worthy of some consideration in view of the size of some of the pills that are prescribed for suffering humanity. Why not throw them "to the dogs," and take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets? Small, sugar-coated, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, in glass, and always fresh.

That "Christmas comes but once a year" may be true, but when it comes on Sunday it seems to stay for about three days.

Don't You Know.

that you cannot afford to neglect that catarrah? Don't you know that it may lead to consumption, to insanity, to *death*? Don't you know that it can be easily cured? Don't you know that while the thousand and one nostrums you have tried have utterly failed that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a certain cure? It has stood the test of years, and there are hundreds of thousands of grateful men and women in all parts of the country who can testify to its efficacy. All druggists.

A short way of becoming proficient in the study of human nature is to examine yourself.

"I am weary of living," moaned poor Mrs. Black. "For I'm fairly worn out with the pain in my back; My nerves are a chain
Of weakness and pain,
And my poor head is aching as if it would crack."
"Nay, don't be discouraged," cried good Mrs. White,
"It is never so dark but there's promise of light;
I can tell you, in brief
What will give you relief—
Pierce's Favorite Prescription will soon set you right."

It is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper. Large bottles (100 doses) $1. Six for $5.

Almost everyone who has commanded the attention of the world has owed part of his success to merit and part to a happy concurrence of circumstances in his favor.

Free! Free!! Free!!!

A Book of Instruction and Price List on Dyeing and Cleaning, to be had gratis by calling at any of our offices, or by post by sending your address to R. Parker & Co., Dyers and Cleaners, 759 to 763 Yonge St., Toronto. Branch Offices: 4 John St. N., Hamilton; 100 Colborne St., Brantford.

The highest nature is the one that has the most necessities, but the fewest of its own making.

People who are subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the Stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

Nature has her revenge upon neglect as well as upon extravagance. Disease, with her, is as mortal a sin as abuse.

HUS'S COUGH CURE cures in one minute.

"Killing time." Ah, what a sad occupation is that in a world in which there is so much to be learned, so much to be done!

CRESALENE HAIR RESTORER restores gray and faded hair to its natural color and prevents falling out.

But for money and the need of it there would not be half the friendship in the world. It is powerful for good when divinely used.

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels get out of order, causing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, and their attendant evils, take at once a dose of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine. All Druggists. 50 cents.

Few men do more harm than those who, taking the right side, dispute for personal victory, and argue, as they are sure then to do, ungenerously.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

The opium habit, dipsomania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., pressures old age, loss of vitality caused by over-exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength, from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause not mentioned above, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treasure, in book form, of *Diseases of Men*. Books sent sealed and postpaid. Address, Alfred H. V Lubon 47 Wellington street East, Toronto Ont.

It matters not what the object is that a man aspires to be worthy of, and proposes as a model for imitation, if he does not *believe* it to be excellent.

Coff No More.

Watson's cough drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. See that the letters R. & T.W. are stamped on each drop.

An upstart, though of the greatest merits is generally disagreeable, and a sentiment of envy commonly prevents us from heartily sympathizing with his joy.

TURNING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. DR. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. A treatise may be had by the Institution. Students enter at any time. Circulars mailed free. M. MACDONICK, Principal.

BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

A Beautiful Imported Birthday Card sent to any baby whose mother will send us the names of two or more other babies, and the parents' address. Mention this paper and inclose Five Sample Card to the mother and much valuable information.

Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal.

ANOTHER GRAND BIBLE COMPETITION

$11,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES.

No. 21.

In order to increase our subscription list to one hundred thousand subscribers by the 1st day of July next we have decided to give away the above amount in prizes. To the four hundred and fifty-one persons first answering correctly on or before the 30th day of June next the questions, where in the Bible are the words BRASS and IRON first found? we will give the following rewards:

1st, 1 elegant Piano, by best maker in Canada,	$600		
2nd cash in gold	$300	4th cash in gold	100
3rd cash in gold	$150	5th cash in gold	50
To the next 250 persons each a Ladies' fine gold watch valued at $60			1,500
To the next 50 persons each a Ladies' newest silver open face watch valued at $30			1,500
To the next 100 each a solid gold ring, with a precious stones valued at $10			1,000
To the next 200 each a silver plated napkin ring valued at $3			600

MIDDLE REWARDS.

To the four hundred persons whose names come in the middle, counting from number one to the last received, we will give the following rewards:

1st cash in gold	$150	6th cash in gold	20
2nd cash in gold	75	7th cash in gold	17
3rd cash in gold	50	8th cash in gold	6
To the next 25 each a splendid sewing machine valued at $60			1,740
To the next 21 each a Rogers plated Tea set, 6 piece, valued at $40			840
To the next 50 each a half dozen set dessert knives, extra silver plated			900
To the next 125 each a set of Rogers' latest design, valued at $5			625

LAST REWARDS.

To those who are too late for any of the above rewards these special or last rewards are offered.

To the three hundred and ninety persons whose names come in last, we will give the following rewards:

To the last person on the list, cash	$125
To the next to last name on list, cash	100
To the third from last name on list, cash	50
To the next 10 each $10 cash	100
To the next 25 each $5 cash	125
To the next 50 each $2 cash	100
To the next 100 each $1 cash	100
To the next 200 each 50 cents cash	100

The questions must be answered correctly in order to secure any reward. Each competitor must send with the answers fifty cents by P. O. order or registered letter, (if in stamps three cents extra must be added for discount) for a three months' subscription to the *Ladies' Journal*, not a ladies fashion paper only, but a paper which will please every member of the family. The competition remains open till the 30th day of June inclusive, and letters wherever mailed, if they bear post mark of that date or earlier, will be eligible for a prize. Twenty days will be allowed for letters to reach us from distant places. Nearly two hundred thousand persons have received rewards in previous competitions. Address and mark all orders payable to Editor LADIES JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A writer in the December number of the *Educational Monthly* says:—The dislike of or want of taste for manual labour among boys, and the preference for other employments rather than domestic work on the part of our girls, is now bringing before the community a very serious problem, felt chiefly, we suppose, in our cities and towns, but doubtless extending also to the country districts. An anxious father or mother comes to the teacher with the question, "What shall I do with my son?" and sometimes with the enquiry, "What is my daughter best fitted for?"

The boys must be clerks, agents, travellers, and to make it possible to reach such a high elevation they enter stores and wisely begin at the foot of the ladder; or they must enter a profession, no matter if the father be a labourer—for what father is not a labourer of some sort? And the girls, the poor girls, whose, "rights" and "duties" are so much talked about they must wait in stores, be shorthand reporters or typewriters, keep books, or even spend long wearisome hours and days in the impure air of a knitting or other factory, a tailor's shop or some such crowded place, quite irrespective of home surroundings, fitness for work, or training for future usefulness.

The general effect of this state of affairs has now become very apparent. It is difficult to obtain a situation for a boy; it is still more difficult for families of limited means who can only employ one domestic to find that very necessary help.

In the remarks which follow are recognised no other "class distinctions" than those which nature and Providence have established. It would be obviously unfair and unwise to infer that such positions as have been named are not desirable ways in which boys may be trained for obtaining a livelihood, or that girls do not fill the places referred to with credit and efficiency. The evil lies not in the kind of work, but in the overcrowding in certain employments, to the utter neglect of others equally respectable, important and honourable, for the saying of the fathers is not yet worn out, "Handsome is that handsome does."

WORK FOR BOYS.

In the list of work suitable for boys the occupation of a farmer, "a tiller of the soil," in all its various branches and modifications, must stand pre-eminently first as the oldest, the most independent, the most health-giving, its surroundings fresh and sweet, the one in which some leisure for reading can always be secured, and in which a man of ability may rise to almost any position in the service of his country. Say not—It is hard work. Yes, the work is hard. Did our readers ever know or hear of anything being gained that was worth the having without exertion or, if you prefer it, hard work.

Some of the boys in every family should be farmers; if the father be a farmer, so much the better for the son, but if not, educate your boy and send him to the country. Do not fear to let him begin at the beginning; his education will be of special service there.

We place next on the list for boys a good honest trade. Builders of all kinds, masons, bricklayers, carpenters, plumbers, blacksmiths, tinsmiths, machinists, engineers, skilled workmen of every description are (happily in this land) always in request. Send your healthy, well-developed sons to such employments. The enterprising and clever among them will rise. If the will or ability be there they can become master builders, and all the others can earn a competency with reasonably short hours and good wages. In such employments, equally with that of the agriculturist, education is of special value. If your son's training at school has unfitted him for that of this kind then there is something wrong either in the home or at the school. Do not cherish the mistaken idea that your son must not follow in his father's fortatepa, at his father's work. If he has enjoyed better educational advantages it is better for him, and for the work he will do; intelligent educated workmen are, and always will be, a power in the land. Nature's gentlemen are never degraded by active work, while a rough man will be rough and rude anywhere.

THE PROFESSIONS.

Again, if you are able to educate your son, if his tastes lie in that direction and his abilities warrant the attempt, let him go on to fit himself for professional life—ever honourable in the hands of good men. In this direction great care must be exercised; there should be few second-class clergymen, teachers, lawyers or medical men. Do not, unless compelled by necessitous circumstances, let your son go to swell the crowd of dry goods clerks. Only a very limited number should engage in this work, and these, for the good of all concerned, should be boys of a certain kind of ability and adaptability, who will be able to rise to positions of trust in the wholesale trade, or have the charge of clerks (young women always) in a department of the retail business. The vocations for boys which are always thronged are not the artisan employments in which, under fair conditions, the industrious man succeeds, but there are too many speculators, insurance agents, travellers, bookkeepers and clerks, and indolent, inefficient professional men.

For the farmer there is unbounded wealth of land to cultivate and much variety of employment; for the artisan class there is room everywhere, and in professional life there is always room at the "top." Why then should parents fear that young women are taking the places their sons should occupy when there is such an unbounded field before them? And now we venture to say a few words upon the delicate question of employment for girls.

WORK FOR GIRLS.

In homes of moderate means where there are one or two daughters who are old enough, the work of the household should be done by them. No training is more healthful, useful or necessary; but in order to encourage and afford partial independence, an allowance equal at least to the wages of a good servant should be made to them. This sum should be paid with regularity and generosity. It will be found to amount in most cases to more than is received by young ladies who keep books or copy letters. This arrangement will secure comfort and economy; assist and relieve the mother of all except the supervision, and add greatly to the completeness of home life. Speaking generally, no work can be done more becoming.

In not a few cases, however, it is necessary that the daughters of the house should add to the income of the family or become self supporting. No work for young ladies is more suitable, honourable, or useful than teaching. To a properly qualified teacher, or means natural aptness to teach, and much steady hard work to obtain the necessary standard of qualification; but it also implies more, far more than these, not simply enough education to reach a certain standard, but culture, refinement, and above all, tact and good sense. And our country will never be safe until we cease to turn out teachers by machine-examination, and aim at securing high natural qualifications combined with culture and refinement.

Many young ladies will devote themselves to bookkeeping (and do it well) or ty writing or copying, or they will attend in stores, and excel in such work; but in all cases it is absolutely necessary that great care be taken to preserve the self-respect and modesty of our daughters—these are above all price, and must not be trifled with. In stores they should, when at all possible, have a department to themselves, under proper and mature supervision. In offices they should always be by themselves, not in a corner among general and frequently noisy and mixed office work. Influences adverse to the growth of the crowning flower of womanhood should be securely banished. With such safeguards young ladies will discharge with much acceptance and efficiency the duties in these and many other employments requiring lightness of touch and accuracy in detail.

Again, in cases where natural disposition and liking point in that direction, no employment can be placed higher than that of the trained nurse, new in Canada, but greatly in demand, and for the well being of society, difficult to over-estimate. For information regarding the training schools of our country, our readers are referred to an article on the subject in the May number of this magazine.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

There remains still a large class of girls in our cities and towns, the children of hard working fathers and mothers, who cannot secure more than a limited education, and who from surrounding circumstances cannot hope to be able to fill positions such as have been indicated, but who, nevertheless, form an important, influential and eminently useful class of the community, and one whom all the others can ill afford to do without. This class of girls must, while still young, go out to earn money, and they crowd in troops into factories of all sorts chiefly because in these employments they can be at home when the day's work is over, and be as it were, more independent than if they were living in what is called domestic service. The scarcity of domestic help is an evil, but it is not the only evil caused by this state of matters. Such girls are underfed, poorly clothed, and utterly unfitted both by training and physical power to take their places as heads of families, as in the natural course of events they must soon do. The untidy, ill-managed home which can be seen any winter day is ample proof of this; but sad to say that is only a small part of the evil.

Now, where lies the blame? Who is responsible? Is the public education of the country at fault? Are we trying to educate all up to the same level? Are passing examinations and never-ending promotions held up before the young rather than doing their duty? Is being smart and answering well and getting on, held up before our children rather than the fear of God and the fifth commandment? Or does the fault lie in the home training, and is Bible study ignored—both at home and at school? Are heads of families doing their duty? We ask in all seriousness a number of questions which can only be answered by the mistress of a house where domestic help is required.

TREATMENT OF SERVANTS.

Can you blame the girl who has a home for wishing to go there when the day's work is over? Are you making your home as attractive to your maid as it should be? Has she a clean, comfortable room that she can call her own with all necessary appointments? Do you speak freely to her and ask her about her friends at home? Do you encourage her to confide in you and tell you of her joys and sorrows? Do you try to make her understand that her presence is necessary to the comfort of the house? Do you expect her to do all the work or only what she can reasonably manage? Do you help her or see that she is helped? Has she time to sit down a little every day or only at her meals? Has she nice clean table linen for her own use? Does she know that in ordinary circumstances she will have an afternoon out every week? Do you invite her to lay aside a part of her earnings every month? Do you encourage her to mend her clothes and show her how to do it? Do you take for granted that she will like to read a little, and see that she has proper books? These are only a few of the points that might be touched, and it frequently happens that one or all of the advantages and privileges named are abused; but as a rule if we were able to answer the questions in the affirmative and set ourselves to devise means to remedy some of the evils a better state of matters would ultimately prevail. Domestic servants will be esteemed and respected and they will learn to respect themselves. Parents of all ranks in life, teachers of all degrees, the Education Department and those in authority must work together, and when all is done it may take a generation or two to effect a change. But it will come.

And now let us repeat, our sons must not become effeminate and seek for sheltered, easy work; let them strike out and aim at what is manly and honourable. Let it never be said that they are crowded out by girls. The employments suitable to both are in the main essentially different. Let a large number of our daughters be encouraged to stay at home and help their mothers. For those who must earn money, and who are educated with that end in view, let proper provision be made to secure good work under suitable surroundings and conditions. Let all the members of the community strive to make domestic service honourable, inviting and desirable. "Let us look not every man on his own things, but also on the things of others."

Dr. Kenealy, who acted for the Tichborne claimant as legal counsel, left a family of several children and a snug fortune. An American relative now claims the money, and the new claimant is said to have good chances.

A St. Paul man, who has a well-stocked fish pond, has tamed a big trout so that it comes at his call, eats from his hand, and shows its delight by jumping out of the water and turning in the air with very plain manifestations of joy.

Pugilism, and What Prominent Men Say About It.

1. What in your opinion is the reason for the great interest in pugilism and pugilists taken by the American and English people?

2. What is the moral effect of it upon your young men?

3. Do you think that boxing is a proper part of the physical training of young men? If not, what would you substitute for it?

The following extracts from the answers received will be printed to morrow:—

REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

1. Your first question misleads. You should have said "the great interest in pugilists and pugilism taken by some people in England and America," and the answer to that would be:—Because such people nourish brutal instincts like those of the old Romans, overlaid by a thin veneer of civility, and the modern pugilist takes the place to them of the ancient gladiator.

2. Brutal only, and that continually.

3. I think the art of boxing may be so well guarded as to do no harm to the boxer; and then it may be a good thing some day to be able to trounce a brute soundly right then and there for insulting a woman or for cruelty to a child. I have more than once wished I could use my fists as well as I can use my tongue.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

1. I suppose that the savage is not yet wholly worked out of the blood.

2. As an exhibition, altogether debasing.

3. As an exercise with gloves, I think it admirable.

GEORGE W. CABLE.

1. All men are apt to be overfond of power and supremacy, and to show a keen interest in contests for it. But Britons and Americans do not believe in killing men, except such as are enemies of mankind, nor even beasts unnecessarily, except as wild game. Pugilism is on a very low key, a competitive test of physical strength, skill and endurance, and of a certain courage, fortitude and tenacity.

2. The moral effect cannot but be bad. Not only does it put the lowest physical and the lowest mental graces foremost and exalt the idea of supremacy by force, but it is a test and display of skill in the infliction of ferocious cruelty.

3. Boxing, even as a mere exercise, suggests always and only the methods of force, cruelty and violence, offensive and defensive. Any skilful gymnastic trainer can find forms of exercise to supply its place.

RICHARD K. FOX.

1. Pugilism greatly interests Englishmen and Americans because it involves courage, skill and manliness, and because it is a form of contention which does away with weapons, depends upon individual qualities, and is regulated by honorable and equitable rules.

2. Its moral effect is distinctly good. Young men who become familiar with the pugilistic code are slow to quarrel, always forbearing, capable of great self-restraint, and inured to patience, accuracy and prompt decision. Per contra, vicious and immoral habits, debauchery of all kinds, and a reckless manner of life must all be abandoned by the young man who would excel as an amateur pugilist.

3. I consider boxing an essential part of every young man's physical training, above all in an English-speaking country. It is the physical expression of contestant individuality, and goes further to burnish up the virile beliit than any other gymnastic exercise I know.

JOSIAH QUINCY, OF BOSTON.

1. The survival in them of ancestral savagery.

2. Bad, so far as it has any,

3. Yes, and an excellent form of exercise.

DR. WM. A. HAMMOND.

1. I am of the opinion that the great interest in pugilism and pugilists taken by the American and English people is inherent, and is due to hereditary transmission from ancestors who always within the historic period have taken pleasure in rough sports and in personal combats.

2. The moral effect of pugilism on our young men is, I think, upon the whole, good.

It has very much the same effect as a battle upon those who witness it or read descriptions of the courage, endurance and skill of the combatants. The question as to whether the battle is a righteous one or not is never taken into consideration any more than it is with those refined, intelligent, educated and religious people who witness prizefights or who read descriptions of them.

I have known several excellent clergymen and many other virtuous men who, while in cold blood condemning prizefighting as a barbarity, nevertheless read the detailed descriptions of them published in the daily press, and who rejoiced or were chagrined as the champion of the country was victorious or was defeated.

I do not think that any young man of good character and virtuous qualities could be made worse by witnessing a prizefight, provided it was fairly conducted.

3. Boxing should constitute a part of the physical training of young men.

It is from every consideration, if a choice is to be made, preferable to fencing. It affords better exercise for the muscles of the body, requires quite as much skill, and brings many of the higher qualities of the mind into quite as great a degree of activity. Moreover, a man always has his fists ready to defend himself from the assaults or to attack those whom he thinks have justly incurred his resentment.

COL. T. W. HIGGINSON.

1. This may be true of the English people, a race of much coarser fibre than our own, and in many respects, in my judgment, behind us in real civilization; but I have yet to be satisfied that it is true on any large scale among sober and orderly Americans. It is certain the prominence given to the details of prize-fighting in some newspapers, otherwise admirably conducted, is exceedingly abhorrent to many men as well as to nearly all women. But so far as this interest exists, it is partly due to respect for courage or for anything that passes for courage, and partly to the same dreamed brutality which enjoys dog-fighting or cock-fighting. In England it is further re-enforced by the habits of an artificial and blase society, which is always greedy for some novelty, whether it be a new prizefighter or "Buffalo Bill."

What is the boasted courage of that ring? To stand up a few hours, not to be, at the worst, knocked down violently a dozen times, with almost an absolute certainty that neither life nor limb will be seriously endangered, and that the same combatants may give another exhibition, uninjured, a week or two later. There is not a skirmish in battle—nay, there is scarcely a drunken brawl between Western cowboys—that is not a matter of more serious danger. Gunpowder is an enemy which makes small account of Queensberry rules, and he who fights where that weapon is used fights in earnest. The bloodiest prize-fight is but a sham fight in comparison; it has the brutality of war without its seriousness; it does not even train men for war. If I were recruiting a company or a regiment, as in 1862, I should rather enlist ten sober, steady young men from Mr. Baldwin's Christian Union or Father Scully's Gymnasium than twenty professional pugilism, and any man of actual experience would say the same.

2. I think that "the moral effect of it upon our young men" is not merely brutalizing, but utterly misleading, making them look for examples of courage in the wrong direction.

3. In spite of all this, I regard this as "a proper part of the training of young men." This is because it is one of the best forms of physical training. In a world still some what brutal, it is worth a man's while, even for the sake of others, to have some notion how to defend himself even without weapons. Nor is there any more necessary connection between boxing lessons and prize-fighting than between a domestic game of cards and the gambling saloon

FROM ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

1. Those who find delight in pugilistic sport are, in my judgment, largely in the minority. They frequent these places for the excitement and what they can make by gambling upon the results. I do not regard those who sneak into prize fights under the cover of night to witness these criminal proceedings as representing any decent element in society. They may have money and position, but they cannot fairly be said to represent any decent portion of the community. They represent themselves.

2. Brutalising.

2. Yes, if it is not carried to extremes and does not lead to the brutal exhibitions which have disgraced this country and England during the past few years.

JAMES BARTON, THE HISTORIAN.

1. The recent revival of interest in prize-fights may be a recreation against overculture in special directions, which tend to effeminacy and the diminution of the human animal. We have one Emerson, and possibly that necessitates one Sullivan, although it was Emerson himself who said that the first condition of a successful life is to be a good animal. It is true these noted pugilists are not good animals. There are plenty of men in Harvard University who are far better animals than Sullivan or Kilrain, and would better stand any fair test of manhood than they.

2. I hope you young men are not such fools as to get any harm from reading about the pummelling which these good-natured giants bestow upon one another for the public amusement. The worst effect seems to arise from the betting on the results. Probably, however, that is confined to a comparatively small class of men who derive a precarious livelihood from it, and idle persons like the Prince of Wales. That Prince is, *ex-officio*, a relic of barbarism, and his patronising of Sullivan is an indication that the whole thing is absolute, as he is himself.

3. I see no objection to it, if young men have a taste for it. Some of the most eminent men of recent times found both pleasure and advantage in it in the days of their youth. Anything is better than nambypamby weakness.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Religious Herald: It is one thing to depict a useful life and quite another to live it.

Once a cardinal always a cardinal is the rule in the Catholic Church; even the Pope is powerless to disrate him.

California has sent east seven solid trainloads of raisins, each train composed of twenty cars, thus far this season.

One who is contented with what he has done will never become famous for what he will do. He has lain down to die.

A law has been passed in Waldeck, Germany, forbidding the granting of a marriage license to a person addicted to the liquor habit.

Jim Waldron, living near Arcadia, Ill., is having a cage 30 by 40 built on his farm, and intends to engage in the business of raising wildcats.

A new style of carving knife has been invented which works on the plan of scissors. If it can find the joint in the leg of a duck we'll agree to buy one and join the church.

An old sea captain thinks that he has a good answer for the question, "Where do sea birds obtain fresh drinking water?" He says that he has often seen birds far from land that could furnish water flying around and under storm clouds drinking the drops of water as they fell, and chattering like ducks in a pond on a hot day. They will smell a rain squall 100 miles away and fly for it with tremendous speed.

President Carnot is said to have sent assurances to Berlin that while he is President no French Government will be allowed to adopt a warlike policy.

It takes sixteen days for a Laplander to marry the girl of his choice, but after he has got her the mother-in-law can approach his house only at the peril of his life.

A Minnesota prophet said that there was "ground for earthquakes January 1st and January 10th." Of course there was. There is always ground for earthquakes, and there ought to be a hole in the ground for the crank who makes foolish predictions.

The London firemen are about to be uniformed for duty in asbestos cloth, a material which has already been adopted by the Paris fire brigade with satisfactory results. Equipped in this incombustible apparel, the fireman is practically master of the flames.

It's rare to see a man mowing on the ice, but such a sight was possible the other day at Mount Vernon, Me. After a swamp froze up, enough grass remained above the ice to warrant a thrifty farmer cutting it and drawing it home for bedding for his horses.

Miss Kitty C. Wilkins, the horse queen of Idaho, is somewhat tall, with a high forehead, regular features and rather light hair, being somewhat of a blonde. Her eyes are dark and her manners very charming. Altogether she impresses one as a very intelligent young lady of about 28. She owns nearly 800 horses.

My Own Canadian Home.

BY R. G. WILSON.

Though other skies may be as bright,
And other lands as fair;
Though charms of other climes invite
My wandering footsteps there,
Yet there is one, the peer of all
Beneath bright heaven's dome;
Of thee I sing, O happy land,
My own Canadian home.

Thy lakes and rivers, as "the voice
Of many waters" raise
To Him who planned their vast extent
A symphony of praise.
Thy mountain peaks o'ertook the clouds—
They pierce the azure skies;
They tell they come be strong and true—
To great achievements rise.

A noble heritage is ours,
So grand and fair and free;
A fertile land where he who toils
Shall well rewarded be,
And he who joys in nature's charms,
Exulting, here may view
Scenes of enchantment strangely fair,
Sublime in form and hue.

Shall not the race that tread thy plains,
Spurn all that would enslave?
Or they who battle with thy wilds
Shall not that race be brave?
Shall not Niagara's mighty voice
Inspire to actions high?
Twere easy such a land to love,
Or for her glory die.

And doubt not should the foeman's hand
Be armed to strike at thee,
The trumpet call throughout the land
Need scarce repeated be;
As bravely as on Queenston's Heights,
Or as in Lundy's Lane,
Thy sons will battle for thy rights
And freedom's cause maintain.

Dit kindly heaven afford to me
The choice where I would dwell,
Fair Canada, that choice should be
The land I'll to a ve well.
I love thy hills and valleys wide,
Thy water's flash and foam;
May God in love o'er thee preside.
My own Canadian home!

ST. JOHN, N. B., 1887.

PARISIAN TOPICS.

Matters in the Gay Capital.

The general European war continues not to be fought, and, if the other capitals are in anxious ferment over what may happen in the spring, Paris certainly is not. Vastly more important was the fact that 1,500 invitations had been sent out for Lord Lytton's initial reception. As was expected, the affair was one of the most striking gatherings of notabilities, political, social and intellectual, that has been seen for a long time in Paris. Even for those who were not in the way of getting invitations to the English embassy, there was no lack of other topics of talk, besides the eternal war scare with which Berlin, Vienna and London weary themselves and the rest of mankind.

For example, what could be more entertaining than the attempt of a house-owner here to extort $5600 from the Gaikwar of Baroda and its failure. The Indian prince on his way from Queen Victoria's Jubilee stopped for a month in Paris and hired a house for the heavy rent of $1200 a month. At the end of the term he paid his rent and the landlord demanded $240 damages, which the Gaikwar said he would inquire about. Meanwhile the landlord learned that his guest, instead of being an ordinary prince, was a fabulously wealthy one, and raised his claims to $5600. The Gaikwar refused to pay this and went to a hotel. Finally he left for Switzerland. The landlord tried to stop his baggage at the station here but failed because he needed a judge's order. By the time he got this the Gaikwar and his suite had arrived at Belfort, where he was stopped by the authorities on a telegram, but he was finally allowed to proceed by the deposit of $4000 security. The Gaikwar will fight the thing in the courts.

Papal Influence.

The great powers seem to be desirous of making friends with the Pope. The Pope is without an army, but there is no part of the civilized world in which he does not sway an extraordinary influence. France has been exerting herself to make friends with his Holiness, while the Duke of Norfolk has been carrying flattering messages from Queen Victoria to the Pope and from the Pope to the Queen. Every now and then Bismarck makes a move in the direction of conciliating the Vatican, and altogether the amount of deference paid to the head of the Roman Catholic church is worthy of remark. As far as Irish politics are concerned, it is apparent that the Vatican is not anxious to interfere to any marked degree as between the priests and the people. To do so would be certain to provoke general discontent, if not to weaken the hold of the church upon the people. The church has a way of saying and seeing the ride of a movement, and then, when it finds that it is impossible to stem it, of turning about and allowing itself to be carried along. In Ireland the priests are so commited to the Nationalist movement that it would be a difficult matter to tear them away from it. They are full of patriotism, and in helping on the fight for home rule believe that they are serving both their God and their country. It is not to be wondered at that the Nationalist idea has taken such a strong hold on the minds of the people when they see their spiritual leaders keeping so well to the front. As has been well said, there is no indication that the Vatican is anxious to come to the front to pull the Tory chestnuts out of the Irish fire.

It is reported that Prince Bismarck, feeling the approaches of old age, has selected Count Hatzfeldt as his successor.

It is estimated that 750,000 people were drowned and 3,000,000 left homeless by the overflow of the Yellow River in China.

The friction between the Vatican and Quirinal is very great, and all hopes of an amicable understanding are abandoned.

The Nihilist Tschernoff and several other prisoners, charged with an attempt on the Czar's life, have been condemned to death.

The report issued to the shareholders of the gambling banks at Monaco informs them that there were seventy-six suicides during the past season.

In two London churches actors have been invited to read the lessons for several successive Sundays lately with great satisfaction to the audiences.

Our live stock shipping trade last year was fairly satisfactory. For the most part good prices were obtained and casualties in transportation were not above the average. The export of cattle reached upwards of 65,000 head, the greatest number ever known. Sheep, however, showed a great falling off from recent annual exportations, the total being 35,000, or the smallest number on record since 1878.

North Hastings Review

MADOC. JANUARY 26, 1888.

Subscribers to the REVIEW *who fail in getting their papers, will confer a favor on the proprietor by communicating the same to this office.*

THE WARDEN.

On Tuesday the election of Warden of the County took place at the meeting of the County Council. Messrs. H. Bleecker, Reeve of Sidney, Matthew Robinson, Reeve of Huntingdon, Jas. Duncan, Reeve of Rawdon, N. Vermilyea, Dep. Reeve of Thurlow, were nominated. Vermilyea and Duncan withdrew, leaving the contest between Robinson and Bleecker, which resulted in the election of the latter by a majority of 4. The proceedings of the Council will be given next week.

NEW INDUSTRY.

Another want of the village and the surrounding country has been supplied. A company has been formed to operate on a large scale the Madoc Lumber and Planing Mills, extending the business to the manufacturing of various staple and important articles. Want of space this week prevents giving a detailed description of the works and business intended to be done, which will receive attention in our next issue, together with a review of the manufacturing interests of the town.

—THE Legislature met yesterday.

—IT is expected that the Dominion Parliament will meet on 23rd February.

—THE Renfrew *Mercury* printing office was destroyed by fire on Tuesday morning. The fire is supposed to be of incendiary origin, and purely an anti-Scott Act outrage. Great excitement prevails over the fiendish act. Mr. Smallfield will have the sympathy of every person who has a spark of manhood about him.

—THE religion of Joe Smith is in deep water. The Utah Legislature will meet in a few days, and it is said the Mormons will follow up their constitutional declaration against polygamy with a statutory condemnation of the practice. The administration of all laws in this territory, local and Congressional, is in the hands of the Federal Courts, and this ensures the vigorous enforcement of any territorial statute against polygamy that may be passed.

TORONTO LETTER.

MAYORALTY — CENTRAL BANK — MINING INTEREST—OPENING OF PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT—LOCALS ETC.

Toronto, Jan. 16th.—The absorbing topic of conversation during the last few weeks—the mayoralty question—is over and gone. The new Council and its acts will be closely watched although there seems to be a disposition on all sides to give them a fair trial. Many important questions pressing for solution, will early come up and it remains to be seen whether the much-vaunted practical executive ability of the chief magistrate will be equal to their solution. Prominent among these are the Court-house scheme, the Esplanade difficulty, and the Water Works management.

CENTRAL BANK.

The affairs of the Central Bank are being wound up as rapidly as possible. The examination of E. Strachan Cox takes place to-day at Osgoode Hall. Much remains to be cleared up and the public are anxiously waiting further developments.

MINING INTERESTS.

Much interest is being awakened by the *World's* articles on our Mining Policy. The existence in Ontario of vast stores of mineral wealth seems at last to be fully established and the question now comes how are they to be developed? A meeting of the geological and mining section of the Canadian Institute, held on Friday evening, discussed the question of free trade relations between Canada and United States, as they would effect our mining interests. Many valuable tables of statistics were given and many interesting facts made known thereby, from which the section unanimously drew the inference, that our present tariff regulations and mining laws were inimical to further developments of our mineral wealth. It is thought that some pressure should be brought to bear on the government to foster this important industry.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

The Provincial Parliament meets for the despatch of public business on the 25th. There are rumors of a reconstruction of the ministry, but no authentic information could be gleaned. The session promises to be dull and uninteresting.

PARLIAMENT.

The usually quiet atmosphere of the parliament buildings has been disturbed during the last two weeks by active preparations for the coming session. Papers, wrappers, stationery, etc., have been all arranged for the members' convenience, but the amount of foolscap used should not be taken as an index of the work done. It is hinted that everything from a dog-fight to the latest theatrical beauty may be seen in the crumpled contents of the waste baskets. This is not intended as a moral reflection.

It is feared that the health of Commissioner of Crown Lands—Pardee—will not permit his taking any part in the work of the session. He has been ordered south by his physician. No *pro tempore* successor has as yet been appointed although Mr. Mowat cannot complain of any scarcity of available material.

Rumors of a resurrection of the old cry of religious favouritism are occasionally heard. Mr. Mowat is said to be thinking hard with his eyes shut on a vigorous mining policy for Ontario.

Several local elections are to come off shortly. Hon's Hardy and Ross will take a hand in.

COMMERCIAL UNION.

Since the abandonment by the *Globe* of active interest in this subject, very little conversation can be heard upon that topic. The general opinion seems to be that it is now no longer an issue, especially since the elections in Haldimand, Northumberland, Colchester and Queens'. Although the majority of these contests were fought on the old party lines, it is felt that this matter has not taken that hold of the masses, which its advocates claimed it had. The C. U's appear to have all the arguments but the government gets all the elections.

NEWSPAPER INFLUENCE.

Toronto is emphatically *the* journalistic city of the Dominion. Hardly any great movement which has agitated the whole country but has emanated primarily from one or other of the great dailies. Their reputation is national, those of other cities of other provinces local or at most provincial. Account for it as you may you find the most intelligent and advanced people with the ablest and most energetic journals.

NOTES.

Work on the new parliament buildings has been suspended for the winter. The basement has been completed and gives indication of thorough and substantial work.

The Hon. T. B. Pardee, Commissioner of Crown Lands, has not yet recovered sufficiently to take charge of his duties.

Sir J. A. Macdonald paid a two days' visit to Toronto last week in connection with the Manufacturer's Life Association of which he is President. He received many congratulations on the attainment of his 73rd year. To one enthusiastic admirer who wished him seventy-three more, he remarked, "What! would you keep me out of heaven so long?"

It is rumored that there will be a newspaper funeral before long.

The Board of Trade has petitioned the government to reduce the rate of postage to two cents, following the custom of the United States.

The New Clerk's Hospitality.

After his appointment to the office of Clerkship of the Village, on Monday evening, Mr. Benson O'Hara invited his friends to Moon's Hotel to enjoy his hospitality. After justice had been done to the excellent repast prepared, Mr. E. D. O'Flynn was invited to the chair, and in well chosen remarks paid a tribute of praise to the deceased Clerk, eulogized the character and ability of Mr. O'Hara, and congratulated the Council upon their choice as well as the new Clerk upon his accession to the Clerkship.

Interesting speeches by a number present followed, to which, for want of space, we can only refer.

Mr. D. Kavanagh, ex-warden of the County, was next called on, who also congratulated the Council upon their choice of Clerk, and Mr. O'Hara upon being selected for the position. He said the name of O'Hara has been popular in this County for the last 40 years. Mr. Kavanagh spoke strongly in favor of a division of the County and was of the opinion that the day was not far distant when Madoc or Bancroft would be the county town.

Mr. Aylsworth, Reeve of the Village, also highly commended the ability and character of Mr. O'Hara, and felt confident that they would have no cause for regretting the choice they had made. He also referred to the integrity of the late Clerk, who was always willing, and who tried to do his best in discharging the duties of his office.

Mr. James Whytock also expressed himself as pleased with the past record of Mr. O'Hara, and felt the duties of the office could be safely entrusted in his hands.

Mr. J. C. Dale, in an able speech, after tendering his congratulations to the Clerk, turned his attention to the matter of High School, which, he said, was a foregone conclusion; and the anticipated division of the County, with Madoc as the county town. He hoped the ex-warden, Mr. Kavanagh, who had expressed himself favorably toward the project, and Mr. Aylsworth, Reeve of Madoc, would set the ball rolling at the County Council.

Mr. A. A. McDonald, in a lengthy, but pointed speech, spoke of the merits of the choice of the Clerk. He always respected age; and as the name of O'Hara was the oldest name in the district, he was glad the appointment was given to one, in every way worthy, of that name. He feelingly referred to the character of the late Clerk, whom he always knew to be honest and upright, and who endeavored to discharge the duties devolving upon him to the best of his ability. The matter of High School and County Town and their advantages were also ably handled and which must have impressed all present with the necessity of putting a shoulder to the wheel and pushing the projects to an early and speedy consummation.

Mr. McClellan then followed, referring to the advantages to be derived by the establishment of a High School in Madoc, and also of the direct benefit to the village and northern country by a division of the County with Madoc at its head. He congratulated the Council upon *their* choice and Mr. O'Hara as *the* choice.

Messrs. R. R. Casement, M. Mayber, T. Roberts, Jeff. Caverly, W. P. Kerr, D. A. Caldwell, F. W. O'Flynn, R. Rollins, G. A. Rollins, D. McLean and a representative of the REVIEW also spoke briefly, eulogizing the Council and congratulating Mr. O'Hara upon his appointment, as well as expressing favorable opinions of the projects introduced by previous speakers.

Mr. B. O'Hara, whose hospitality the company enjoyed, thanked all for their kindly expressions of congratulation, and assured them that he would endeavor to discharge his new duties with credit to himself and with a view to the best interests of the municipality, after which the company dispersed.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prescribed and recommended by eminent physicians, and is taken with perfect safety by old and young. Its cleansing and vitalizing effects are sure and speedy, and it is universally conceded to be the most effective of all blood purifiers.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

CHOP CRISTING.

WE ARE prepared to grind all kinds of coarse grains at the very low rate of 6c. per bag. No delay and first class work guaranteed, at Kellar's Bridge, one and a half miles south of Bannockburn.

S. A. CHAMBERS,
W. THOMAS.

Bannockburn, Jan. 11th, 1888. 42 tf

ABSTRACT STATEMENT

of the Receipts, Expenditures, Assets and Liabilities, for the year 1886-7, of the Municipality of

BANGOR, WICKLOW & McCLURE

RECEIPTS.

Taxes paid, Municipal and School per Collector	$1036 25
Licenses	24 60
Received from Government on account of Schools	89 00
Miscellaneous	347 11
Total Receipts	$1496 96

EXPENDITURES.

School Board on acct of Schools	$676 86
Other payments on acct of Schools	159 36
Roads and Bridges	258 50
Election Expenses, Allowance, Salary and Printing	31 70
Miscellaneous	118 21
Cash balance in Treasurer's hands	252 33
	$1496 96

ASSETS.

Face of Collector's Roll, 1887	$1776 21
Cash balance in Treasurer's hands	252 33
	$2028 54

LIABILITIES.

Local School rate	$428 53
Miscellaneous	207 00
Balance on Collector's Roll, 1887	1393 01
	$2028 54

DAVID CARSWELL, SANFORD CARD } Auditors.

MORTGAGE SALE
—OF—
VALUABLE FARM PROPERTY
in the County of Hastings.

Pursuant to a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by

Ralph Purdy, Esq.,
Auctioneer,
at
Moon's Hotel, Village of Madoc,
—ON—
Thursday, February 9th, 1888,

at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the following lands and premises in one parcel namely:—Lot number 16 in the 12th concession of the Township of Huntingdon containing 200 acres more or less.

Upon the premises are a log house and kitchen, a block barn and stable and a log shed. The soil is a sandy loam. There is a well and 3 living springs on the property. 100 acres of said land are cleared. There is an orchard upon the premises.

The terms of payment are as follows:—Ten per cent. cash to be paid to the Vendors or their Solicitors at the time of sale and balance in fifteen days thereafter without interest. Other conditions will be made known at the time of sale. The Vendors will not be required to produce any abstract of title, title deeds, copies of deeds, or other evidences of title other than those in their possession. The Vendors reserve the right of making one bid at sale.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to the Auctioneer or to the Vendors Solicitors.

EDGAR, MALONE & GARVIN,
27 & 29 Wellington St. East,
Toronto.

Toronto, Jan. 20th, 1888 42 2w

MEDICATED CONFECTIONERY

Some choice lines at

WILSON'S DRUG STORE,

Durham St., Madoc.

ROAD NOTICE.

PUBLIC Notice is hereby given that the Municipal Council of Carlow and Mayo will at its next meeting, to be held in the Town Hall, Carlow, on Saturday, the third day of March, 1888, at 9 o'clock a.m., pass a Bylaw to open and establish certain deviations for road, on the 2nd concession of the Township of Carlow, starting from centre of proven line between lots 10 and 11, 1 chain 35 links; south of line between concessions 2 and 3, running 34 deg south of west, 7 chains 60 links, to the centre of Whyte's road; starting from a point 9 chains 20 links west of post between lots 14 and 15, running 42 deg south of west 5 chains 26 links, thence 15 deg south of west 5 chains 5 links, thence 24 deg north of west 3 chains, thence 12 deg north of west 3 chains, thence 10 deg south of west 10 chains 50 links, thence 43 deg west of south 7 chains 20 links, thence 24 deg south of west 7 chains 30 links; thence 40 deg south of west 4 chains, thence west 3 chains, thence 6 deg north of west 10 chains, thence 14 deg north of west 4 chains 25 links, thence 37 deg west of north 3 chains 50 links, or to centre of line between concessions 2 and 3, 11 chains 93 links east of proven line between lots 10 and 11.

Also a Bylaw to establish a road starting from a point up the Cashel road 2 chains north of the centre of the road allowance between the 12th and 13th concessions, Mayo, running 25 deg north of east 13 chains 50 links, thence 35 deg east of north 4 chains 35 links, thence 5 deg west of north 2 chains 50 links, thence 44 deg west of north 5 chains, thence 10 deg west of north 7 chains 20 links, thence 30 deg north of east 19 chains, thence 20 deg east of north 4 chains 40 links, thence 26 deg north of east 5 chains 30 links, thence 20 deg east of north 9 chains, thence east 5 chains, thence 22 deg north of east 6 chains 50 links, thence 9 deg north of east 6 chains 50 links, thence 40 deg north of east 7 chains 50 links, thence 3 deg north of east 6 chains 50 links, thence 15 deg north of east 19 chains, thence 20 deg north of east 7 chains 50 links, thence 12 deg north of east 4 chains 50 links, thence 35 deg east of north 7 chains 50 links, thence 30 deg north of east 7 chains, thence 30 deg east of north to boundary line between Mayo and Kaglan at a point 14½ chains north of Lily Lake.

All parties interested will please take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

By order. W. D. PARKHURST, Tp. Clerk.

Dated 20th day Jan'y, 1888. 42 4w

LOOK OUT FOR

CHURCH

&

TODD'S

NEW ADVT.

Next Week.

OVERSHOES

at Cost at

T. ROBERTS'

A line of Ladies'

Curacoa Kid Boots

worth $3.75, for $2.75.

All Goods reduced in price and warranted solid Leather.

Weiss Block.

NOTE LOST.

NOTICE is given that a certain note given by James McDonald in favor of the undersigned, for $25, bearing interest at 8 per cent., for eight months, has gone from my possession. Payment of the same to any other than the undersigned is hereby stopped.

WM. FEENIE, JR.

Madoc, Jan. 14th, 1888. 41 3w

NOTICE.

HAVING decided to go out of business, all parties indebted to the undersigned must settle when called upon.

ELI J. LUMB.

Millbridge, Jan. 16th, 1888. 41 3w

Stock Taking.

As we are right in the midst of Stock taking we keep continually placing extraordinary bargains on our

Remnant Tables.

Just received a shipment of

Groceries.

First class Prunes for 5c. per lb.
15 pounds Tea for $1.00.

John Dale & Son.

Going at 50c.

We are closing out a lot of

CORSETS,

formerly sold at $1.00 a pair,

FOR 50 CENTS.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

CHURCH SERVICES.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Divine worship and preaching every Sabbath at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sabbath School and Pastor's Bible Class at 2.30 p.m.; Young People's Prayer Meeting, Tuesday, and General Prayer Meeting, Thursday evenings, at 7.30.
O. R. LAMBLY, M.A., Pastor.

ST. PETER'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sabbath School at 9.30 a.m.; Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening at 8.
D. WISHART, Pastor.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST (Church of England) Mattins and Evensong every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p.m.; Evensong on Wednesdays, at 7.30 p.m., with an address.
T. AUSTIN SMITH, Pastor.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.—Mass, each Sunday at 9.30 a.m., except every third Sunday, when Mass is at 11 o'clock; Vespers and Benediction, each 4th Sunday at 5 o'clock.
THOMAS DAVIS, Pastor.

Masonic Sermon.

The following is a synopsis of the sermon preached to the A. F. & A. M. Lodge at Tweed by the Rev. J. Partridge, on Sunday, 1st Jan., 1888. He took his Text from 1 Cor., xiii, 8. "Charity never faileth."

After eloquently and impressively discoursing upon the duties of man to man and man to God, growing out of Charity or love toward God and man; and the result or reward of man's faithfulness to God, in a participation of the glories and blessings of the world to come; as well as the result or reward, on the other hand, of man's unfaithfulness to, or utter disregard of, God, in sharing the misery and woe of the lost; the speaker referred to the fraternity and its mission in a general and individual sense as follows:—

Now dear Brethren what has this to do with the object of our meeting here to-day? Very much in every way. Charity or Brotherly love, is one of the tenets of our profession. The great object of our association has always been to communicate to others those blessings which by the bounty of Providence we ourselves enjoy. To contribute our utmost endeavors in the promulgation of the arts and sciences in promoting the increase of happiness by advocating those principles of piety, virtue and good will, which are the ornaments and proper objects of human life, the cement of society, and the great condition through the atonement of Christ of man's salvation. In pursuit of these objects, the members of the masonic fraternity who *love the order* and who admire and venerate its principles have been always ardent, knowing that they cannot fulfil their obligations, or properly discharge their duties even in the face of obstacles and discouragements, to disseminate those lessons of friendship, morality and brotherly love, which they themselves have received. Masonry breaks down every obstacle to that friendly intercourse which should always exist between man and man. Around our social Altar may be assembled all of every country, and every clime—all who *believe in that God whose eye seeth in secret*, and endeavor to obey Him, to whom vice is hateful, and virtue desirable, and whose hearts are bound together by ties of benevolence, friendship, and good will. Amongst the principles of Masonry we find liberality the foremost. Her religion teaches, "Blessed is the man that considereth the poor and needy, that it is more blessed to give than to receive." That we are to "be ready to give and glad to distribute," that, "he that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord." The good Mason distributes benefits with that readiness of mind, and with that benevolent spirit, which never fails to sweeten a gift, and always enhances its value. Not seeking any return; the supply is in many cases extended to the poor and needy foreigner when found worthy, in such a way that the donor is unknown. These being the characteristics of our order, it will not be a matter of surprise when I state that in every symbol, sign and token of Free Masonry there is a reference to religion, and it contains within its system matter sufficient for the highest intellect to feast upon, while it adds dignity and honour to those who join its ranks. Be assured my friends that we who are Masons have no secrets that militate against the faith of God's church, or the spread of Christianity. Our mission is *peace on earth* to men of good will, and a *true Mason* cannot but live to the glory of God. As in the Christian church, there is an hidden meaning in every form and ceremony, as the very form and outline of our churches from the foundation to the crowned spire, with all the internal arrangements where the different services are performed, have a reference to some well defined truth, and speak with no uncertain sound to those who have made progress in the christian faith; so in the forms and ritual of our order, however unmeaning they may appear to the uninitiated, however childish they may seem to men of scientific knowledge, yet underneath that outward garb there is a revelation of moral truth and beauty, which gradually breaks in upon the mind of the anxious enquirer; and although he may be compared at first to a wandering outcast, poor, blind and naked, yet step by step as he is led on, from one revealed truth to another; climbing the ladder from earth to heaven, round by round, until at last his poverty, his blindness, his nakedness become things of the past, he is permitted to see the central source of all wisdom, the King in His beauty and holiness. We do not claim for our order, brethren, that it is a *system of religion*, but we do claim that it is a *handmaid* of religion. I cannot do better than quote from a brother Mason what should be the duties of a company of Masons gathered together in order to show you its character. "A Mason's Lodge should see the rising and the setting of the sun with piety—with gratitude and with devotion. It should be an assembly where the ignorant are taught that wisdom which cometh from on high; where the wanton are taught that sobriety which becomes Godliness; and where the unruly are influenced to perform all the important duties of religious obedience. As the sun rises in the east to enlighten the day, so the Master should stand in the east to enlighten with true wisdom his Masonic companions, and guide all his fellow craftsmen to work out their salvation with fear and trembling. As the sun sets in the west to close the day, so the Warden of the lodge should stand in the west to close the labors of the lodge, to see that none go away—not only out distressed, but also to see that none go away unimproved in moral virtue, in religious knowledge, and in pious resolution. But my Masonic brethren in vain do the friends of our order stand up in its defence, in vain are its purposes and requirements commended if our conduct contradict our *profession*. Beware I beseech you of being ensnared by vices which may dim the lustre of the Masonic Jewel, or lessen our craft in the opinion of those without. When the Mason's life corresponds with the principles of the order to which he belongs; when profession and practice go hand in hand; when the advancement of God's glory—the good of His church, and the honor of his country's government, are objects nearest to his heart; when peaceful piety governs his household, and love and peace gladden his fireside; when brethren will Masonry rise to the height of its glory; then shall we earn the good report of the world; then will all the enemies of the craft blush and be silent; then will our assailants unconsciously misrepresented the purposes of our association. If the honor of the craft be dear to us, then shall we take God's holy word as the guide of our lives, with diligent prayer that we may read, mark and learn, and inwardly digest its holy precepts; we shall never then forget that we are travelling on the broad of time, and circumscribing our desires and keeping our passions within compass; we shall endeavor to regulate our actions by the square of virtue. Thus shall we gain the reputation of being "good men and true" and of free and accepted Masons. And in conclusion my brethren I would exhort you to endeavor more and more to imitate the life and conversation of our Patron Saint whose memory we celebrate to-day. We have met together on St. John's day in this sanctuary of God's house to worship God, and in order that we may have good and wholesome words spoken to us. We have taken as the basis of our discourse that charity which never faileth. "Take heed then how ye hear." We read that St. John the Evangelist when he could no longer walk by reason of age and infirmity, was carried in his chair to the church, would say to his congregation these words only, "Little children love each other." Oh, let us seize gladly on every opportunity of manifesting a loving spirit, and remember that it is true of charities as it is of other duties, "Now is the accepted time." Now, whilst friends and relations, the poor and the sick, and the dependants whom God has given us are with us, let us seek to do them good for Christ's sake, as not knowing how soon he may take them from us, or us from them. Let us exhibit in our lives that love of God without which it is impossible that our souls can rise to newness of life, and without our pilgrimage will be a comfortless history of unusual efforts. The increase of love will cause a decrease of the power of sin. In proportion as we draw near to those mansions where charity will abide, when faith and hope have vanished, heavenly affections ought to supplant earthly love in our hearts. It will be vain to attempt to shut out the world unless we open our hearts to heaven. Nothing but a strong sense of God's love in Christ will enable us to triumph over sin and self. Oh let us study then, so to be filled with those manifold gifts of grace—that having passed through the trials and temptations of this lower world—we may be admitted into that celestial lodge above, where the Supreme Architect of the Universe presides, and where in his presence are to be found, blessings for evermore.

FROM THE CAPITAL.

GOOD EXAMPLE—ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE—RAILWAY COMMISSION—ELECTION MATTERS—NEW POST OFFICES—AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE—WHERE THE WEDDING CAKE GOES—A CANADIAN HONORED—GENERAL NOTES.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Ottawa, Jan. 24.—Is Canada to continue to be made a refuge for public and private thieves? This is a serious question which I understand is the subject of correspondence between Ottawa and Washington at the present time. The American senate is now considering a new extradition treaty with Great Britain in which Canada having the chief interest is consulted. This is the same treaty which for two years the Senate has refrained from ratifying because it contains some dynamite clauses said to be objectionable to those Senators who are sensitive on the subject of the Irish vote. The object of the negotiations now in progress is to enlarge the scope of the proposed treaty so as to facilitate the surrender of defaulters who skip over the border into either country. Canada is about tired of furnishing a refuge for men whose example is far from wholesome, and the government are hopeful that a treaty will be ratified by the American Senate during its present session. Since June, 1886, over fifty persons guilty of embezzlement have escaped to Canada and rested here in safety. These fifty Yankee boodlers got away with $3,850,000.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

In the matter of subscribing for newspapers the Government sets a good example to the people. The departments expend a total of $12,000 annually for this purpose and no doubt the information thus brought to the fountain head well repays the outlay. A story is told of one of the sub-heads exclaiming, "At last I have found an honest newspaper man. Here's a publisher credits us with $2 on a subscription of which we would have no recollection." The bill read:—"To two years subscription to the Cape Breton ——— $12; by amount overpaid on last account $2; bal. $10." The correspondents to whom he spoke quietly got the file of the paper and pointed out that the ordinary subscription price of the weekly was $1 a year! In all Canada there are about 650 newspapers and periodicals. Of these 72 are daily, 12 triweekly, 21 semi-weekly, 453 weekly, 13 semi-monthly and 74 monthly. Ontario has 397, Quebec 113. According to the last census returns the printing offices employ 5,311 hands. Of these 5,310 knew more than the editor. During a session of Parliament the newspapers receive about 5,000,000 words of reports by wire.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

Efforts are being made to affiliate the Kingston Military College with the universities so that the course at Kingston will count as an arts course and allow such of the cadets as desire to study law without undergoing special examination. The graduates attended a reunion banquet Saturday evening in Ottawa. There are now about 115 graduates of whom 35 have entered the British army. Only six of the graduates are said to be in the United States. At present there are over 75 cadets at the college taught by a staff of 17 professors who cost $33,000 for salaries. The total annual cost of the college is $60,000.

THE RAILWAY COMMISSION.

The Royal Commission appointed in 1886 to take evidence in regard to Dominion railways has just completed its labors and Mr. Lonergan, the Secretary, was in town yesterday presenting the report to the Secretary of State. The recommendations made are understood to be important and unanimous but they will probably remain a secret till the meeting of Parliament. Mr. Lonergan told me yesterday that the report is a most comprehensive one. Sir A. T. Galt is chairman. The annual report of the Department of railways, to be issued this week, will show that there are 11,221 miles over which traffic passes. The Government operates 1,190 miles in eastern Canada which cost $50,000,000 and worked at an annual loss of about $190,000. During last year the Government sold a few miles of railway in British Columbia to the C.P.R. The bulk of the revenue from the Intercolonial comes off freight and just now it is unable to handle all that is offered. More rolling stock is called for.

ERECTION MATTERS.

The contest in Carleton county, Ont., is an interesting run between two Conservatives. Mr. Dickinson has got a letter from Sir John wishing him success, but Mr. Powell has Senator Clemow, his brother-in-law, behind him and a good county connection. Polling on the 1st Feb'y. There are eight seats in the Commons vacant, seven in Ontario:—Kent, Carleton, Prince Edward, Halton, Russell, Glengarry, E. Simcoe and Victoria, B.C. In the cases of Prince Edward, Russell and Glengarry there are appeals to the Supreme Court. In Halton Mr. Henderson will again be the Conservative candidate but it is said Mr. Waldie, the unseated member, will decline the Reform nomination at the convention to-morrow. Let me predict however that Mr. Waldie will put himself in the hands of the party and that the fight will be between the same old two. Polling on the 7th Feb.

NEW POST OFFICES.

The following new post offices have been opened in Ontario:—Anson, North Hastings; Blackwell Station, Lambton; Esmonde, Renfrew; Perry Station, Monck; Yonge Mills, South Leeds.

AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

An Old Christmas tree was made the occasion last week by the Marchioness of Lansdowne to gather about 300 sunday school children at Government House. The large tennis court was changed to fairy land where a huge Xmas tree rained gifts on the little ones as they passed before it and Her Excellency. Afterwards Lord Lansdowne and his wife themselves handed cake and fruit to the delighted youngsters.

WHERE THE WEDDING CAKE GOES.

The officials of the Dead Letter Branch here have for years been the recipients of innumerable samples of wedding cake posted by loving couples in various parts of the Dominion to expectant friends who never receive the cake because insufficient postage is paid. Civil servants generally have an easy, luxurious time but the Dead Letter clerks take the cake.

A CANADIAN HONORED.

Mr. T. C. Keefer, of Ottawa, has been elected President of the American Society of Civil Engineers. Mr. Keefer was born at Thorold, Ont., and has had charge during his lifetime of such works as Erie canal, Grand Trunk, Montreal water works, Hamilton water works and many others. He was a commissioner to the Paris Exhibition and is an officer of the Legion of Honor, and a C.M.G. He is 67 years of age.

GENERAL NOTES.

The Kincardine & Teeswater railway will ask Parliament to extend the time for the commencement of the work.

On Saturday a cablegram signed by Hon. Messrs. Castigan and Scott, of Ottawa, was sent to Wm. O'Brien, of Ireland, congratulating him on his release from gaol.

The convention for a parcel post service has been signed between Canada and the States and goes into effect March 1st.

During December the Dominion imported goods to the value of $6,759,000.

"I have forgotten something," said the Minister of Railways the other day with his hand to his head. "You forgot to raise my salary, sir," said an official standing by who had recently applied for an increase. Mr. Pope merely gave him a broadside smile.

Fred White, son of the Minister of the Interior, will be married in Ottawa to a daughter of Ald. Gordon on Feb'y 8th.

During December we exported $4,472,000. The duty collected on December imports was $1,547,000.

The Governor General will donate two medals for the best essays on Jacques Cartier, English and French.

The ocean mail contract is not yet awarded. Hon. Alex. Mackenzie will be 66 years old on the 28th.

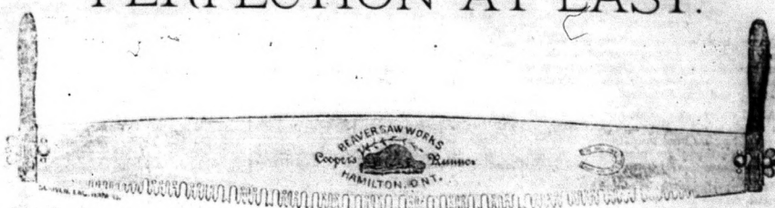
When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

MADOC MARKETS.

Fall Wheat	$0 75	to	$0 80
Spring Wheat	75	to	80
Barley	55	to	70
Rye	55	to	60
Oats	40	to	45
Peas	60	to	70
Buckwheat	45	to	50
Flour per 100 lbs.	2 25	to	2 25
Butter per pound	20	to	25
Eggs per dozen	18	to	20
Lard per pound	10	to	10
Potatoes per bag	75	to	85
Hay per ton	12 00	to	15 00

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

PERFECTION AT LAST.



The only machine, Taper Ground Cross Cut Saw in the Market is the Cooper's Runner. It is of silver Steel, Taper back. Each saw is of the same gauge, 13 gauge face and 18 gauge back, and fully warranted. Call and see for yourselves at - - **M. W. CONNOR & Co.'s.**

New Goods at THE 4 BIG

Mrs. Wright's Block. Durham Street.

MADOC, - ONT.

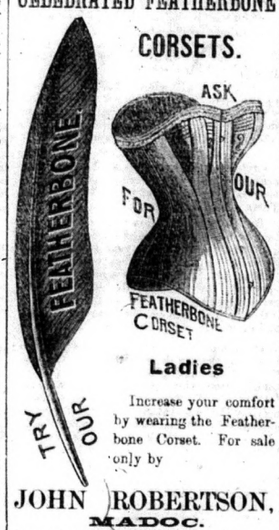
The following goods taken into Stock last week, and will be sold at Mill Prices for this month.

20 Pieces Grey Cotton at - -		4c worth	5c.
20 do do - - - -		5c "	6c.
20 do do - - - -		7c "	8c.
20 do do - - - -		8c "	9c.
20 do do - - - -		9c "	10c.
20 Pieces Shirting—fast colors—at		12½ "	15.
10 do Cottonade at - -		20 "	25.
20 do Lilac Prints—fast—at -		10 "	12½
20 Dozen Linen Towels at - -		10 "	12½

All the above Goods were bought away down in Price as Cottons are advancing, so you are getting a rare chance if you buy your Spring Cottons now at

Big Bargains in Dress Goods. THE 4 BIG Madoc.

CELEBRATED FEATHERBONE CORSETS.



Ladies

Increase your comfort by wearing the Featherbone Corset. For sale only by

JOHN ROBERTSON, MADOC.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR

MILLINERY.

GREATEST SALE of the SEASON

Having done an immense business during the past season enables me to sell the balance of my stock of Silks, Satins, Plushes, Velvets, Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Feathers, Flowers, Coatings, Ulsterings, Tuques, &c., at the very lowest figure to make room for Spring Goods.

My display of Millinery and Fancy Goods discounts anything ever seen in Madoc.

New Goods, Latest Styles, Prices Right. Don't fail to see them before ordering.

We actually keep the largest stock of

Trimmed Hats & Bonnets

in Town.

A splendid variety of Holiday Notions now on hand.

MISS L. ELLIOTT.
Wilson Block, Madoc.

CHEAP MONEY.

The Subscriber has Private and Company Funds for Investment on

FARM AND VILLAGE PROPERTY

—at the—

LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST.

5, 5½ and 6 Per Cent., according to the description of the loans.

ALEX. A. McDONALD, Solicitor, Madoc.

August, 10th, 1887. 19-tf

JAS. WHYTOCK.

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC - ONT

DON'T FORGET

The table. Of course we know you will not, but we thought we would remind you that we have

A DAINTY STOCK

of choice Groceries, which should claim your attention at this time. We have many

New Delicacies

which will satisfy the taste of the most critical epicure. And we have a

NICE FRESH STOCK

of Staple Goods which we are selling at prices that leave only a very small margin of profit.

Choice Teas, Aromatic Coffee.

All kinds of this season's

CANNED GOODS

and a fine stock of all the requisites for a Christmas Pudding. If low prices for standard goods will please you, send your orders.

GRAY & McGREGOR, MADOC.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

HOME.

CANADIAN.

An emphatic protest has been entered by the Victoria, B. C., Board of trade against the discontinuance by the Dominion Government of the steamer mail service between that city and San Francisco.

A full statement of claims on behalf of in the vessels seized in Behring's Sea during the past season, has been prepared by the Fisheries Department for presentation to the United States Government.

It is reported from Washington that the British representatives will allow American fishermen the privileges they claim in Canadian waters until such time as the dispute is terminated by the proposed Board of Arbitration.

The Dominion Government are said to have ordered the Customs officials at Manitoba boundary ports not to grant re-entry certificates to persons desiring to ship grain over the American railways and the Grand Trunk to Montreal.

The recent decision of the Supreme Court on the question of the ownership of mineral lands in the British Columbia railway belt will be appealed against to the Imperial Privy Council by the Provincial Government.

It has been discovered that a conspiracy has existed for many years between officials of the Montreal Court-house and certain lawyers by which the Provincial Treasury has been swindled out of thousands of dollars by old law stamps being used over again.

Canada has lost $3,000,000 within the past two years through embezzlers who have escaped to the United States with the money. As American embezzlers have taken more than $20,000,000 over into the Dominion in the same period, Canada may still claim that the balance of trade is in her favor.—Philadelphia Press.

Mr. McGibbon, Inspector of North-West Indian agencies, arrived in Ottawa from Regina recently. He states that the Indians throughout the North-West are prosperous and contented and are making wonderful progress in agricultural pursuits. The industrial schools are working very satisfactorily.

Prof. Sheldon's work on Canada, which has been published in London, points out that a good living and something more may be earned in Canada by artisans, farm laborers, domestic servants and everyone else who will work conscientiously and is steady and thrifty; but there is no room for paupers, loafers, drunkards, windy agitators or fools of any sort.

The Stonewall, Man., News says :—Arthur Mollard made a wager of $5 that he could fell, chop, split and pile five cords of wood in ten hours. He commenced work at 7.30, and exactly at 2 30 he had the whole five cords nicely piled up, thus completing the job in seven hours, and winning the wager with three hours to spare. To get the five cords he was compelled to fell 45 trees.

Horse car drivers receive commiseration, but they are in reality healthy men. Fresh air and regularity of life compelled by the time-table produce good results. "There is only one drawback to this business," said one driver, "and that is we don't get exercise enough." Rheumatism is a pet trouble with the drivers, and some of them get round shouldered from the weight of the clothes they wear, for a driver during seven months of the year puts on everything he has that will go on.

The editor of the *War Cry*, Staff Capt. A. Hammer, the official organ of the Army in Canada, was interviewed by a Toronto reporter recently. He was found at the Headquarters on Albert street, the editorial room, as usual, being on one of the upper flats of the building. "Our officers are increasing at the rate of about two hundred a year," said the Editor when asked about the progress of the army. "We had our eighth death among our officers today. Some people say that the officers of the Salvation Army are short lived. Now the statement will show that it is not correct. Our officers have averaged 500 a year since the establishment of the Army in Canada, that is taking the number on duty each year and dividing that by five—the number of years in operation. This, you will see is only a little over one death in 500 each year which is above the average death rate in the Dominion. "Yes, the *War Cry* is published in ten or a dozen different languages. We have three offices in India for which we issue the *War Cry* in three different Indian dialects of the Hindostanee language. It is published in Stockholm in the Swedish, in Zurich and Amsterdam in German, in Wales in the Welsh, in Paris in French, in Rome in Italian, also in the Danish and other languages. We have not got into Japan or China as yet, but we issue the *War Cry* in New Zealand, South Africa, Australia, Van Dieman's Land, and in the United States in San Francisco and New York. So you see the paper of the Salvation Army is pretty well circulated. Up to this week we have published the *War Cry* in French in Toronto for circulation in Lower Canada. The French name of the paper is *En "Avant!"* We are moving it to Montreal where it will be issued hereafter."

UNITED STATES.

W. K. Vanderbilt owns the English estate of John Hampden, famous as the foe of crowns and the friend of commonalty.

George Miller, of Akron, O., will be buried in a coffin made from the wood of a sherry tree which he planted for this purpose 60 years ago.

In a Virginia newspaper of thirty years ago is a long account of the sentence of a woman to two years' imprisonment for teaching slaves to read.

A Michigan boy who had 1,000 buttons on a string explained it by saying that his father is a minister and "has the sorting of the collection basket."

Congressman Townsend, of Illinois, has introduced in the House of Representatives a bill for the creation of an American zollverein, to include Canada.

Owners of vessels seized in Behring's Sea are said to have prepared claims against the American Government for $500,000 damages, but they have not yet filed them at Washington.

A New York State Yankee proposes to make a railroad car entirely of wood pulp. He claims that it will be indestructible either by fire or by shock. Such a car is needed.

A young woman of Bangor, Me., who had been forbidden by a jealous suitor to go to a dance with a rival, had the jealous swain arrested and lodged in a cell, and she went to the dance with the other fellow.

Coffee John, the proprietor of a Minneapolis restaurant, on a bet of $10, recently ate 500 oysters in two hours. He ate 125 raw, 125 stewed and 250 steamed, and finished with thirteen minutes to spare.

A St. Paul man sued a railroad company for damages for causing his house to be flooded with water. One of the exhibits in the plaintiff's evidence was a photograph representing him seated on a huge cake of ice in his dining room.

Turkeys pay in Vermont—when everything goes well. A Green Mountain farmer made a net profit of $40.50 from a single hen turkey during the past season. That's better than raising wheat, or cattle—if you have enough turkeys.

One who has had a great deal of experience with crazy people, says that insanity is specially prevalent in December and June. We fall to see the connection, of course, but have noticed that the number of weddings is unusually large in those months.

The fund to build a monument to the policemen murdered at the Chicago Haymarket amounts to $4,000, while the Anarchists memorial fund is over $30,000. This is not a very flattering comment upon the public spirit and gratitude of the American people.

Half a dozen book agents were arraigned before a Pennsylvania judge for obtaining money through false pretences. The judge held that they had done no more than to tell falsehoods in order to sell their goods, and that the law would not warrant him in imprisoning them for plain, ordinary lying.

There recently died in Rockland, Me., an Italian musician, F. A. D. Singhi, whose life was not of the ordinary. He was when a boy apprenticed to an image peddler of Lucca, and with him crossed Europe on foot with a load of images on his head. On reaching England he run away with and enlisted in the English army and was sent to Canada. While the regiment was at Quebec the band played a selection, widely advertised as the composition of the bandmaster. Young Singhi recognized it as an old Italian melody. That evening at the barracks he whistled the air, until he was interrupted by the bandmaster, who asked him where he heard that. The Italian was quickwitted. "Heard the band play it," he said. The leader was pleased and Singhi was put into the band. He afterwards deserted and went to Maine, where he began earning a precarious living by shoemaking and barbering, he at last got soligly established as a musician. He was born a Roman Catholic, became a Methodist and died a Swedenborgian.

FOREIGN.

A blessed old age was the lot of a couple named Beyer at Weimar, Germany. They were near the sixty fifth anniversary of their wedding day when death released them both on the same day.

Two more divisions of Russian troops are to be moved to the Galician frontier. Austria has made railway arrangements by which she can send an ample force to the front in twenty-four hours.

The Czar, in his congratulatory telegram, hopes that the Pope will enable him to harmonize the needs of the Roman Catholic Church in Russia with the fundamental principles of his empire.

Turkey owes Russia $20,000,000 and can't pay the debt. Russia wants the cash and must have it. There's your Eastern question in a pint cup, and Russia is bound to have a leg of Turkey early in the spring.

It is stated that Pope Leo's jubilee gifts include 60,000 chasubles, 12,000 cups, 8,000 crucifixes and a great quantity of other ecclesiastical properties which will be exhibited. Their value is estimated at $15,000,000.

The Emperor of China owns every foot of land in his dominions, and fixes taxes, rents and imposts as he, from year to year, may deem fit. His subjects obey without questioning his motive or wisdom, and are generally quiet and easily satisfied. Occasionally, however, they awake from their lethargy, and then are the most determined and dangerous rebels in the world.

The London *Economist* and other British financial journals declare that the speculative activity in England just now is greater than at any time previously since 1870. "Good times" often come without unusual activity in the speculative markets, but speculation seldom comes without "good times." The prospects in England, as in the United States, are that general trade will be active during a large part, if not of all, the coming year.

The fact that fifteen to twenty-five steamers a month are now arriving at the mouth of the Congo, illustrates the growth of commerce in that region since Stanley showed the importance of the great river. One ocean steamer has already ascended the river to Boma, fifty miles from the sea, and the best channels are being marked by buoys, so that deep-draught vessels may safely navigate the lower river.

Dr. George Wasburn, of the Robert College, Comstantinople, writes to The New York Independent :—There is certainly a growing sympathy with America in England. I have seen more and more of it every time I have been there since my first visit, more than thirty years ago. There is not much change on the Continent, I am not sure they like us as well as they did thirty years ago. There is certainly more abuse of America in the Continental papers than there was then. But in England the change is wonderful. An American is no longer a stranger there, and the essential unity of the Anglo-Saxon race has become a popular dogma. The peaceful arbitration commission which went to America this year was simply an outcome of the popular feeling.

Most of the very rich men of the day have three or four houses each, which they keep thoroughly furnished and ready for occupation at a moment's notice. James Gordon Bennett jumps from Paris to New York without notice and he always finds a fire lighted in his bedroom and his cooks have the daintiest viands on his table. Jay Gould can gravitate between Fifth avenue and Irvington, and United States Secretary Whitney has one house in New York, one in Washington city, one at Grasslands near the President's country home and another at the seashore. Almost all of the millionaire United States Senators keep up establishments in Washington as well as at the homes in the States which they represent, and Senator Stanford has a half dozen homes any one of which would satisfy a prince.

OUR SPECIAL CABLE.

Lord Randolph and the Czar—The Emperor William's Illness—The Czar's Troubles —A Typical London Fog.

LONDON, Jan. 17—Doughty little Lord Randolph Churchill has shown signs of mounting a high horse again. He has been treated in Russia with such distinguished consideration by the Czar and many of the Grand Dukes, Princes, and nobles that he is in danger of losing his head. If we may trust reports from St Petersburg, his lord ship has been won over completely to the Russian side, and is going about declaring that Lord Salisbury shall never join the central alliance.

Mr. Gladstone is prolonging his stay in Florence, and is having a most cheerful time. His health and strength are increasing rapidly, and the excitable Italians continue to demonstrate on every possible occasion in his honor. He receives many visits, returns few, sees literary men especially, and gains their hearts by proving that he knows all about their work, and by always marching off to get their last book if he happens not to have it.

Interest is concentrated now on the probable fate of Ferdinand, the self-made Prince of Bulgaria. It looks as though a crisis was really coming in that young man's affairs. There is every indication that he will not be able to last until spring, for Germany has turned once more violently against him to accentuate the lovemaking between Bismarck and the Czar, and Ferdinand has nothing to rely upon save a most faint hearted support from Austria, support which is only moral, and which is based solely on hatred of Russia.

Reports from Berlin announce an improvement in the condition of the aged Emperor, but the improvement is only slight, and unfortunately his illness has left signs of mental deterioration. A friend writing from the Berlin court informs me of a most distressing and curious result of the Emperor's malady. He has lost entirely the faculty of counting figures in any shape. Prices and the value of money do not convey the slightest meaning to his mind, although on other topics he is quite himself. Morphia in large doses was administered during the last illness to reduce exhausting pain and procure sleep, but the wonderful old man always awoke smiling and quite conscious. No one is more surprised than his doctors at his marvellous hold upon life, and while it is expected that some morning he may fall to wake up at all, the recuperative power which he has already displayed is most astonishing. It is universally believed in Berlin, my correspondent writes, that the Crown Prince is doomed beyond all hope, and a most bitter feeling exists there against doctor Morell Mackenzie, whose advice overruled that of the German surgeons, who wished to resort to an operation, which, though extremely dangerous, might have caused a permanent cure. It is even said that it would be unsafe for Mackenzie to appear in Berlin. There is no important change in the condition of the Crown Prince. Bulletins are issued constantly, and the doctors express conflicting opinions, but that is all. The Prince speaks resignedly, and shows that he is alive to the interests of his people by expressing the hope that the social world in Berlin may not be moved by his illness to suspend its festivities, and thus injure the already not overprosperous tradesmen.

The Czar, in the midst of his other troubles, has just had to decide a delicate family matter. Duke Nicholas, his cousin, and one of his aids de camp, has fallen in love with a middleaged widow. That would not have been anything very unusual for a Russian Grand Duke to do, but Nicholas went further. He actually insisted on marrying the lady. There was a great to do in the imperial family, Nicholas remained obdurate, and finally appealed to the Czar, and induced him as the head of the family to give his consent to the match. It need scarcely be said that the marriage will be a morganatic one. The imperial bridegroom is 31 years of age and the bride is 40.

Gossip has already coupled the names of young royalties, including Princess Louise of Wales and Grand Duke Michael, the youngest brother of the Czar, Princess Victoria of Wales and the Duke of Sparta, heir to the throne of Greece, and the Prince of Wales's eldest son, who will be King of England some day, to Princes Alexandria, the eldest daughter of the King of Greece.

This big city has just escaped from a week of the most typical sort of London fog. Twenty omnibuses were lost on Tuesday in the borough on the Surrey side of London Bridge and bumped around dismally for hours in total darkness with their loads of terrified passengers, who dared not quit their only asylum. Everything movable has been running into everything else. Traffic on the river has been stopped, commerce and health have suffered, and theives alone have prospered. The keeper of the Zoological Garden monkey house announces solemnly this morning in his report to the Board that his monkeys are suffering from severe mental depression. If such is the case with our ancestors you can readily imagine how we feel who have not the resource on foggy days of swinging by long prehensile tails, or of eating nuts with four hands.

An attempt to tyrannize a young woman has just been made in lower Austria, which will arouse the indignant sympathy of thousands of young women in Canada. The heads of schools there complained that young school marms all went and married just as they were getting experienced and useful, and that the nuisance could not be borne. A bill was actually introduced into the Legislature in favor of enforcing celibacy among female school teachers. The bill was rejected two days ago, after an interesting and very humorous debate. The friends of the school mistresses contended that it was with the hope of marrying that lots of good girls went into the school-teaching business, and that to cut off the bright hope of marriage would be to keep many bright girls out of the school room altogether.

Old man calling down the stairs to daughter at 11.55 p. m.—Clara! Daughter —Yes, papa. Old man—Ask that young man in the parlor which he prefers for breakfast, mili rolls or Vienna bread.

"Ah, my son," said the minister. "I'm glad to see you in the Sunday School at last. Is this your first Sunday?" "Yes, sir." "How do you like it?" "Oh, I guess I kin stand it until after the Christmas tree."

Mrs. Beecher on Familiarities that Breed Contempt.

It is hardly possible that the young can understand or will accept the old maxim that "familiarity breeds contempt" with favor. To their young hearts the term "familiarity" is only associated with real friendships—the endearments and unrestricted exhibitions of sweet confidences and affection between parents and children, brothers and sisters, and their pleasant, merry home life. As a general thing they know little of life except its rose-tinted side. The rough and stony places which adversity brings, the heartaches that come when those most trusted are proved false, whose protestations of undying love and confidence and free and easy approaches, are found to be only the guise to inveigle and deceive for their own selfish ends. All this sad knowledge is not common to youth, nor is a judgment, born of experience, easily attained who can teach them to distinguish between the true and the false.

Few, unfortunately, however, barely reach the early stages of maturity without being compelled to recognize the correctness of this old and homely adage. Too great familiarity, even with the nearest and most intimate friends, may not always be wise or desirable or lead to the happiest results, and beyond a certain line it is a license that refined and

WELL-MANNERED PEOPLE NEVER VENTURE UPON.

It is a fault that is very liable to spring up in childhood, and is, at that early age, looked upon as rather more amusing than annoying, so that in its first stages it is passed by with little notice—merely a childish foible. But if this aggressive element is developed in early youth and is allowed to take root and gather strength, until the child is supposed to reach years of discretion, it becomes a settled habit of the most offensive nature, especially to persons of refinement and delicacy. If parents who, through that unreasonable fondness for their children are never able to recognise any fault, could be sufficiently roused to see in a little child whereunto this habit is inevitably tending, and honestly labor to eradicate that curiosity by which a child is led to pry into matters that are the personal rights of others, it would soon be held in restraint and rooted out. But if they blindly suffer this undesirable trait to take root and gather strength, as the child goes on towards maturity, it will then be hard, if not impossible, to eradicate it, and it must become offensive to all who are compelled to come in contact with it.

No doubt persons to whom this disagreeable trait has become a deeply-seated habit have many redeeming traits. Kind hearted to all, it may be, honest and true in all their dealings, yet few, knowing this weakness in their character care to associate with them, feeling that it would be impossible to be near them any length of time before the effort will be made, and persisted in, to discuss your own private affairs in the most familiar style, ready to be sure, to make full exchange, and open before you everything connected with their own history in the most intimate and confidential manner. Often it is very evident that nothing wrong is intended, and therefore one is at a loss to decide how to reply to the

UNCEASING TORRENT OF INQUIRIES.

There are, however, specimens of over-familiarity that deserve to be met only by open contempt. What more embarrassing and exasperating than in a public conveyance, where, where escape is impossible without attracting attention, to have a perfect stranger begin to ask questions and make remarks as if on the most intimate terms, and with a freedom that would be scarcely tolerated in one's own family? There is a class, to be sure, who really know no better, who have lived where there was little opportunity for improvement, or any example or teaching to rouse them to a sense of the gross impropriety of such liberties. For such one can find some excuse and some commiseration. And yet, even when ignorance is offered as an excuse, do we not feel there should be an instinctive sense of propriety sufficient to withhold even a heathen?

However charitably one may endeavor to look on such peculiarities, it is pitiable to feel how barren that mind must be, how little food for thought it must possess, that finds excitement or interest in asking how many yards are used in the dress of a perfect stranger with whom they are not likely ever to meet again, how much the lady gave for it, what size shoes she wears, how many pairs she buys a year, and an interminable list of inquiries of a similar character.

Does any one think such things seldom happen? A great mistake! We have listened to similar questions when travelling, and have been put through the same or a similar catechism often enough to know that it is not an uncommon thing.

BUT THERE IS ANOTHER AND WORSE SIDE

to over-familiarity which can cause pain too acute for any feeling of contempt, the abuse of the natural familiarity which springs out of the closest family relations. Nowhere else are the laws of good society, if we look no higher, so often set aside or overlooked. When held in check by that genuine good breeding and politeness which springs from a sensitive conscience and a pure and noble heart, the familiarity of family love and home relations becomes a playful tenderness that leaves no sting and causes no heartache. But love is often a vain show, instead of a bond to hold the family together the very tenderest of all home relations is viewed as furnishing a license for impoliteness and neglect such as none would dare to approach a stranger with far less an intimate. "Is it not my wife? Is it not my child? Who shall dare dispute my right to do what I will with my own?"

If the head of the family—its ruler—speaks unkindly, it is because the bonds that bind them together are his safeguard. There is a sense of security from exposure in family pride, in part, but stronger than all else is the knowledge of the womanly love that seeks to hide all errors. The wife or daughter, and sometimes sisters are often spoken to by the "gentleman" of the house as he would not dare to speak to any other woman, however insignificant. But more particularly in this

BRUTE SENSE OF OWNERSHIP

manifested to his wife. A brother finds no particular pleasure in talking sharp or domineering over his sister. He is well aware she may resent it, and retort even more sharply than he addressed her. For a daughter, a father, unless lost to all sense of shame, has usually a peculiar tenderness by which she escapes much of the oppression that other members of the family are exposed to. The restraints of society often prove a stronger protection to the wife from her husband's irritability and unjust censures, than his professed affection for her. And more's the pity! It is often the case that polite, deferential attention will be more frequently proffered out of the family circle than from her husband. Do any need to be told wherewith this abounds? The daily papers are full of what may follow.

But cruel, unnatural and mean as this is, it is not always confined to the masculine in the household. We wish that we could prove that a lady never "answers back," when "reviled, reviileth not again," never returns railing for railing, a sharp retort for a bitter word,, or meets discourtesy with equal neglect and indifference. We blush to acknowledge that

THE WIFE IS PERHAPS AS OFTEN RESPONSIBLE

for the beginning of evil in this respect as her husband. Public opinion has as strong hold on her as on a man—even stronger, as woman has more of that kind of pride which holds her back from the open exhibition of the irritation that is driving her almost furious than a man. She will not allow the public gossips to hold her up to the gaze of the world if self-restraint is possible.

But all the courtesy and suitability, the deference and respectful attention exhibited in public or to friends outside, are worthless to man or woman if the same is not more earnestly extended to each in the sacred precincts of home. Love that shines in the most kindly acts, respectful attentions, quick to see what may be needed or gratifying—the most perfect courtesy at home or nowhere. All that is found outside should be but the overflow of that which is unchanging and perpetual in the charmed circle of home. There is where we must seek for the true lady and gentleman. If not fully developed and sacredly maintained there prominently exhibited elsewhere, the sentiment is spurious—a counterfeit. Tenderness may be the exhibition of that spirit which is

THE SPARK FROM GOD'S ALTAR

that kindles the home fire, fond and loving, and caressing as may be its revelation, it never degenerates into that over familiarity that is the bane to the best and noblest emotions.

If young people, whether brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, would but give this idea respectful attention, look at it candidly instead of calling it sentimental talk; if before they quite decide to throw it aside as of no importance they would look around them, not governed by gossiping reports, but by what is going on daily right before their eyes, if they would candidly examine life as it moves on around them they would soon guard against that familiarity which they cannot but see is injurious. It is a coarse representation and not the true diamond; it destroys true refinement, develops the coarser, harder parts of their characters, breeds not only contempt, but in the end inevitable coldness and estrangement. This idea once accepted as true, how soon we should see a large increase of refinement, genuine politeness—the genuine gentleman and lady. We should find them wearing these higher and more noble attainments more as an every-day working garment than a fancy dress only exhibited at parties, balls and state occasions, and then folded up and locked out of sight, never more to be paraded till needed for public exhibition.

Those bound together by natural ties or by marriage need to exercise all the gentleness and forbearance, the courtesy and affectionate politeness that they possess, increased and purified by careful nurture.

—MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Old Men.

Recently M. Ferdinand de Lesseps celebrated the anniversary of his birthday, and entered upon his 83rd year. He can look around him and see but very few men of anything like equal eminence, who are as old as he. The German emperor is 90, Dr. Dollinger is 88, Moltke and Bancroft, the historian, are each 87, Kossuth is 85, and Professor Owen is 83; but it is not easy to extend the list. Yet it is astonishing to note the large numbers of living great men who have passed the ordinary limit of human life. Of sovereigns, the Pope is 77, and King William, of the Netherlands, is well on his 71st year. Of statesmen, Mr. Gladstone will be 79 this month, Mr. Bright is 76, Prince Bismarck is 72, M. Jules Grevy is 74, M. Leon Say and M. Leroyer are each 71; Lord Selborne is 75, Sir Rutherford Alcock is 78, Lord Sherbrooke is 76, and Lord Granville is 72. Of generals: MacMahon is 79, Lebeuf is 78, and Bazaine and Claldini are each 76. Of poets: Lord Tennyson is 78, Sir Browning is 75, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is 78. Of musicians: Verdi is 73. Of engineers: Lord Armstrong is 77, and Sir John Hawkshaw is 76. Of painters, Meissonier is 72, and finally, of showmen, Barnum is 77. Perhaps, however, M. Chevreul, who is fairly started on his 102nd year ought not to be omitted. In any case, the catalogue is far from being a complete one. As it stands, it is sufficiently remarkable. We have mentioned the names of thirty-three persons, the average age of each being over 78. It may be doubted whether, in the history of the world, thirty-three men of as considerable celebrity, and of as great average length of life, have ever before been alive at one time.

An exchange says that a folded newspaper placed under the coat in the small of the back is an excellent substitute for an overcoat. There is considerable warmth in a newspaper, that's a fact. Many a man has become heated by simply reading an article in a newspaper; and at such times he wants to make it hot for the editor, too.

Coal is twenty dollars a ton in San Francisco. When a coal vessel is due the coal carts assemble on the wharf and await its arrival, the delays sometimes covering days, during which time the drivers are encamped in close proximity to these vehicles. The cause of the extraordinary price is the scarcity of vessels to carry the coal. If San Francisco had a northern winter it would not be a good place to be poor in.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, during a visit to Baltimore, in some remarks to the graduate students of John Hopkins University, declared his inability to agree with Mr. George's theory of land tax, as it was in effect robbery of a large number of people of their property. But there should be some improvement in the methods of land-holding. The fine race of peasantry that were in Europe during the Middle Ages has passed away, and it should be the aim of legislators to restore this class.

TWO CHRISTMASES;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF THE HAUNTED GARRET.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

We pass the very spot where I threw myself face downwards on that terrible day five months ago, when I had lost all I had in the world. I remember it—I never pass the place without remembering it—but I do not know whether my cousin thinks of it or not as he walks beside me with his head bent and his hands in the pockets of his old shooting-coat. I thought then that there was nothing left for me but to die, but I found that there was work for me to do, and I have done it, and found peace and contentment in the doing of it, if not absolute happiness—and, after all, how few are happy in this world! I was not perfectly happy even when I was mistress of Grayacre and my boy alive.

I have the superintendence of the little hospital outside the village, a salary of fifty pounds a year with rations, hard work, but also plenty of strength to accomplish it, and a fair share of the pluck and perseverance without which no scheme of the kind can be carried to a successful issue. The little hospital has already made a name for itself in the county, though Hugh Tressillian hates it; it was only lately that I persuaded him to put his foot for the first time inside the doors.

I had a hard fight with him about giving up Grayacre; if his mother had not fallen ill immediately after our falling out, he would have gone back to Canada in spite of me. But I had told Winder & Curtis everything, made over to him as far as I could, when he utterly refused to take any steps to establish his rights. So things remain to this day, my cousin leaving the entire management of the farm to Michael Foote, making no changes, buying and selling nothing, not being empowered to do either, since he has not administered to the will. It is an unnecessary state of things—I feel it now when I am becoming resigned to my own loss. I am too fond of Grayacre for its own sake not to wish to see it properly managed and of course, as affairs are now, everything is at a stand-still at the farm. Whatever resolution my cousin has come to, he seems determined to abide by it; but I am at least equally obstinate. However he came by it, Grayacre belongs to him. I have no more right to it now than the man in the moon.

Aunt Wills has never left her room since she dined with us in the oak parlour on Christmas Day. But it was only in the beginning of March that she became seriously ill and took to her bed. Ever since then she has been so weak and poorly that Hugh could not bring himself to leave her, even if she had not begged and prayed him to remain. But I am sure he will go back to Canada as soon as she is out of danger—at least, I am sure that is his intention. That she will ever be well enough to allow of his leaving her I am beginning to doubt. For the last week we have been sitting up with her day and night, and last night I did not like her symptoms at all. But Hugh will not believe that she is in any danger; even last night when I called him up to look at her—he generally sits up with her part of the night that Leslie and I may rest a little, or else by the fire in the oak parlour to be ready when we call—he had not observed anything unusual in her voice or look. But I do not think she will ever be up and about the house again.

Leslie Creed came to her when I left Grayacre. Aunt Wills had never made any effort to keep me. I think she was sorry for me and missed me until Leslie came. But then she had all she wanted. She loved Leslie, who never went out of her way to please her, a thousand times more than she had ever loved me, who would have done anything for her for Laurie's sake. I believe Leslie even cares more for me than she does for Aunt Wills. But Leslie worships her cousin Hugh.

"I will go on to the doctor's," Hugh says, as we part at the door of my house; "and if I can I will bring him back with me."

I think it would be just as well.

He walks on up the road, and I let myself in with my latch-key and steal up the narrow stairs to my own little room. It is not half-past six yet; none of the patients are stirring, but one of the nurses is moving about softly in the wards, and the little maid is lighting the parlor fire. I shall have time to lie down for an hour at all events, and I am so thoroughly worn out that I hope I may even get a little sleep.

It is a vain hope; something or other, some dim presentiment of coming evil perhaps, will not allow me to close my eyes. At seven I am up and about my duties in the wards—before eleven the hardest part of the day's duties are over, and I am anxiously looking out for my cousin Hugh.

Hugh has never betrayed himself by word or look, never even alluded to the scene in the firwood, from that day to this. He neither avoids me nor seeks me out; sometimes I think he changes colour when I meet him or address him suddenly, and very often I find him watching me in his grave intent way, very much as he used to watch me at Grayacre; but neither a momentary paleness when he meets her nor an occasional look at her across a crowd proves that a man is in love with a woman, whatever romantic people say.

He is certain to come—I know him well enough to be sure of that. I am standing in the window when he comes up the road on Meerschaum; I am at the door before he has flung himself out of the saddle.

"Well?" I ask, reading my answer in his eyes.

"She is going on very well."

"I am so glad! Did you find Doctor Murray at home? I suppose you did at that hour in the morning?"

"Doctor Murray never came home at all. But I sent for Nesbitt as soon as I got back to Grayacre"—he never calls it "home"—"and he came over at ten."

"Nesbitt?" I repeat, my countenance falling. "Was it only Nesbitt?"

"Murray won't be home till to-morrow. But I believe Nesbitt quite understands the case. He says we are not to force her to take more nourishment than she feels inclined for—her pulse is quite strong and she has no dangerous symptoms."

"I wish Doctor Murray would come back! If they let her strength run down, she is lost."

"There seems to be no danger of that."

"How is Leslie?"

"Oh, Leslie is very well!"

"I shall be over at nine, tell her, to take the first part of the night."

"Do you sleep at all, Joan?"

"No—I could not sleep."

"And you will get no rest all day?"

"I shall sleep to-night, or rather to-morrow morning."

"You look like a ghost," he says, sighing. "Well, I will come over for you at half-past eight?"

"But it is quite light till nine o'clock, Hugh. It is great nonsense your coming all that way merely to walk back with me!"

"I shall come nevertheless."

Which he does, just as the old church clock strikes the half-hour. The thrushes and blackbirds are singing in the brakes and hedges, and the dusk is falling with the falling of the dew as we set out, my cousin in his rough homespun clothes, I in the close black bonnet and nun-like cloak which are such an eyesore to him.

"Nesbitt dined with us," he tells me, as he stops to light his pipe outside the door. "I left Leslie to entertain him while I came for you."

We scarcely speak again till we reach Grayacre—we who used to have so much to say to each other. Sometimes of late Hugh has fallen into sulky fits. I think he is tired of the inactive life he is forced to lead. He may be anxious, too, about La Hougue Bie, left entirely to the care of servants, for the old grandmother died before Leslie came to England. I wonder what would become of Leslie if anything happened to Aunt Wills? She has not a relative in the world that she knows of except aunt Wills and Hugh, and an aunt married to an indigo-planter in Burmah. But I suppose she will marry soon, with her sixty thousand pounds—that is, if she can bring herself to care for any man except her cousin Hugh. As for Hugh, I am beginning to think he dislikes her; but then I may be mistaken, as Ihave so often been before.

We find Leslie in the blue room, a pretty little sitting-room, which we always use in summer, with a deep bay-window overlooking the home meadow and the wood. The window is open, and, though there are no candles lighted, there is still sufficient daylight to show us the dainty figure in the low basket-chair, and Doctor Nesbitts' handsome head and shoulders, as he leans at a little distance against the sash.

"You must have owl's eyes," Hugh says crossly, as we come blinking in from the lamp-lit hall. "Why don't you have candles? I for one can't see in the dark."

"Don't scold," Leslie laughs. "It is only that the room seems dark to you, coming in from the light. We were quite enjoying the gloaming."

"So it seems."

"Has he been as agreeable as this all the way from St. Perpetua's, Joan?"

I shake my head, wondering whether he brought his crossness into the room with him, or whether it is jealousy of Doctor Nesbitt which has put him out of temper.

"I waited tea for you. Hugh, will you ring the bell?"

Susan brings in tea, and lights the candles. Leslie puts me into a comfortable chair, and then pours out tea, assisted by Dr. Nesbitt. Hugh has thrown himself into a corner of the sofa, where he sits sulkily watching his cousin.

Leslie looks so pretty in her rich black-silk gown, with its heavy jet embroidery and ruffles of black lace round the throat and half-short sleeves. She wears her blonde hair cut short and falling in a cloud of fleecy gold about her forehead, her eyes are of the colour of the gray wood violets we find among the primroses in spring. Her face is charming in colour and outline, every movement of her prettily-rounded figure worth watching, every modulation of her clear young voice worth listening to, they betray so much careful training, so much instinctive coquetry, such a wonderful knowledge, how acquired I know not, of the effects they are likely to produce. The French blood in her veins makes a thousand airy graces seem quite natural to her which would have been utterly foreign to my nature; and then she is so young, such a mere child, she may be permitted the pretty impertinences which would have been not only unbecoming but ill-bred in a woman of my age. And yet I think sometimes Hugh is angry because she is not so composed and grave as I am—I, who have suffered more in six months than Leslie Creed ever suffered in the whole course of her beautiful spoilt existence.

It makes me feel lonely to see a stranger play the hostess here, in the house where I had held the reins of government since I was a child of ten years, and used to drop the keys among the hay, or into the river, or lose them in tool-house and barn as often as not. But I cannot deny that she plays the mistress very prettily, and I wonder how Hugh can refuse to smile at her when she carries him his cup of tea. I suppose he is jealous of Doctor Nesbitt's devotion, and yet he ought to know at least as well as I do that Leslie cares more for one look from him than for all the other's attentions.

"You look like a ghost, Joan," Leslie says, standing before me in her softly-clinging black silk with its shimmering embroidery, her round pink cheeks, her golden head, her pretty white bare arms, such a contrast to my pale tired face and eyes dull and heavy for want of sleep. It is really too bad to ask you to sit up again to-night."

"I should have been more anxious if I had remained at home—I could not have slept in any case."

"But auntie is so much better—I don't think we need be anxious about her any more."

"Not if she goes on improving like this for a day or two longer."

"Doctor Nesbitt says she has turned the corner. We'll have her up and about in no time. Are you going up-stairs? We'll, I'll look in when I'm going to bed. And I'll relieve you at four o'clock, and then you must have a good sleep before you go back to St. Perpetua's."

I take my place in the sick-room, making my arrangements for the night so quietly that aunt Wills never wakes out of her doze to inquire who is in charge. She lies in the same way, half asleep, half, I think, in a kind of stupor, for the greater part of the night—I am not sure that she recognizes me when I rouse her to give the necessary nourishment and medicine. At two o'clock Hugh comes in, and wants me to rest on the sofa; but I do not feel sleepy. He remains sitting with me at the fire, not talking much, but leaning his elbow on the arm of the chair farthest from me and watching me gravely with the old intent look in his eyes. Hugh has changed greatly during the last few weeks, I think. He never goes about now in the old careless happy way which had made his presence such a boon to us at Grayacre in the beginning of the year.

At four o'clock I go to call Leslie. It is broad daylight; the early morning sunshine streams into the pretty old-fashioned room when I open the shutters, falling full on the child's white forehead and long eyelashes. I cannot help thinking how fair she looks in her white nest, with one hand under her dimpled cheek and all her bright hair spread out on the pillow. It seems a pity to wake her, her sleep is so sweet and so profound, and I could not sleep even if she took my place with Aunt Wills. So I leave her to her dreams a little longer, smiling to see how she has hung Hugh's photograph where she can see it last thing at night and the first in the morning, on the blue wainscot at the foot of her bed.

. . . .

I have just finished my solitary tea. My little maid has cleared away the tea-things and gone out to spend an hour with her mother, who lives in the village. I am sitting in a little low basket-chair in the window, resting myself and thinking, my hands clasped idly in the lap of my white apron. Up-stairs in the women's ward I can hear the nurse moving about; but most of the children are asleep, and the house is very quiet. The long evening is before me, to do with as I like, for I do not sit up with aunt Wills to-night. I can read, or sew, or write letters, or lean my head back on my cushions and think, as I am doing now.

"A life of independence is a fine thing; but it is very lonely." It must have been a woman who wrote the pathetic words. I am independent—I am able to earn my bread as a man might earn it, with hard honest work. But I feel lonely to-night. Other women are in their fathers' or their husband' houses, surrounded by sisters or children, dependent perhaps, but hedged round and encompassed by all the sweet ties and companionships of home. I am alone, and likely to be alone for the remainder of my life, unless—— But, as once before, my thoughts refused to go farther than that "unless."

My book lies on the table at my elbow, but I do not care to read. I feel sad, and yet I ought to feel nothing but gladness at the good turn aunt Wills's illness has taken. Hugh rode over to tell me of it in the afternoon, and I can picture how he and Leslie are rejoicing over her; he had seemed in such good spirits, talking to me from his horse's back as I stood in the garden—he was riding one of the young horses, and could not tie him, like Meerschaum, to the gate.

"I suppose he will be off to Canada now," I said to myself as I watched him ride away up the sunny, dusty road. But I know his gladness is for his mother's sake—Hugh was always strongly attached to his mother, and I ought to be glad too. I am glad. If I envy Leslie Creed, it is not with any bitter envy—it is only that I wonder why I was destined to live and die alone. I suppose it was not my fate to be the centre of any sweet home-circle; and, after all, I have my sick folk to attend to, and their love and gratitude to keep my heart warm. And the world was made for the young. Some words I read in the book on the table come back to me like a refrain. "A woman may be an angel, but she can never be a girl again;" and, though it is surely best to be an angel, the thought fills me with a half pathetic pain. Will the angel be as glad as the girl has been sorry? Will the angel's bliss make up for the pain of the mortal? Will it even remember its identity with the poor passionate body which, much as it may have erred and suffered, is all that we know of ourselves? Never a girl again! Never a girl like Leslie, with her bright head and her sweet eyes and her fresh glad voice! Never a girl for whom lovers will pine—never a girl to take delight in robing myself in the silks and satins and jewels which suit so well the smooth peach-like skin, the glad eyes, the dimpled shoulders! I am not so very old—only four-and-twenty. But I have never felt young since Laurie died. And I have always had so much responsibility. I think it is that which makes me feel so old.

The summer gloaming falls softly while I sit here, thinking, in my serge gown and linen collar and trim white cap and apron. They hate the nurse's dress at Grayacre, but I think it is becoming to me, and I am picturing the happy party in my aunt's room—Leslie in some pretty dress or other, sitting on the foot of the bed probably, chattering in her sweet girlish voice, Hugh in the great old chair beside her, grave and glad, aunt Wills propped up on her pillows looking at her "children" with loving, languid eyes—when Hugh himself pushes open the little gate and comes walking up the garden between the low box border and the sweetbriar hedge.

The instant I see him I feel a misgiving; but then I reassure myself with the thought that if there were any danger he would never have come away.

"Hugh," I exclaim, as he walks into the room, sitting still from very eagerness, "how is aunt Wills?"

"She is gone!" he answers hoarsely, and, throwing himself upon the floor beside me, buries his face in my lap and bursts into a passion of choking sobs.

It is terrible to see a strong man cry. My own heart is wrung, but I am so sorry for him that I can shed no tears for myself. I can only hope that the very violence of his grief will wear it out, for, if not, it will kill him; it seems to me as if the agony is as much greater than any agony a weaker person could endure as his strength is greater than theirs. But he conquers it at last.

"Hugh," I say tenderly touching the crisp close locks which cover but do not hide the shapely outline of the prone dark head, "dear Hugh, try to remember that all her suffering is over—that nothing that could be done was left undone—that you were with her, caring for her, to the last."

He raises his head, and even in the dim twilight I can see how is face is distorted; the few burning tears a man sheds have seared his cheeks.

"She was all I had in the world."

"You were a good son, Hugh."

"I! I was a selfish brute—I thought of nothing but my own troubles!"

"You have no need to reproach yourself. You were the joy of her life."

(TO BE CONTINUED).

Good resolutions should not be too good—just good enough to keep.

PATENTS For Sale—Illustrated descriptive Catalogue free. R. Chamberlin, Toronto

GOOD AGENTS WANTED over the entire Dominion. Address GEO. D. FERRIS, 87 Church Street, Toronto.

WORK FOR ALL. [illegible] paid. Valuable outfit and particulars free. P.O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

CHINIQUY'S FIFTY YEARS.

In the Church of Rome—10th edition—cheaper in price, 832 pages. Agents, Ladies or Gentlemen, to sell this VIVID, FASCINATING and TRAGIC book. Liberal terms. ADDRESS, A. G. WATSON, TORONTO WILLARD TRACT DEPOSITORY, TORONTO.

$1,000 CHALLENGE.

IN all New York papers Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict challenge all writing machines to a test of speed with the Remington Standard Typewriter. For particulars apply to GEO. BENGOUGH, Canadian Agent. 36 King St. E., Toronto.

P. W. GRAHAM & CO., 283 Yonge St., Toronto, dealers in all kinds Band and Orchestra Instruments, both New and Second-Hand. Vocal and Instrumental Music, Music Books, etc. Instruction Books for every Instrument. Agents for Carl Fischer's BAND & ORCHESTRAL MUSIC. Send for Catalogues.

W. MCDOWALL,

Importer of fine Guns, Rifles, Ammunition and sportsman's goods of every description.

On receipt of $15.00, I will express to any address, an English made double barrel breach-loading shotgun, with cover and tools complete.

W. McDOWALL, 51 King street East, Toronto.

☞ SCIATICA.—An effectual remedy invented and prepared by S. J. Lancaster, for Sciatica, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout and Lumbago, who was cured himself by it after being three years on crutches. The remedy will be expressed to any part of Canada to any person suffering the above complaints who order it. Send for circulars. Price of 8 oz. bottles, Liniment $1.00, Pills 25c. S. J. LANCASTER, Petrolia, Ont.

CANADA PERMANENT LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY

INCORPORATED A.D. 1855.

Subscribed Capital,	$3,500,000
Paid-up Capital,	2,300,000
Reserve Fund,	1,180,000
Total Assets,	9,301,615

Office:—Coy's Bldgs, Toronto St., Toronto.

STRAIGHT LOANS, OR CREDIT FONCIER PLAN.

The Company has a large amount of money to lend on Real Estate securites at the lowest current rate of interest repayable either in one sum or by instalments as may be desired by the borrower. Applications may be made direct to the undersigned by letter or otherwise, or to the local representatives of the Company throughout Ontario. As the Company always has funds on hand no delay need be expected. Expenses reduced to minimum.

Mortgages and Municipal Debentures Purchased.

J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director.

—THE— **Toronto Silver Plate Co.,**

MANUFACTURERS OF THE HIGHEST GRADE OF

SILVER PLATED WARES.

TRADE MARK.

ALL GOODS GUARANTEED. TORONTO.

Water PURE LIVING STREAM AUGERS, bore 20 feet per hour. Also Rock Drills—Hand, Horse, or Steam Power. Send for Catalogue.

Laidlaw Manufacturing Co., HAMILTON, ONT.

YOUNG MEN

Desiring to obtain a Business Education, or become proficient in Shorthand and Typewriting, should attend the

BRITISH AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

Arcade, Yonge street, Toronto.

For Circulars, etc., Address C. O'DEA, Secretary

LADIES' Dress and mantle cutting by this new and improved

TAILORS' SQUARE.

Satisfaction guaranteed to teach ladies the full art of cutting all garments worn by ladies and children. PROF SMITH, 186½ Queen St W., Toronto. Agents wanted.

NEW & SECOND-HAND MACHINERY

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE

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Nervous Debility.

DR. GRAY'S Specific has been used for the past fifteen years, with great success, in the treatment of Nervous Debility, and all diseases arising from excesses, over-worked brain, loss of vitality, ringing in the ears, palpitation, etc. For sale by all druggists. Price $1 per box, or 6 boxes for $5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Pamphlet on application.

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Toronto.

EUREKA E. A. McCann, Man'f'r, Dorchester Sta., Ont. **TOBOGGAN**

SUCCESS Are you mortgaged, paying heavy rents, or running behind? Can you move to new location? Excellent lands, cheap, which will increase in value several fold in five years. No other opportunities existing. Full particulars free upon application to C. H. WARREN, Gen. Pass Agt., St. Pauls, Minn., or

J. M. HUCKINS,

Trav. Pass. Agt., 4 Palmer House Block, TORONTO.

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BEST IMPORTED ENGLISH SHEEPS, also Small American Hogs Casings. Quality guaranteed. In lots to suit purchasers. Write for prices.

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Wholesale and Retail.

Discounts to Clubs and Dealers. Send for Catalogue.

A.T. LANE, CARNIVAL HOUSE, **MONTREAL.**

MERCHANTS : BUTCHERS

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We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALFSKINS

for us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty. Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U.S.

J. L. JONES WOOD ENGRAVER 10 KING S' EAST TORONTO.

MANITOBA.

Farmers going to Manitoba will find it to their advantage to call upon or write to W. B. Gillett, 523 Main Street, Winnipeg, who has improved farms for sale.

Information cheerfully furnished without charge. Assistance given to bona fide settlers who may buy farms from him. Money lent at low rates of interest on personal property, to assist such settlers to start farming.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships

Sailing during winter from Portland every [illegible] day and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland; also from Baltimore, via Halifax and St. John's, N.F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter to and from Halifax, Portland, Boston and Philadelphia; and during summer between Glasgow and Montreal weekly; Glasgow and Boston weekly, and Glasgow and Philadelphia fortnightly.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's, N.F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N.B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; Wm. Brookie, Philadelphia; H. A. Allen Portland Boston Montreal.

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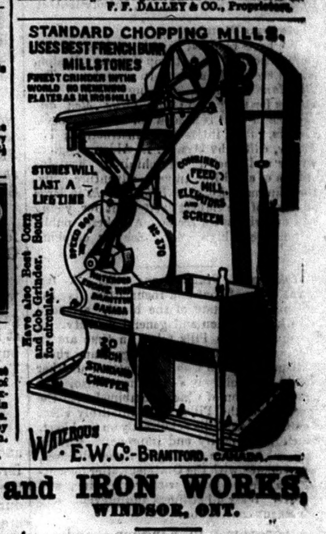
THE greatest discovery of the present age for Regulating the bowels, and Curing all Blood Liver and Kidney Complaints. A [illegible] Blood Purifier. A [illegible] in Hamilton who have been benefited by [illegible]; Mrs. M. Keenan, 192 Robert St., cured of Erysipelas of [illegible] standing; Robt. [illegible]ell, 24 south street, daughter cured of Epileptic fits after [illegible] years suffering; Jennie Birrel, 54 Walnut Street, cured of Weakness and Lung Trouble; John Wood, 38 Cathcart St., cured of Liver Complaint and Biliousness, used only 3 fifty-cent bottles; Mrs. J. Beal, 6 Augusta St., troubled for years with Nervous Prostration, two small bottles gave her great relief. Sold at 50c. & $1.

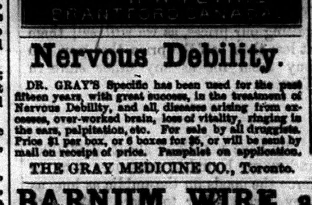
F. F. DALLEY & CO., Proprietors.

STANDARD CHOPPING MILLS, USES BEST FRENCH BURR MILLSTONES



BARNUM WIRE and IRON WORKS,

WINDSOR, ONT.



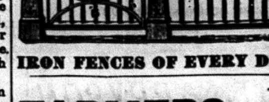
We are offering special inducements to purchasers of Iron Fence for delivery this fall.

We Guarantee the Best and Cheapest Fences made in the Dominion.

IRON FENCES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. - Send for Catalogue.

FARMERS & THRESHERS,

USE ON YOUR MACHINERY ONLY THE WELL-KNOWN



Peerless Oil

NINE GOLD MEDALS Have been awarded it during the last four years. Try also PEERLESS AXLE GREASE for your Wagons and Horse Powers.

Manufactured at QUEEN CITY OILWORKS by

SAMUEL ROGERS & CO. TORONTO.

TOWNSHIP COUNCIL.

Township Hall, Eldorado, Jan. 16th 1888.

The Township Council met for organization and general business on the above date—all the members being present, as follows:—Reeve, Wm. Thompson; Dep-Reeve, Chas. Bacon; Councillors, Geo. Rollins, John West, H. M. Blair. After the necessary declaration had been subscribed to, the Reeve addressed the Council upon the business likely to come before them for discussion.

The following motions were carried:—That John Linch be allowed to cut and take away all swamp elm trees on road between lots 5 and 6, near O'Hara's school house; that James O'Hara be appointed Road Surveyor for 1888—to be employed only at call of Council, at $1.25 per day; that the Reeve be instructed to have bridge at Golden Cheese factory repaired and report to the Council; that every person meddling with timber on any Road allowance in any part of the Township of Madoc shall be dealt with according to law; that the Reeve and Geo. Rollins be instructed to examine timber on Road allowance between lots 20 in 9th con. and 20 in 10th con. and sell the same to highest bidder—for cash at time of sale.

A petition was submitted by Mr. Stewart of the Village of Madoc, from James Brown and Mrs. Keith, of Belleville, praying to have the concession line opened between lots 28 in 5th con. and 28 in 6th con. of Madoc. The Clerk was instructed to have the same advertised according to law.

The following amounts of over paid taxes for 1887 were refunded:—James English, $4.00; Wm. Badgley, $1.69; Joseph Christie, $3.16.

A by-law was passed appointing auditors and other officers. C. W. Thompson was appointed by the Reeve and the Council appointed William Ferguson auditors. George Smith and Joseph Christie were appointed assessors for 1888, at a salary of $80.00, including the serving of notices on all Township officers and attending the Court of Revision.

The following accounts were ordered to be paid:—Cross & Mouncey, 96cts., for dualin; Richard Farrell, $12 toward defraying funeral expenses of the late widdow Duggan, the Clerk, $3.95, for postage for 1887, and 25cts. for bringing up assessment sheets.

The Council adjourned to first Monday in February.

JOHN R. KRouhson, Clerk.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—As Editors of newspapers are generally supposed to know more than the general public, can you, or any of your readers, inform us why our Village Council gave the appointment of Municipal Clerk to Benson O'Hara, Esq., in the face of a requisition signed by nearly all the business men of the Village, for the appointment of E. Hill, Esq.? So far as I know, both are equally suitable. It is currently reported on the streets that B. O'Hara was promised the office two years ago. How is this? You will confer a favor to a large number of Ratepayers by telling us. RATEPAYER.

Madoc, January, 25th, 1888.

10 vs. 15

There are nineteen reformers and fifteen conservatives in the County Council of Hastings for 1888.

Dangerous Counterfeits.

Counterfeits are always dangerous, more so that they always closely imitate the original in appearance and name. The remarkable success achieved by Nasal Balm as a positive cure for Catarrh and Cold in the Head has induced unprincipled parties to imitate it. The public are cautioned not to be deceived by nostrums imitating Nasal Balm in name and appearance, bearing such names as Nasal Cream, Nasal Balsam, etc. Ask for Nasal Balm and do not take imitation dealers may urge upon you. For sale by all druggists or sent post-paid on receipt of price (50c and $1) by addressing Pulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Modern Wonder.

We have received sample copies of the publications of D. Lothrop Company, Boston, which are really a modern wonder. The *Babyland* is full of amusing pictures and stories for the youth; *Our Little Men and Women* is what is needed for the youngest readers, full of interest and instruction; The *Pansy*, edited by Mrs. G. R. Alden, religious writer and teacher for children, contains stories of child-life, travel, adventure, history, animals, &c.; the *Wide Awake* is large, and full of the richest excitement for young and old within its scope. All these publications are of high order. See our clubbing rates.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—A frequent cause of gout and rheumatism is the inflammatory state of the blood, attended with bad digestion and general debility. A few doses of the Pills taken in time are an effectual preventative against gout and rheumatism. Anyone who has an attack of either should use Holloway's Ointment also, the powerful action of which, combined with the operation of the Pills, must infallibly effect a cure. These Pills act directly on the blood, which they purify and improve. Having once subdued the severity of these diseases, perseverance with the Ointment, after fomenting the affected joints with warm brine, will speedily relax all stiffness and prevent any permanent contraction.

Business men in Kingston are adopting the cash system of business.

A party of Arabians passed through Belleville last week, looking for work.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The Canadian Ayshire Breeder's Association will meet at Kingston on January 31st.

Nine Scott Act cases were tried at Brockville last week, and a conviction secured in every case.

Ayer's Pills cure constipation, improve the appetite, promote digestion restore healthy action, and regulate every function. This medicine is pleasant to take and gentle in its operation. See article in Ayer's Almanac.

Belleville lost $31,770 by fires last year.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

SMITH & BRYSON

Wholesale and Retail.

TRENTON, - ONTARIO

$1.50 per bushel for Dried Apples.

$1.50 per bushel for Beans.

One pound 50c. Tea for 25c., and a 25c. present thrown in.

1 lb. good Coffee for 30c., and a piece of Silverware with each purchase.

ALL KINDS of GROCERIES Sold Retail at Wholesale Prices.

An immense stock of Crockery and Fancy Glassware being sold at about 50c. on the Dollar, as we are clearing it all out.

Ladies' Jerseys, Children's Ulsters, Ladies' Walking Jackets, Ulsters and Dolmans, reduced to cost, to clear while it is still early in the season, and people are requiring that class of goods.

About 1,000 pieces of good serviceable Dress Goods at 5 cents per yard, worth 12½ cents.

Ribbons of all shades, worth 15 cents per yard, we are selling at 4 cents.

Millinery of all Kinds Reduced to Cost

and less, as we are bound to clear it all out while the goods are yet in demand.

Ready-made Clothing, a very large stock in both Men's and boys', at about half the usual price.

Men's and Boys' Overcoats in great variety, and being sold for less than the cost of the cloth, to clear.

We have an immense stock of Tweeds and Overcoatings, which we manufacture to order in first-class style, at about half the usual prices. All Tweeds bought and not made up by us cut free.

We are selling a magnificent Corset for 25c., that can't be bought in any other store for less than 50c.

Having decided to go out of the FUR business at once and forever, we intend to sacrifice our present stock of about $10,000 worth of Furs, and give the public a benefit.

Look at the Prices:

Ladies' Astrachan Coats at $18.00, worth $25.00. Others at $20.00 and $22.50, worth 30.00 and $35.00.

Men's Coon Coats from $22.00 to $27.50, worth from 30.00 to $45.00. Goat Robes at $4.75, worth $8.00; others at $6.00 and $7.50, worth $9.00 and $12.00.

Good Persian Lamb Caps at $2.00, worth $4.50; others at $4.00 and $6.00, worth $7.50 and $9.00. South Sea Seal Caps, $4.00, worth $8.00; others at $6.00 and $8.00, worth 10.00 and $12.00.

Good Imitation Persian Lamb Caps for 50c., sold elsewhere for $1.25. Good Muffs from 75c. each upwards.

Don't buy anything in the shape of Fur Goods without seeing our stock and getting our prices, as we will sell them at less than half the price that you can buy them for at any other store in Trenton.

We have a stock of about $100,000, and we are bound to cut prices so as to force the goods on the public as long as they have a dollar to spare. We owe our customers an apology for not increasing our staff of salesmen in proportion to the increase of our business, and consequently they have had to wait longer to get served in some instances than was pleasant for them or ourselves, but as we are now constantly increasing our help we hope in future to have all customers served promptly and in every way to their entire satisfaction.

SMITH & BRYSON

Trenton, - Ont.

BLACKSMITHING.

MESSRS John Brown & Son beg to announce to their many customers and the public generally that they have purchased the Blacksmith stand formerly occupied by Mr. C. Thrasher, where they are prepared to do all kinds custom work and general Blacksmithing. Horse shoeing a specialty. Also agents for all kinds of Farm Implements manufactured by G. & J. Brown, Belleville.

486. JOHN BROWN & SON.

COUNTY ORANGE LODGE.

THE annual meeting of the County Orange Lodge of North Hastings will be held in the Village of Madoc, on Tuesday, February 7th, 1888, at the hour of 1 o'clock, p. m., for election of Officers and transaction of general business. A full attendance of the members and brethren of the County is desired.

JAMES WHITE, County Secretary. W. J. ALLEN, County Master.

Madoc, Jan. 17th, 1888. 41 3w

TEA! TEA!!

10 lbs. First-Class TEA for $1.

GROCERIES & CONFECTIONERY

of all kinds

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

FreSh MEAT and FISH

always on hand at bottom figures.

OYSTERS.

The best brand of Oysters supplied in quantities or by the glass. Give me a call.

ANDY. PALMER.

Adams' CARRIAGE WORKS

Something New for the Winter,

And at such prices Everybody can buy.

Farmers

Look to YOUR INTEREST

and see Adams' Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, CHEBOYGANS,

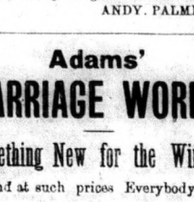
right down fine.

MILK WAGONS A SPECIALTY

Don't forget the place,

MULLETT'S CORNERS, MADOC.

36-3m



Preserve your Sight

By wearing the only

FRANK LAZARUS

(Late of the firm of Lazarus & Morris)

Renowned Spectacles & EyeGlasses

These Sectacles and Eye Glasses have been used for the past 35 years, and given in ever instance unbounded satisfaction. They are the best in the world. They never tire, and last many years without change. For sale by

R. R. CASEMENT & Co., Hardware, Madoc, and DR. TUTTLE, Tweed.

Frank Lazarus, Manufacturer, 28 Maryland Road, Harrow Road London, England. (Late Lazarus & Morris, Hartford, Conn.)

No connection with any other firm in the Dominion of Canada. 47

FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale the North-West quarter of Lot 14, in the 9th con. of the Township of Madoc. Fifty acres. Apply to

MRS. A. LOVE,

40 3w Cobourg, Ont.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to the public not to purchase or negotiate in any way for a certain note given by me in favor of A. T. Leggett, of L'Amable, as I have not received value therefor.

W. H. MAGUIRE.

L'Amable, Jan. 11th, 1888. 40 3w

NOTICE.

NOTICK is hereby given that a Bylaw will be passed at the next meeting of the Council of the Township of Madoc for the opening of the allowance of road between lots 28 in the 5th concession and 28 in the 6th concession of the Township of Madoc at Bannockburn village.

J. R. KETCHESON,

Tp. Clerk.

INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Out this our and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

25,000 LBs. WOOL WANTED

—AT THE—

MARMORA WOOLLEN MILLS.

Custom Carding and Spinning done on shortest notice.

Parties having 60 pounds and upwards of wool can have their own wool spun into yarn.

Tweeds, Fullcloths, Shirtings and yarns kept on hand, to exchange for wool.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial.

D. MITCHELL.

Marmora, May 7th, 1887. 6-3m

REMOVED.

The Singer Sewing Machine Office

has removed next to

D. R. BOWEN'S BAKERY

opposite Post Office, where all parties wishing to purchase a

First-class SEWING MACHINE

can do so, as I have a fine stock now on hand; also an assortment of

NEEDLES and OIL

for all kinds of machines.

REPAIRING done on shortest notice.

J. A. HAWLEY,

Agent.

Madoc, Oct. 27th, 1887. 30 3m

MAIL CONTRACT

TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, 17th February, for, the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between

MADOC AND BELLEVILLE,

from the 1st April next.

Conveyance to be made in a public or other vehicle.

The Mails to leave Madoc daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 a.m., and to arrive at Belleville at 12.15 p.m. To leave Belleville daily, Sundays excepted, at 1.30 p.m., or after arrival of Mails by Grand Trunk day train from the west, and to arrive at Madoc within five and one quarter hours afterwards, exchanging Mails at Ivanhoe, West Huntingdon, Halloway and Foxboro passing each way.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Madoc and Belleville, and also at this office.

GILBERT GRIFFIN,

P. O. Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office, Kingston, 30th Dec., 1887. 40 3w

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. Is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is* 33 *Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

The safe of the Central Hotel, Brockville, was rifled of $150 recently.

The Trent Valley Canal Commission will meet at Peterboro shortly.

James Nosworthy, of Belleville, has secured the contract for the supply of bed straps and guard boot straps for the Canadian militia.

The annual winter races at Hastings took place on the 19th and 20th.

Thomas Wray, charged with arson, was honorably acquitted.

Deseronto expects to have a High School and be incorporated as a Town by January 1st, 1889. Poor Deseronto!

Sneak thieves have been operating at Deseronto.

Estate late Colin Russel

BUILDING LOTS for sale, in the northern part of the Village of Madoc, at reasonable prices and favorable terms. Garden plots to rent.

For particulars apply to Messrs. DOUGALL & STEWART, Solicitors, &c., O'Flynn Block, Madoc, or to

COLIN RUSSEL,

Agent for Mrs. Sarah Russel, 535 Rideau St., Ottawa.

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Madoc, June, 1887. 10 1y

PHOTOGRAPHS.

PORTRAITS IN ALL THE STYLES.

BABIES TAKEN INSTANTANEOUSLY,

thus insuring a good portrait in almost every case.

By the use of the dry plates, finer work can be made in dark days than was possible by the old process. But we do not want anyone to depend on that, and defer coming till near sunset. The nearer the sun is to the zenith the better the light, and good results more certain. A dark day at noon is better than a bright day at 5 p. m.

BOOTS of all kinds on hand, and made to order on the premises.

D. MORRICE.

Madoc, April 21, 1887. 31y

TO FARMERS.

THE undersigned desires to announce to the farmers of Madoc, and surrounding country that he has leased the

Farmers' Warehouse,

formerly occupied by Thomas Cross, Esq., and that he will be prepared to pay the

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE

for all kinds of grain.

J. D. BREEZE.

Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1887. 21-3m

1873. -ESTABLISHED IN- 1887.

E. L. WEISS,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER

JEWELRY, - WATCHES, CLOCKS, SPECTACLES, BRONZES, VIOLINS, JEWEL CASES, ETC.

Take a look through his establishment.

Weiss Block, Madoc, Ont.